October 31, 1931

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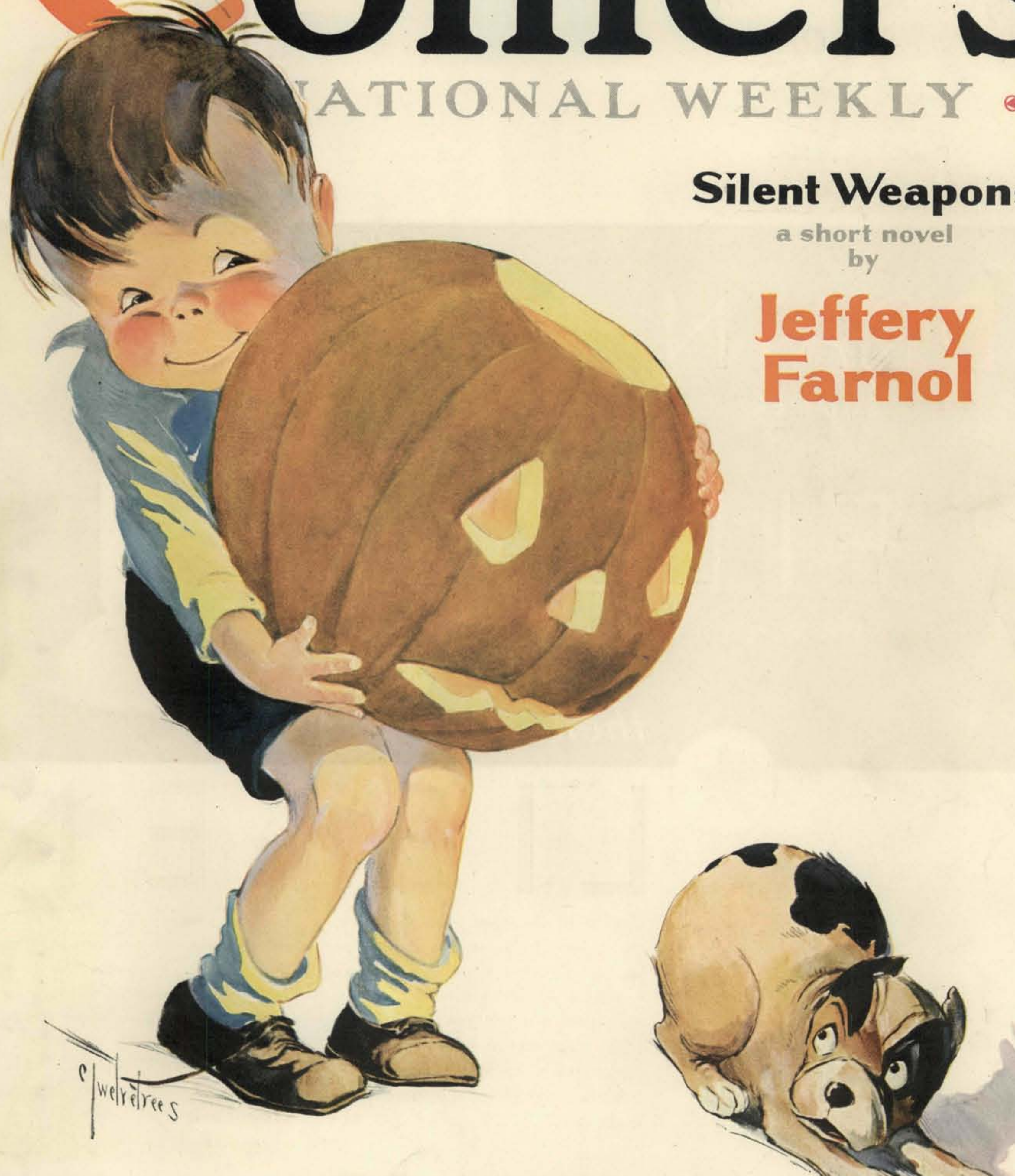


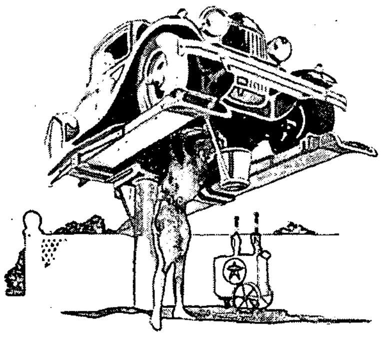
Silent Weapons

a short novel
by

Jeffery Farnol

Jerome Beatty - Frank Buck - Glenn S. Warner - Walter Davenport

Get ready today for tomorrow!



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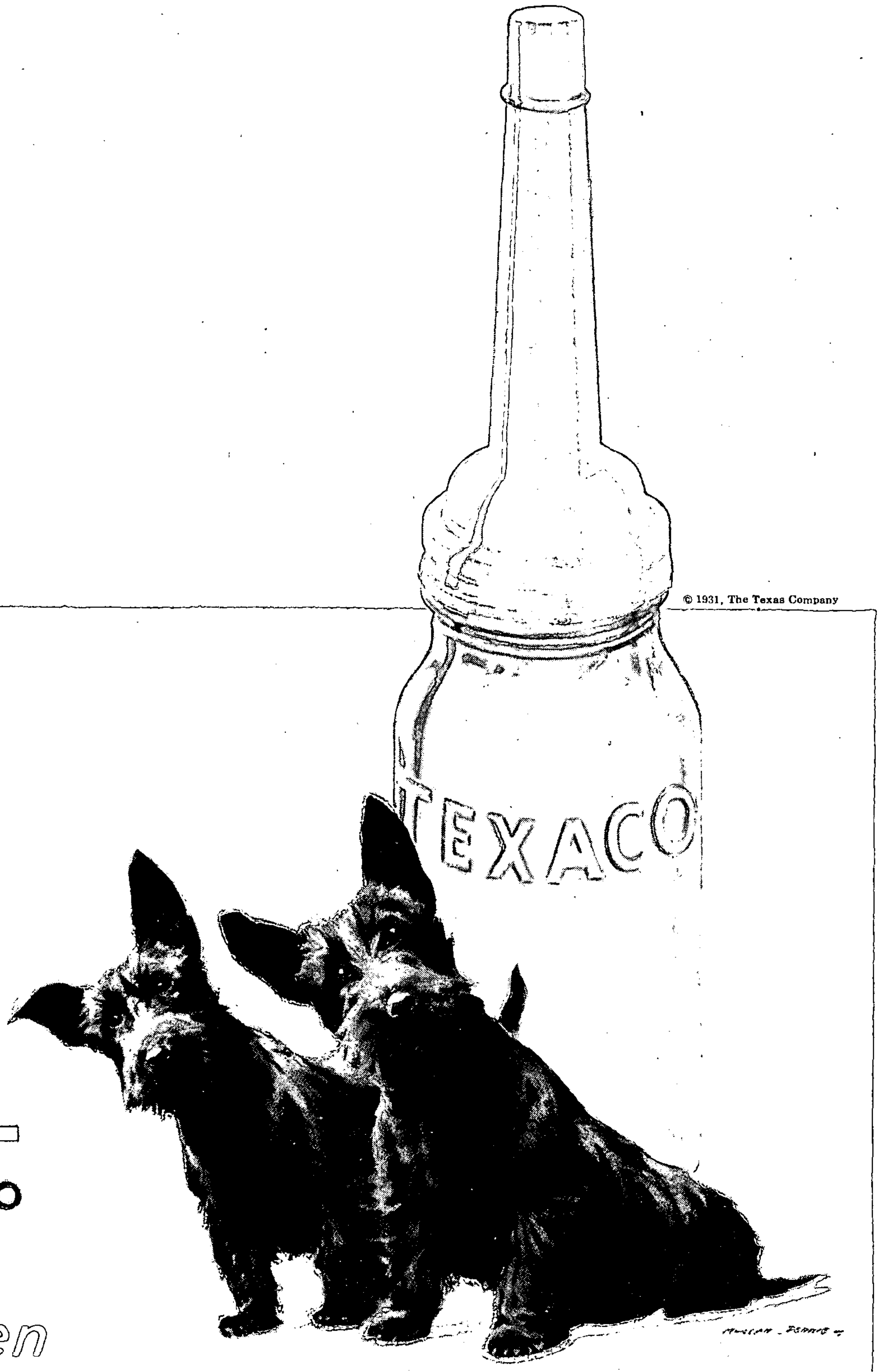


DRAIN

"SUMMER" OIL

FILL

WITH WINTER TEXACO

then

TEXACO

LISTEN

Fall. Wild geese are heading South. The squirrel's coat is already twice its summer thickness. Everywhere Nature is making all safe against frost.

But it is your job, not Nature's, to make your automobile engine safe against the colder days to come. If summer grade oil is still in your crankcase—drain it off. It will thicken like molasses at the first sign of frost and will not flow through the narrow lubrication channels of your engine.

Before any damage is done, drain off summer oil! Refill with the correct winter grade of crack-proof Texaco, the golden oil that flows at zero. Then listen to the smoother hum of an engine that is ready today for tomorrow.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

Texaco Petroleum Products

"CRACK-PROOF". . LASTS LONGER TEXACO MOTOR OIL

An enlarged reproduction of this photograph, suitable for framing, will be mailed upon request—Oakland Motor Car Co., 206 Oakland Ave., Pontiac, Mich.

MAKING NEW FRIENDS
AND KEEPING THE OLD

WHAT CAN MEAN SO MUCH AS SECURITY?

How natural to make sure just once again that our child sleeps in safety! For security is one of our strongest desires; we want it for ourselves and for those whose protection is in our hands.

At Oakland-Pontiac we build for beauty and comfort and speed, of course, but we know our first duty to our owners is to give them safety. And so we devote much effort to accomplish that end.

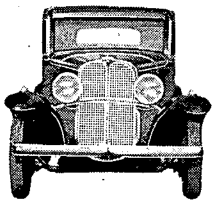
For example, we make the Oakland-Pontiac frames twice as strong as they need to be; and we employ a double-drop frame design to let the weight ride low where weight belongs for greatest safety. We bolt heavy bumpers to these massive frames; and on each side we place running boards of solid steel.

In building bodies for us, Fisher also provides well for safety. As an instance of this, the windshield posts extend solidly and without joint from cowl to roof. The entire rear quarter panel is one unbroken sheet of steel.

You'll find, too, that our cars are safe to drive. Big, self-energizing brakes, bring you to a safe, silent stop. The powerful gears of the steering wheel, multiplying your strength by 18-fold, give sure control on any road. And the slanted windshield and 'smoked' rear vision mirror reduce confusing glare at night.

We've gone to extreme lengths to guard your safety. And when you drive these two fine cars, we think you'll agree that among all the things they offer, none can mean so much as security.

OAKLAND 8
PRODUCTS OF
Bodies by



PONTIAC 6
GENERAL MOTORS
Fisher

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

AS a text and title for his latest short story Frederick Hazlitt Brennan chooses that tender old song that soothed the home folks not so long ago: "Heaven Will Protect the Working Girl." Heaven, it seems, has so many agencies on the job that it needn't worry about girls like Irma Lewis. Irma works at The Big Store and lives with Gracie at the Y. W. C. A. She is pretty and immature and innocent and protectors spring up everywhere. Gracie, and Miss Lucas at the Y. W. and Miss Ledbetter, personnel director of The Big Store, and Terence, who drives one of the store's trucks, see that she lives a life of undiluted righteousness. And all the time she yearns for the gay world and is dying to meet "a tall dark fella who can wisecrack somepin' fierce." She makes a few valiant attempts at romance, but Heaven is unbending in its vigilance. We suppress our sighs because, after all, it's all very proper and she's too young to know what's best.

—

MILLIONS of dollars change hands weekly in the liquor traffic and the government, officially, gets none of it. This fact sets up disturbances in the breasts of legislators all over the country and will produce sounds in ear-splitting volume as soon as Congress and the state legislatures meet. Meanwhile, Michigan, the pioneer in a new form of self-hypnosis induced by prohibition, collects its beer tax. Michigan doesn't actually tax its beer, because beer is illegal and there isn't any! But they have wort, which will be beer unless someone stops it from fermenting, and there's no law against wort. So it is taxed and a tidy number of thousands roll into Michigan's till every day.

How the tax is collected and what becomes of the wort is told by William G. Shepherd in "Wort Money."

—

"ORDINARILY you think of love," says Old Man Coffee, "as being like an attack of fleas—keeps a feller pretty restless and upset, but after you're shet of it, it's kind of hard to remember how it had you so stirred up at the time."

But there was Dick Wheeler, right under Old Man Coffee's nose, who could risk his life for the man he thought Ann Wallace loved. But did that teach the Old Man anything? No. He's too old and sure of himself. All he can do is to solve a mystery or two and then sit around making cynical cracks about love, which he does very well in "A Neat, Quick Case," another good story by Alan LeMay.

POP WARNER tells of the days when a football line averaged two hundred pounds and a player with short hair was indecently exposed, in "Battles of Brawn."

—

JOHN T. FLYNN'S fourth article on better retail business; the Short Short Story; Grantland Rice's sport page; Jeffery Farnol's romantic serial; J. P. McEvoy's swift "Are You Listening?" and other bright matters. It's a pleasure.

THIS WEEK

October 31, 1931

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Red Menaces: Indian athletes in action.

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The Perfect Congressman: Well, nearly perfect.

Page 57—Milton C. Work

How Would You Play It?

Page 58—Editorial

Now's the Time.

Any Week

TED COOK is one of our favorite writers. He writes a newspaper column. Of course we may be a bit prejudiced, but we hadn't any idea our admiration for his judgment could be enhanced. Yet the first letter we opened today is from him. He informs us that in his opinion "Damon Runyon's 'The Snatching of Bookie Bob' is one of the best things I ever read in a magazine." Of course it appeared in Collier's; but even so we agree with Mr. Cook with renewed vigor.

—

IN OUR recent wanderings we were fortunate enough to meet Mr. James MacAllister in Pemaquid, Maine. Mr. MacAllister was sunning himself at the stout door of Fort William Henry and asked us several questions.

"Where are you from?" asked he.

"New York."

"That so? Well, I read the Portland papers now and then and I guess you hear a lot about the depression and so forth down there."

"Too much," we admitted.

"Well," said Mr. MacAllister, "that comes of having something to depress. Up here, now, we haven't got things like that. The fish are biting as usual, the lobsters haven't got any more brains than they ever had and the tourists are the same as both."

EUGENIE SILHOUETTE

WE'RE not sure that we know what this new Eugénie silhouette is, but the women seem to be going in for it and we are advised that to get the best out of it the girls should stop this dieting and go in for a little increased tonnage. Anyway, no sooner had we learned that, than we received a letter from a lady in Wichita, Kansas, urging us to advocate that we all eat three slices of bread where, before, we ate two. This, she informs us, would mean an increase in wheat consumption of fifty per cent with the inevitable admirable results of elimination of the wheat surplus and the employment of many hands.

"To say nothing," concludes she, "of doing much to soften the blow that one suffers when one sees some of our reedbird lassies in super-Eugénies."

—

WE'RE sorry we lack the space to publish here a letter from Mr. Will Maupin of Omaha. But we can tell you that it is a rugged defense of his highly cultivated state protesting strongly against Mr. John T. Flynn's references to the "grasshopper hordes sweeping over Nebraska." Briefly Mr. Maupin informs us that there has been no such phenomenon in that state since 1874. We asked Mr. Flynn about it and he replied promptly that he had that year in mind when he wrote the article containing the reference—"Business is What You Make It."

—

BUT fearing that Mr. L. U. Propper of Buffalo, New York, may have some truth on his side, we quit. Mr. Propper writes "You're crazy." And on a post card, too.

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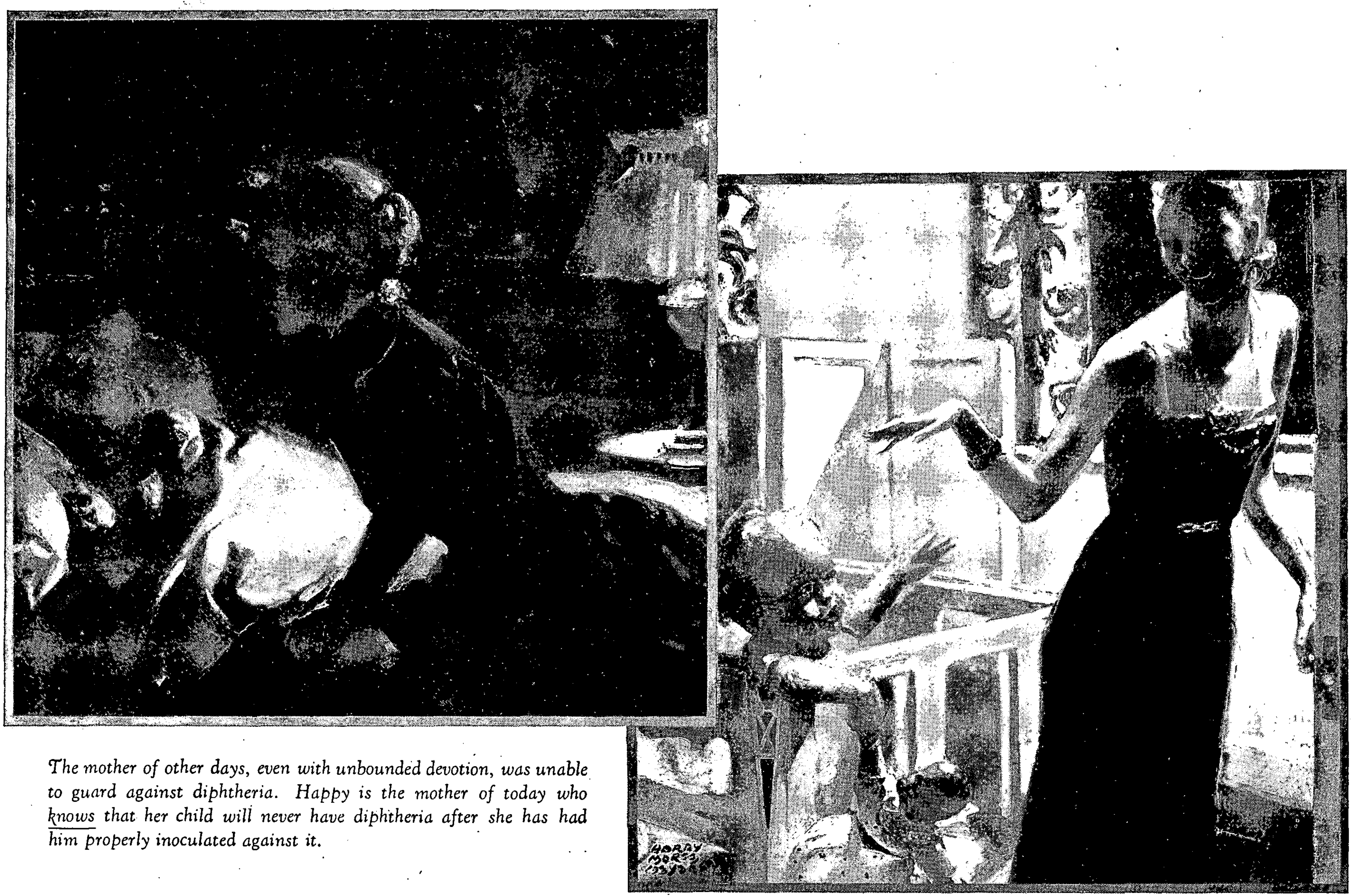
The Conquest of Diphtheria



The mother of other days, even with unbounded devotion, was unable to guard against diphtheria. Happy is the mother of today who knows that her child will never have diphtheria after she has had him properly inoculated against it.

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FORTY years ago in this country the annual deathrate from diphtheria was 115 out of every 100,000 persons. Last year fewer than six in every 100,000 died from this disease.

But while one may rejoice in the fact that the dreaded scourge of earlier days is now only one-twentieth as destructive as in years gone by, yet last year in this country there were nearly 7,000 deaths from diphtheria, practically all of which could have been prevented by timely inoculation of toxin-antitoxin or toxoid.

The complete conquest of diphtheria has been blocked year after year by misinformed though well-meaning objectors to inoculation.

Progress has been further hampered by easy-going, optimistic folk who refuse to consider the possibility of tragedy.

Science's sweeping conquest of diphtheria will not be complete until all parents have had their children safeguarded against diphtheria. This can be done by any reputable physician.

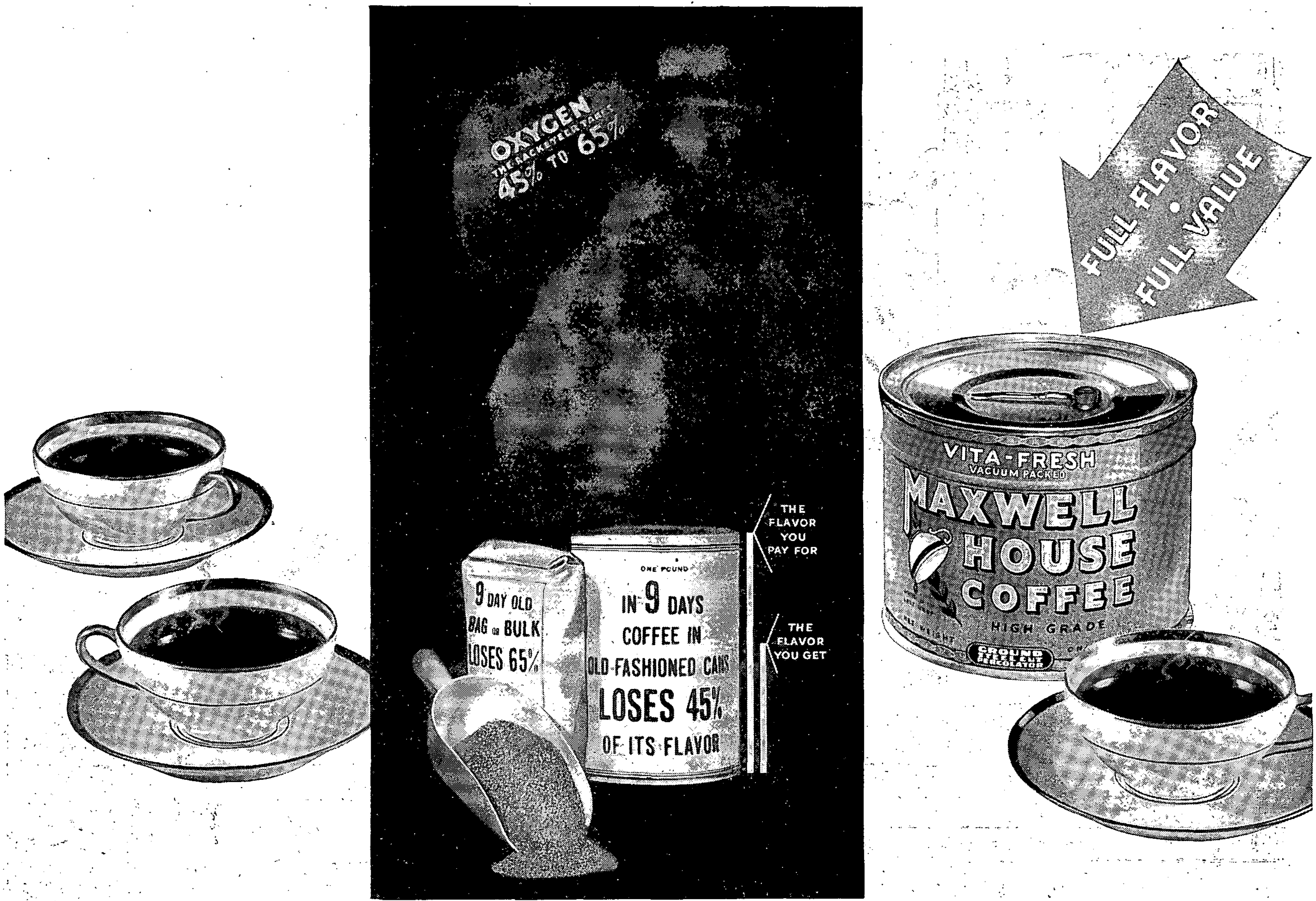
Every child should be inoculated, preferably when but a six months old baby, because more than half of all deaths from diphtheria occur among children between the ages of six months and five years.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will gladly mail free, its booklet, "Diphtheria is Preventable." Address Booklet Department 1131-C.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT
ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.



OXYGEN can't hijack Maxwell House flavor

That's why the new* VITA-FRESH *Process is winning new friends for this famous coffee

ONCE you have tried your first can of Maxwell House packed by the new Vita-Fresh method, you will realize why you have never been quite sure about your coffee.

For Maxwell House packed this new scientific way is always uniform in strength and flavor. Because it is strictly fresh, not robbed of its precious fragrance and aroma by Oxygen, you can follow the simple directions on the package and get a superb cup of coffee every time.

Coffee flavor is highly perishable. Air (Oxygen) robs coffee of its strength and flavor.

Just read these amazing facts established in the laboratories of a leading Eastern University:

(1) *Loose or bag coffee loses 65% of its flavor in nine days after roasting*

(2) *Coffee in old-fashioned cans loses 45% of its flavor in nine days after roasting*

All due to the attack of Oxygen!

Think of it! Forty-five to sixty-five per cent of the flavor gone from nine-day-old coffee. Even vacuum packing, a definite improvement over old-fashioned methods, removes only part of the air from the can, leaving sealed in enough Oxygen to cause flavor loss and deterioration.

The new Vita-Fresh Process removes the air so *completely* that the most rigid chemical analysis reveals *no trace of Oxygen in the Vita-Fresh can after packing.*

Remember — Oxygen is the destroyer of coffee freshness and flavor. The Vita-Fresh Process *alone* gives full protection to coffee goodness. Maxwell House and Maxwell House *only* gives you this guarantee of full flavor, full value in every pound.

You'll be thrilled by your first taste of roaster-fresh coffee!

Ask your grocer today for a pound of Maxwell House Vita-Fresh Coffee. Serve it for breakfast tomorrow. Its fragrance and aroma will tell you at once when you open the can, that here is something different and finer in coffee. And when you sip your first cup you'll know (probably for the first time in your life) how infinitely more delicious really *fresh* coffee is.

We'll risk a pound to prove it

After trying Vita-Fresh Maxwell House Coffee, if you and your family do not agree that it is the finest coffee you have ever tasted—simply return the can with unused portion to the grocer from whom you bought it and he will gladly return the full purchase price.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

A PRODUCT OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION

Good to the Last Drop

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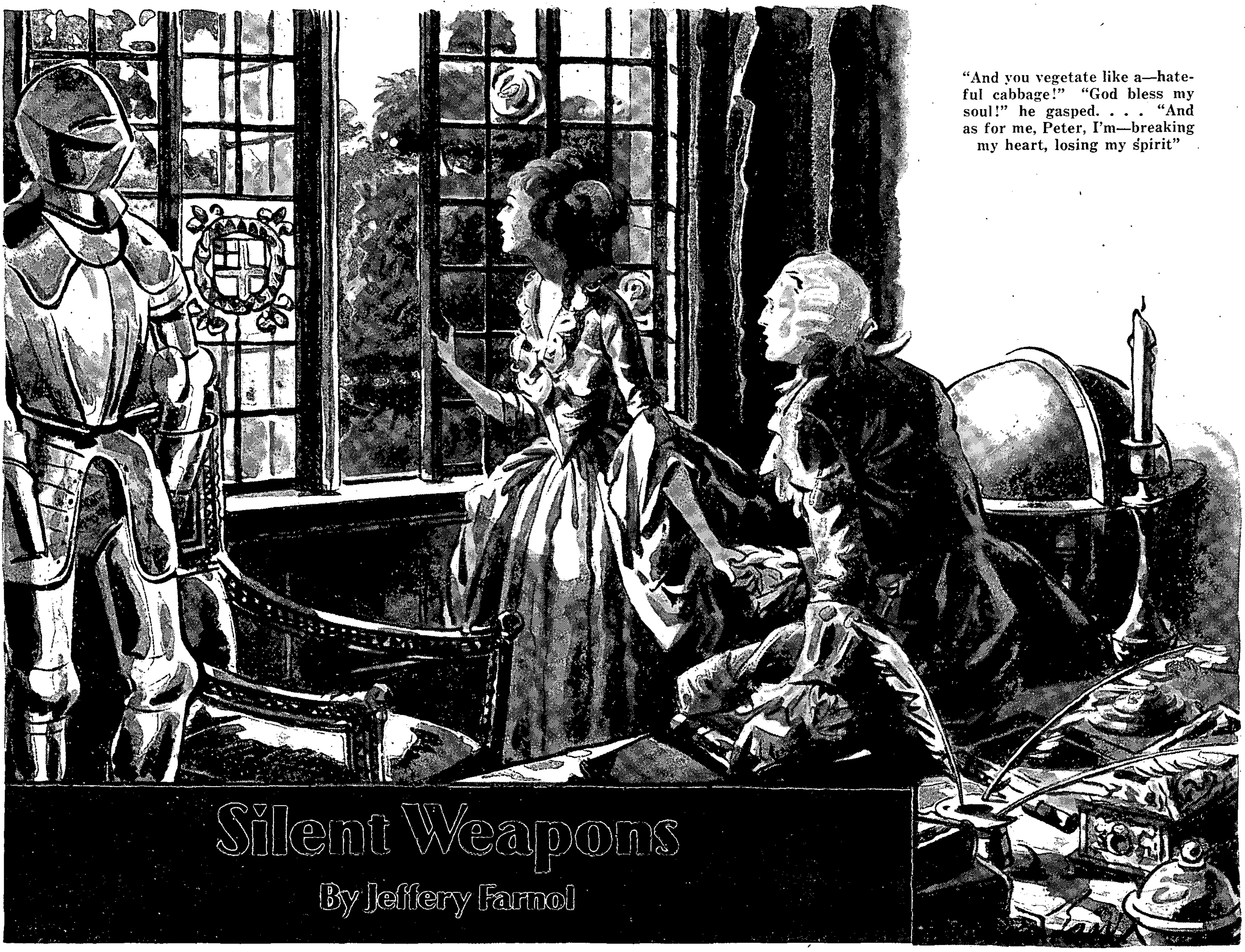
Collier's The National Weekly for October 31, 1931

Silent Weapons

By Jeffery Farnol



"And you vegetate like a—hateful cabbage!" "God bless my soul!" he gasped. . . . "And as for me, Peter, I'm—breaking my heart, losing my spirit"

Beginning the adventures of Charmian, Lady Vibart, who was not afraid to gamble love and honor in a game of sinister peril

"TWENTY-TWO years!" exclaimed Charmian, Lady Vibart, beating petulant, white fingers on the windowpane, "twenty-two years—it's preposterous!"

"Eh?" inquired Sir Peter, raising his head from the book that engaged him. "I beg your pardon, my dear, but what is preposterous, pray?"

"Everything!" she answered, flashing an angry look at him over rounded shoulder, "you . . . me . . . us! And tomorrow is my birthday!"

"To be sure," he murmured, turning a page, "I have not forgotten, indeed I—"

"And, Peter, I shall be forty- . . . forty-two! . . ."

"Three!" he corrected, "forty-three, to be exact—though I can hardly believe it, you wear so well . . . amazing!" Here his gaze went back to his book while Charmian, frowning at wide, sunny garden and tree-shaded park beyond, rapped quicker and louder than ever until Sir Peter sighed, stirred and glanced up again.

"My dearest," he murmured, gently reproachful, "if you could contrive to . . . tap a little more softly—"

"My love," she answered, turning to frown at him, "no! Not until you are so extreme obliging to favor me with your attention. Oh, put your hateful book down, Peter—do!"

Sir Peter Vibart rose, laid by the offending tome and surveyed his handsome lady with brow serene as usual but eyes faintly apprehensive.

"Dear soul," said he in murmurous reproof, "though we are in my library and this my customary hour for study, still I am ever ready to break my rule for you as—"

"RULES?" cried Charmian, in sudden blaze of anger. "There it is—custom, rote and rule—rule, rote and custom! At such an hour we must do this, at such an hour we must do that, but never, oh, never anything worth while!"

"My dear," said Sir Peter, a little dazed, "my dear—" He took her hand.

"Tush!" cried Charmian and stamped at him, "you ride to the markets—like a farmer! You gape at cattle shows—like a drover! You tramp your fields—like a plowboy! You read your books like a—oh, like a Peter Vibart! And you vegetate like a—hateful cabbage!"

"God bless my soul!" he gasped.

"And as for me, Peter, I'm—breaking my heart, losing my spirit, pining away—fading, Peter! But you, so perfectly content, are blind in your serene self-complacency and never see it—cannot, will not see it—"

"Good gad!" he exclaimed and was up beside her and had his arm about her shapeliness, all in a moment; then, lifting her unwilling head, he looked deep into her unwilling eyes.

"Pining are you, my Charmian?" he questioned, tenderly. "Fading away? Then I vow you do it very gracefully—"

"But I am forty-three, Peter—of course I am!" sighed she.

"And I think more beautiful than ever." At this, she condescended to look at him.

"Perhaps you only think so, Peter, because I happen to be yours, and you are so self-assured that any and everything belonging to Sir Peter Vibart is and must be of the very best according to Sir Peter Vibart, seeing Sir Peter Vibart is altogether such a very superlative creature—such a very grave, sedate, highly respected—gentlemanly personage!"

"I wonder?" said he, beginning to frown.

"Undoubtedly!" she nodded. "And our lives are—wasting away, the years flitting by so dreadfully fast, and what . . . what have you achieved?"

"Yourself!" he answered, smiling. "Our son Richard. Then, too, our tenants are prosperous and happy, every farm—"

"Indeed," sighed she, "you grow bovine as the prize cattle you take such pride in! Where are your youthful ambitions? All gone! Today you are too ineffably content for exertion or anything—a very clod-like country gentleman.

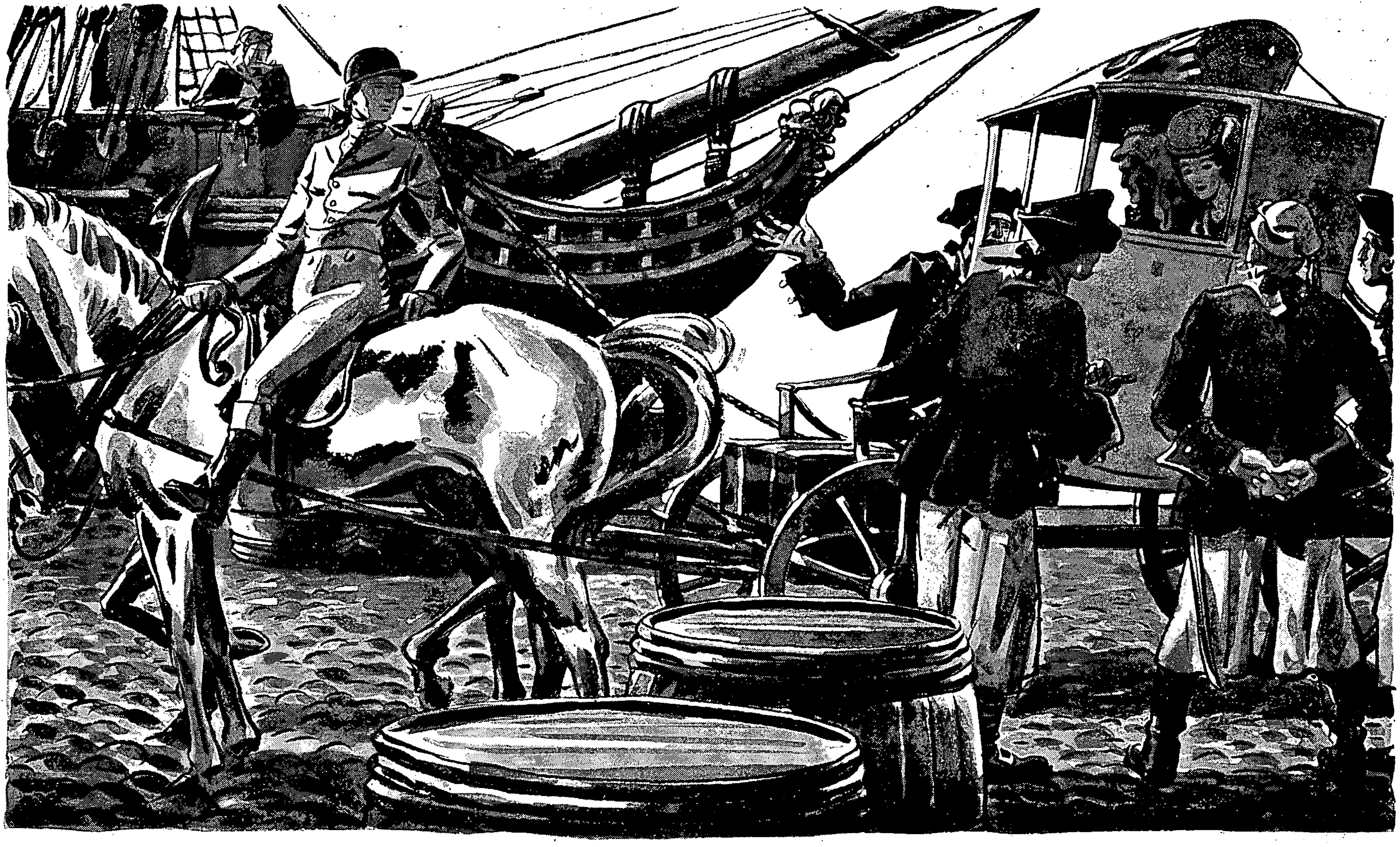
"NOW, Peter, do you wonder I am breaking my poor heart here amidst all this smug rusticity . . . these miles of well-tilled fields . . . and barns . . . and hayricks—do you?"

"I'm wondering, Charmian, if it would break more comfortably in London among crowded streets and reeking chimney pots?" And now it was Sir Peter who stared so wistfully out into the peaceful, sunny garden and drummed upon the windowpane. "Perhaps," said he at last, his tone wistful as his look, "yes, perhaps we . . . I . . . have been too happy. You have made me almost too content, Charmian. I've wanted nothing since our boy came . . . our son Richard—"

"I wanted him named Peter, Peter."

"But agreed he should be called after our dear Sir Richard Anstruther. . . . And, well, dear—Richard is and has been my ambition, all my hopes have been centered in him—"

"And yet, Peter, you send him on a



Hardly had the carriage stopped when men appeared, bluff, rosy-faced fellows who rolled in their gait

tour with a—a dreamy, small mule of a man, you permit him to wander about the Continent with a bookworm . . . a fool—"

"A fool?" repeated Sir Peter in shocked accents. "My dear, you cannot mean poor Chantrey?"

"I do mean poor Chantrey. The creature's a worm, always in a book, a dotard, a—"

"Charmian, my dear, Tobias Chantrey is an eminent scholar, a wrangler, a senior prize man—"

"And helpless as a baby!"

"Well, but Richard is a manly fellow and—"

"Only just nineteen, Peter!"

"Precisely! But then Richard is—my son—"

"Your son, sir? Oh, yes, yet he is mine also, if my memory serves—" Now at this Peter laughed and, drawing her close, kissed her; but breaking free, she rubbed off the kiss with dainty handkerchief and fronted him sullen-eyed:

"Indeed, Sir Peter, he is your son but despite this inestimable privilege he is not infallible or immune from the harms and dangers that beset less fortunate youths—simply because he is so blest as to be sired by—Sir Peter Vibart."

Now at this Peter scowled, then he laughed and, as he sat on a corner of his littered and book-strewn desk, surveyed his beautiful wife with darkly bright, questioning eyes.

"Charmian," said he in soft, reverent voice, "we have been married twenty-two years and, God be thanked, you have proved all and more than I dreamed you. You are so various you might stand for womanhood's embodiment. God made you beautiful but, behind the wonder of your eyes, placed an intellect that makes your carnal beauty divine, almost—for my dear, you needed mastery. Then, my Charmian, He glorified you with motherhood and I, humbled, awed by the very wonder of you and the ever-growing marvel of our child, no longer played the master but, giving my mind to lesser things, suffered you to rule until—today, it seems . . . why, Charmian . . . dear heart. . . ." Then his arm was about her again, for she was sobbing.

"Oh, Peter . . . my dear . . ." she murmured, lovely head snugged against his breast, "I . . . never thought . . . never dreamed you had such thoughts of me . . . nowadays . . . such holy, reverent thoughts . . . after all these years. My dear, you make me hate myself . . . I feel unworthy such a love—because I am not . . . oh, I never was half so good, so wonderful as your sweet dream of me—though Richard is, of course . . . some day Rick will be a man like you—so honorable and gentle, my Peter, and brave enough to think the best of . . . of life and . . . everybody. But, oh, my dear—hold me tight, Peter—there is a demon in me . . . there always was . . . a demon of discontent, urging me to do . . . oh, wild things . . . and sometimes, Peter, I—do them. . . ."

"OF COURSE!" he murmured, kissing her glossy hair. "Though you never did gallop your horse up the steps of St. Paul's Cathedral, twenty-two years ago!"

"No!" said she, nestling closer, "no! But then I . . . loved to play with fire . . . and . . . oh, you remember I . . . ran away with your cousin Maurice, because he was a—a devil, though—I ran away from him, Peter."

"Yes—to me, dear—thank God! And, having married me, have lived fairly content with me all these years which I esteem very marvelous, considering you once called me . . . 'a lamb'! Do you remember?"

"Yes . . . yes!" she answered, in voice between sob and laugh. "And you so mightily indignant, Peter! Yes, I called you a lamb . . . though you had just driven off a wolf . . . a demon! So, my Peter, be strong again, tame me! Drive away my own particular demon that torments me with these wild fits of restless discontent."

"Dear heart," he murmured, fondling a wayward curl at her temple, "what is it troubles you? Are you grieving for our Richard—worrying about him?"

"No . . . yes . . . I don't know," sighed she, a little breathlessly. "I feel . . . I think I'm what our Janet would call 'fey' . . . a feeling of impending evil."

"I know!" said Peter, and kissed her. "And yet Richard's last letter was very cheerful. But, dear, I'll recall him at once if—"

"No, Peter, no—it would be foolish of me to cut short his pleasures for a . . . a whim."

"Then we'll go to town, the house in St. James' Square is—"

"Yes, Peter dear, but it is such a vast barracks of a place for just—us two! So many servants everywhere . . . and London will be a howling desolation until the season opens—"

"Hum!" quoth Peter, somewhat hipped. "Well, supposing we run over to Paris for a week or so, the Beverleys are there and—"

"That would be perfectly delightful, dearest—except for the hateful sea-passage."

"But you never mind the sea, Charmian."

"I should—this time, Peter."

"Oh! Then what—"

"Oh, Peter—can't you . . . guess?"

"No, upon my life!" Now at this, Charmian frowned at him, sighed, flushed and, vivid mouth close to his ear, whispered.

"Eh? The old cottage?" he exclaimed. Charmian nodded.

"But, my dear," said he, glancing rather furtively round about upon the book-lined walls and luxurious comfort of this spacious chamber, "won't it be rather uncomfortable down there—damp?"

"Damp?" cried she in choking voice and would have broken from him, but Peter's long arms held her fast.

"And so, Charmian . . . sweetheart, we'll go whenever you will—"

"No!" she cried, struggling passionately. "Not now—"

"Yes," said Peter, squeezing her into submission, "this very day."

"And it is not damp, Peter! You know I've had it preserved . . . cared for, just because it is the dearest old cottage that ever was."

"And the holiest!" he added, fervently. "So there we'll go."

"And I'll cook a rabbit."

"AND we'll surprise Prudence and Black George—"

"And the children, Peter. Their eldest daughter Rosemary is a lovely creature, a perfect beauty, so Cleone says; she and Barnabas drove to Sissinghurst last month."

"How good it sounds," laughed Peter, "Sissinghurst, you and I!"

"Ah, but, Peter, do you wish to go—truly?" she inquired very wistfully.

"I'll order the horses at once," he answered, "no, we'll order them together—come!" So, hand in hand, forth went they into the sunshine and, looking into each other's eyes, the years rolled backward. . . . Charmian's lashes drooped, her lips curved to such tender smile that he caught his breath:

"Oh, girl," he murmured, "how entirely lovely you can be—"

"Dear Peter," she sighed, "I am . . . forty-three!"

And thus, walking slowly and very close together, they crossed wide lawns and followed trim, winding paths, until . . . Charmian stopped all at once and he felt her trembling:

"Peter—look!" she whispered.

Now from where they stood one might glimpse the distant highway, and, following her wide gaze, Peter espied a horseman who galloped furiously in a cloud of white dust.

"Peter . . . watch . . . that man!"

"Only some courier riding post, dear heart."

"But he is . . . galloping into our lives, Peter, I feel it—I know!"

"But, sweet soul, how in the world—"

"There, he is gone! Listen—now he stops at the lodge! Now he is coming on again . . . nearer . . . nearer . . . hear how he rides! Come, let us meet him."

And presently, sure enough, they saw this same courier galloping toward them along the broad avenue, a very dusty man who, perceiving them, presently drew rein and, touching dusty hat, spoke:

"Sir Peter Vibart?" he inquired and at Peter's nod drew forth and gave him a letter. "Express, sir," said he.

"From . . . Paris?" inquired Charmian.

"From Paris, lady."

"Then pray ride on to the house . . . rest and refreshment," she faltered, viewing Peter anxiously where he stood reading the letter. So the courier, touching hat again, trotted away houseward.

"My dear," said she, watching Peter's frowning brow with ever-growing anxiety, "it is . . . about our Richard, of course?"

"Yes," answered Peter, looking at her with eyes of horrified dismay, "yes, dear . . . I . . . cannot go with you to the cottage after all—listen!" And he read aloud this:

"'My dear Sir Peter:

"'It is in the utmost perturbation of mind that I write (unknown to Richard) imploring your instant presence here in Paris, your son Richard having involved himself, how I do not justly apprehend, in a quarrel with one who scraped acquaintance with us some time ago, an elegant, very gentlemanly seeming person (though of years older, I suspect, than would appear), originating in some trifle the exact nature of which is a mystery. But, sir, my horror and despair will be instantly manifest to you when I pen the dreadful fact that a meeting has been demanded by the offended gentleman, accepted by Richard, and the result will be a duel.

"'This dreadful affair is fixed for the 24th inst., six days hence. Your unfortunate son goes out to be shot by a person twice his age and, I gather, one who is accounted a very deadly and most experienced duelist and manslayer.

"'In these tragic and unhappy circumstances I implore you to haste to the aid of your wilful (and perhaps doomed) son and relief of your agonizing, anxious, yet faithful servant to command,

"'TOBIAS CHANTREY

"'P. S. I indite this epistle in secret against R.'s expressed wish and command.

"'P. P. S. The person's name appears to be Mr. Henry Willoughby-Gafton.'"

CHARMIAN uttered a little cry and stared at the letter with look of sudden horror.

"Peter, does this name . . . mean anything to you?"

"No," he answered, folding up the letter, "no, my dear."

"It means . . . very much to me. It is like a ghost, a thing of evil creeping back out of the past—a deadly . . . deadly thing!"

"How so, dear heart?" he inquired, drawing her hand within his arm.

"Willoughby-Gafton was one of those who used to toast the Sefton heiress—'hiccough her name over slopping wineglasses,' Peter . . . twenty-two years ago."

"You knew the fellow?"

"Very well. He was cruel as a boy, wicked as a youth and is merciless as a man, it seems—an evil creature always. . . . And now—oh, Peter, must you go?"

"Of course, dear! At once! I shall take the Dover packet tomorrow morning." And, turning abruptly, he strode toward the stable yard, calling lustily:

"George! Will! Tom! Saddle the Tartar and quick about it! You, Roger, run to the house and bid Venables pack a valise. . . ." But now Charmian was beside him again, a little pale, but entirely composed and sweetly capable.

"Come, Peter," said she, taking his arm again. "I'll get you ready, I can pack for you quicker than any valet, and after all there's no reason for such prodigious haste and to-do."

"No, my dear, no, but the sooner I start the better."

"And when you reach Paris—how then?"

"Circumstances must decide . . . however, the fellow shall not harm our Richard—no, by God—even if I have to . . . anyhow, he shan't!"

"Even if you have to—what, Peter?"

"Knock the fellow down . . . thrash him in public—"

"You mean to fight him in Richard's stead, Peter?"

"Dear heart, I . . . now do not worry, it may not come to that—the fellow is after money, most likely."

"I think not, Peter. . . . And you never were a good shot, were you!"

"Oh, I don't know, dear, I daresay I shall aim straight enough if necessary . . . but it won't be necessary, certainly not, never dream it. A little diplomacy, a little firmness perhaps! However, your Richard shall come back to you—"

"But what . . . of my Peter?"

"He must get into boots and breeches!"

VERY soon all was ready. . . . And their farewell was very brief—arms that clasped and clung—a sighing, murmurous kiss and he was in the saddle.

"God be with you, my Peter!"

"And with you, dear love—amen!" With head bare he paused for a last eager look at that lovely, pale, tearless face, then, spurring his eager animal, Sir Peter leaped away and was off at a gallop. Now even while his horsehoofs yet rang loud, Charmian beckoned to the staring groom:

"George," said she, her eyes very bright and purposeful, "ride to Alfriston, tell Cheslett Potter I need his lugger—at Chuckmere Haven—at once. Gallop, George!"

Then, clasping the arm of the tall, gaunt person who had appeared so silently:

"Pack, Janet, pack!" cried she. "We are for Paris, my dear, as fast as wind and wheels can aid us."

HOOFS thundered, wheels rumbled, the carriage rocked and swayed but my lady, leaning in a corner of the speeding vehicle, seemed entirely composed, from the little feather in her small bonnet that swept about the beauty of her face to the slim, sandaled feet that crossed and cuddled each other beneath the dainty hem of her robe—for her eyes were quick with lively purpose and brightly alert; her chin, slightly dimpled, showed firm and resolute; she was indeed her most tranquil, lovely and capable self as she smiled at her companion—a tall female, somewhat angular but powerfully built, with combative nose and truculent, gray eyes.

"Janet," said my lady, nodding complacently, "we should reach Paris at least thirty hours before my Peter."

Miss Janet, being so extremely Scotch and so very large, was deliberate in all things and somewhat chary of speech. Thus the carriage had traveled some distance ere she found words:

"Perris!" said she, her lean features somewhat grim. "Ay! And what then?"

"We must find out Henry Willoughby-Gafton."

"Ay! And what then?"

"We must be guided by—circumstances. . . . Did we bring everything we shall need?"

"Ay! The sprigged muslin, the blue poplin and—bide a wee!" Miss Janet opened her reticule, which, like herself, was of an extraordinary size, and, drawing thence a handkerchief, a bottle of smelling-salts, an orange and divers other oddments, extracted lastly and with some difficulty a small yet very serviceable-looking pistol.

"Heavens above, dear soul!" ejaculated Charmian, blenching a little, "whatever—"

"Perris!" quoth Miss Janet darkly, tapping the weapon with long finger. "I'm no juist trustin' ony Frenchman, m'dear! Guillotines! Heids on pikes! Janet MacGregor was aye a cautious body, ye ken!" And back went pistol, orange, smelling-salts, handkerchief, etc., in their due order.

"But, Janet—oh, my dear, physical force cannot avail us against—such as he, that cold, sneering, merciless wretch!"

"Wha kens?" said Miss Janet, folding large, placid hands upon her bulbous reticule. "Twenty odd years syne I droppit him in the lily-pool, ye'll mind. 'Tis pity he didna droon—the ways o' Providence are unco mysteerious, I'm thinkin'!"

"That was two days after he wrote . . . the letter!"

"Ay! But, whisht, Charmian, ye'll no use yon letter? Ye canna . . . ye shallna—"

"Then, Janet, why did you snatch it from the fire when I would have burned it that day? Why did you preserve it all these years, God bless you?"

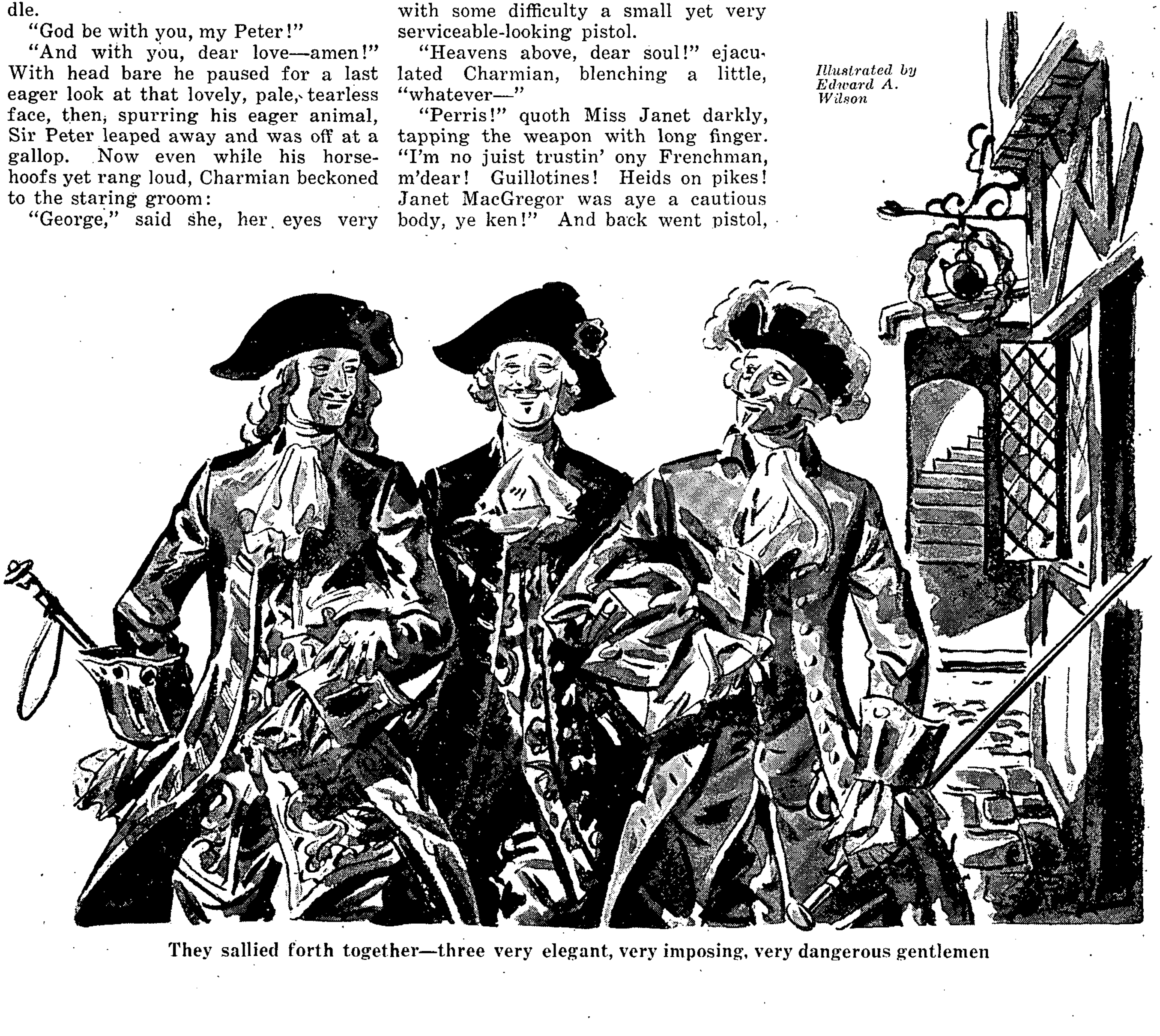
"Oh, my dear," sighed Miss Janet, speaking in cultured English as she was wont to do at sudden and unexpected times, "heaven alone knows! Perhaps because I was such a cautious creature, even then."

"Janet," said my lady, "I believe—no, I am convinced, I am sure, that this trumped-up quarrel with Richard, this duel that Peter means to take up, is Henry Gafton's cruel vengeance on—me! He has waited—waited through the years for a chance to strike! Well, should this meeting actually take place, I shall be there and if he attempts to fire at my Peter it shall be through my body."

"And, my dear, I'm thinkin' he would, ay, and call it an accident. The man's a devil! If he's fulfilled his early promise—a cauld-hearted, peetiless—monster, umph-humph!"

"So I believe, Janet. . . . But, my dear, the most desperately wicked man is only a man, thank God! And no man is a match for a desperate, determined woman!"

(Continued on page 52)



Illustrated by Edward A. Wilson

They sallied forth together—three very elegant, very imposing, very dangerous gentlemen

Bandits Unemployed

To the joy of her friends and the chagrin of her enemies Mexico has escaped, so far, the recent epidemic of revolutions. How did it happen? Can peace last? The answer, says Mr. Davenport, who has been examining the seeds of revolution in Mexico, lies in the new constitution. Will the government be able to administer it despite the efforts of such ardent revolutionaries as Jesús Felipe Alamajajo and the lean general? Here he tells you about it and them

By Walter Davenport

ONE of these days Jesús Felipe Alamajajo will receive word from the thin general who longs to be stouter that the time has come to strike. And Jesús Felipe Alamajajo, who carries in his otherwise empty money belt a sort of free-lance commission as colonel in the army of any bravo who cares to hire him, will lay aside his business cares and gallop off to the low hills of Vera Cruz. There, if everything happens according to schedule, he will be joined by a couple of hundred tough Indians on tougher ponies.

Somewhere near Paso del Macho (again if all goes well) Colonel Alamajajo will join the army of the thin general, whose brother was a man of very cold blood and very hard sand before a firing squad did its duty, and the grand revolt of the true agrarians and workers plus the political malcontents will bloom in Mexico. And after that—who knows?

I got all this with plenty of heart-quickening detail from one of the agents of Jesús Felipe Alamajajo at the Regis bar in Mexico City, where, if one is hardy and liberal, one can hear practically everything that has been said or thought in Mexico during the past five years. To say nothing of what is being said and what is going to be said. And done. And by whom.

Naturally you get a bit suspicious at all this revealing frankness to a stranger. You lean toward the theory that Jesús Felipe Alamajajo's agent is merely talking for meat and drink. And if you meet Jesús Felipe Alamajajo your faith in the story reaches a new low because, colonel or no colonel, Jesús Felipe is nothing but a sweating peon moping around a hundred acres of sugar cane which the government took from an outraged Dutch planter and gave to him. That he should have an agent (or anything else besides a couple of burros and a prodigious family) is about on a level with his wife having a social secretary.

An Old Mexican Custom

But presently much repetition of the story by an ever-growing list of agents causes you to reflect. After all, there may be something to it. After six or eight agents have told you similar stories of six or eight colonels and generals and *jefes* lurking hither and yon awaiting "the hour," it occurs to you that the story, in the main, may be true enough.

And then, when you have got used to it, you find that there is nothing particularly new about it. There are always generals and colonels and chiefs eager for a fight—and the incidental loot. All they require to start what the outside world calls revolution, but which is wholly unworthy of the dignity of that name, are a couple of thousand armed and mounted men, a few thousand pesos and a cause. The cause may be so thin as to be all but invisible. The money may come from a raided bank, or by extortion from ranch owners or from the soft hands of foreign capitalists who hope thus to coerce the government into acceding to their demands or even to overthrow the unfriendly government and set up one that will listen to reason. But it's wrong to call it revolution. None of the internal fighting in Mexico since the overthrow of the régime of Diaz the dictator has achieved the dignity of revolution.

So you listen to the story again. This time from a Spanish soldier of fortune who opens his beer with the trigger guard of his pistol. He has one of the most magnificent of scars. It extends from the hinge of his jaw on the left side to the hinge of his jaw on the right, describing a perfect parabola that crosses the bridge of his hook nose. He says he got that from a Fuzzy-Wuzzy's *kris* while fighting with General Milan Astray in the Spanish Foreign Legion. Anyway he is the agent for a general, no less—a general now lurking in the hills of Morelos ready at the tinkle of a bell or the shrill of a whistle to lead an army with such ruddy fervor as to make people forget his brother. His brother, the dripping hero, once caused a firing squad to kill a twelve-year-old boy who screamed in terror on his knees at the door of his home. Nothing like teaching these youngsters sound lessons early in life. Especially when they take to sniping from pepper trees, thinking to avenge a murdered father.

This general, a malcontent far down in the list of nearly four hundred generals with whom Mexico's top-heavy military establishment is blessed, once followed the great Zapata in his withering raids upon the rich, reducing Morelos and the surrounding country to charcoal. Four thousand peons, convinced that they have been duped by a government that retreats, are, but now, trembling in eagerness to mount their ponies and follow him to glory.

"And that done," I ask, "what do you get out of it—you, the general's agent of propaganda and munitions?"

"Sh-h-h-h-h," is his reply. "The police."

A pleasant, peach-colored young fellow who walks as lightly as a puma approaches our table. He has paused at others. He looks at us without malice.

Checkmate for Señor Mendez

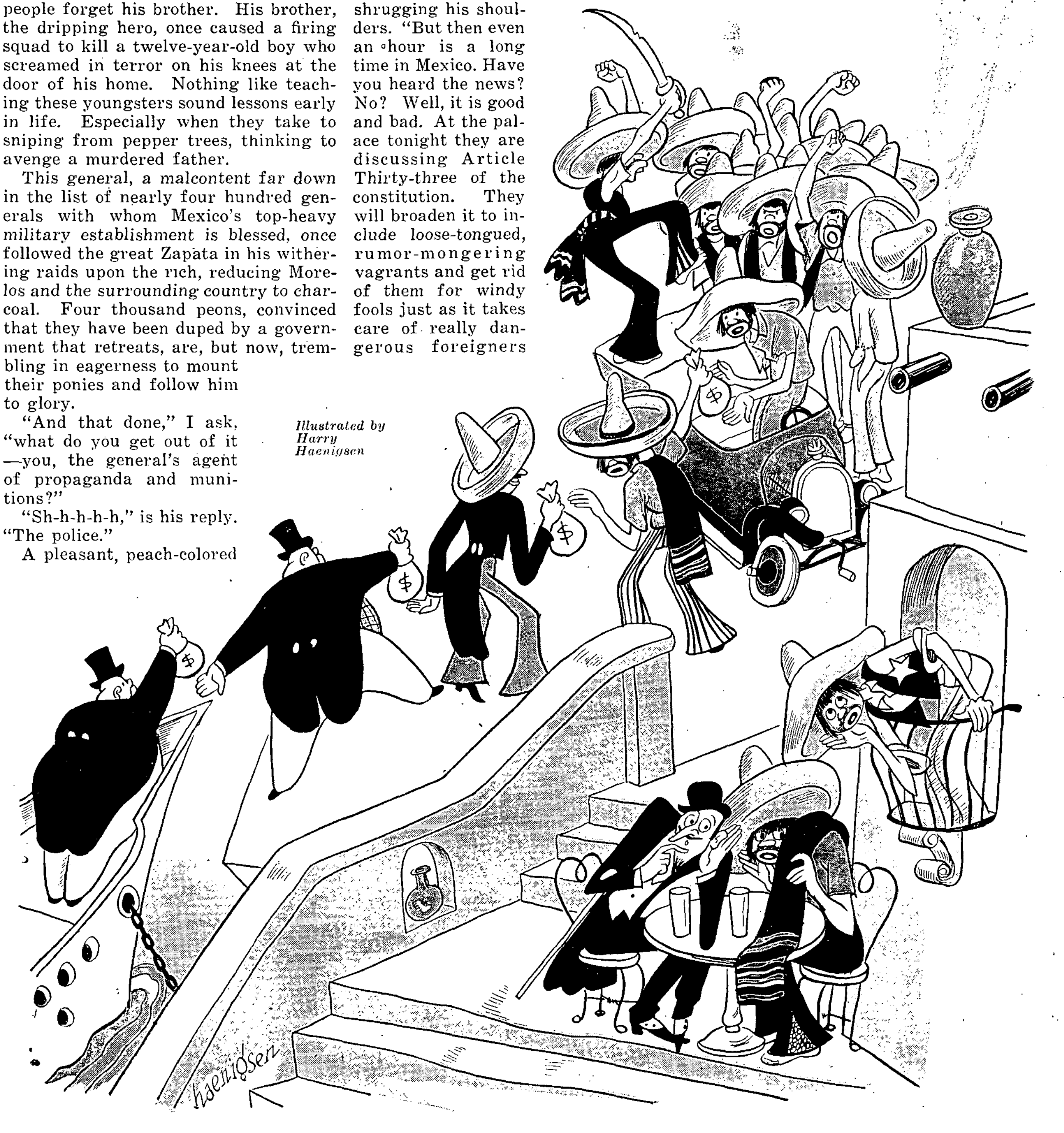
"Hello, Señor Mendez," says the police officer mildly. "You have a new audience."

"An old friend," explains Mendez the agent. "An old friend from the States."

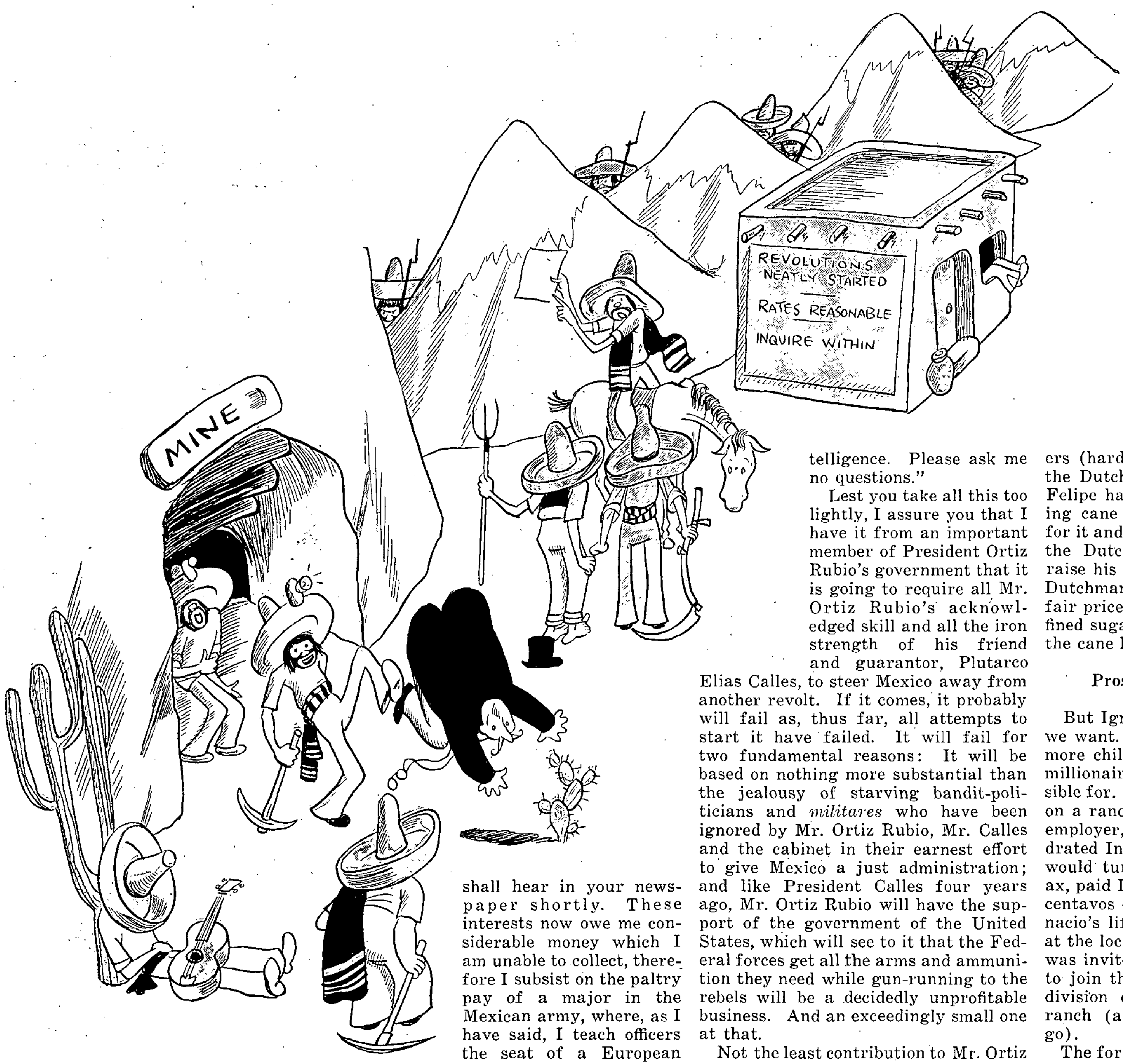
"Perhaps," says the police officer, shrugging his shoulders. "But then even an hour is a long time in Mexico. Have you heard the news? No? Well, it is good and bad. At the palace tonight they are discussing Article Thirty-three of the constitution. They will broaden it to include loose-tongued, rumor-mongering vagrants and get rid of them for windy fools just as it takes care of really dangerous foreigners who interfere in Mexico's politics. These, you understand, we deport. But what will they do to men who have no country to be deported to—or who are wanted for murder and rape at home and dare not return? Until we meet again, Señor Mendez."

And the young policeman continues his catlike prowl among the tables. Once he bowed with special deference to a broad-shouldered woman who, Mendez whispered, had been the mistress of seven generals—one at a time, of course. And all of them executed by the firing squad. She is now at liberty, says Mendez. And if I should be looking for an agent to provide me with valuable Mexican secrets, or if my business connections in America desired a discreet correspondent who knew Mexico as only one can who has loved seven generals, Señora Cuneo (she is an Italian) would serve willingly, admirably and with a minimum of cost. Say ten pesos a day.

I will present but one more agent before getting down to the facts behind all this talk. One could hardly ignore him. I was unable to find out just what Mexican banner he carried. He was extremely reluctant to talk of his local



Illustrated by Harry Haenigsen



political connections because, he explained, the only source of income he enjoyed (when he got it) came from the Mexican army itself. He was, he announced, riding master to the officers at Chapultepec.

"You mean to say you teach these Mexicans how to ride?" I demanded.

"Not at all," said he with a thick Germanic accent. "I teach them to sit a horse like gentlemen. I am a gentleman. I am perhaps Heinrich Lundsburg, Lieutenant of the Fourth Austrian Dragoons, the best horseman in Europe. I now hold the rank of major in the Mexican army—not officially, understand, but that I may have the majesty of command in my capacity of riding instructor. For this I get little enough—a mere seven pesos a day.

"I have fought the Republicans in Germany with Ludendorff. In Russia I have killed Bolsheviki with Wrangel. In Italy I have given battle to Mussolini. In 1929 I came to Mexico and helped General Calles defeat the rebel Aguirre in Vera Cruz, being one of those who tracked him down after his escape and assisted in his execution. Aside from teaching the officers at the garrison at Chapultepec the horsemanship of European gentlemen, I represent the Empress Zita and her son, the Archduke Otto, whom, one day, I hope to restore to the Hapsburg throne. But there is very little money in that at the moment. None, in fact. I am, in a manner of speaking, biding my time, acting as an agent here for powerful interests from whom you shall hear in your newspaper shortly. These interests now owe me considerable money which I am unable to collect, therefore I subsist on the paltry pay of a major in the Mexican army, where, as I have said, I teach officers the seat of a European gentleman.

"This post of mine will not last—no. Desertions from the Mexican army are increasing daily. There have been as many as two hundred a day, and as a military man I say that when enlisted men abandon the army in such numbers day after day, the army is disintegrating. When the Federal forces of Mexico begin to decay one may look for revolt.

Just a Born Sufferer

"Men do not quit the army, which pays them one peso and forty centavos a day, when there are no civilian posts to occupy. Men must eat. Therefore, you may expect the worst. I, too, shall suffer. Observe then. I was an Austrian. Republican Austria has done me the honor to set a price upon my head. I am no longer an Austrian. I became a citizen of Italy. Mussolini has revoked that citizenship and my passport, to say nothing of bludgeoning me one night on the streets of Rome and forcing me to drink a large quantity of castor oil which I did not require and which I have always detested. I am no longer an Italian.

"I have applied for Mexican citizenship which I do not actually desire and probably shall not receive. I am, then, nothing. A valuable man without a country. I may not enter America because I belong to no quota, having no country. Perhaps the approaching revolution will lend me aid. Therefore, I have attached myself to certain vast interests for whom I am an agent of intelligence. Please ask me no questions."

Lest you take all this too lightly, I assure you that I have it from an important member of President Ortiz Rubio's government that it is going to require all Mr. Ortiz Rubio's acknowledged skill and all the iron strength of his friend and guarantor, Plutarco Elias Calles, to steer Mexico away from another revolt. If it comes, it probably will fail as, thus far, all attempts to start it have failed. It will fail for two fundamental reasons: It will be based on nothing more substantial than the jealousy of starving bandit-politicians and *militares* who have been ignored by Mr. Ortiz Rubio, Mr. Calles and the cabinet in their earnest effort to give Mexico a just administration; and like President Calles four years ago, Mr. Ortiz Rubio will have the support of the government of the United States, which will see to it that the Federal forces get all the arms and ammunition they need while gun-running to the rebels will be a decidedly unprofitable business. And an exceedingly small one at that.

Not the least contribution to Mr. Ortiz Rubio's strength in office is his friendship with Herbert Hoover. And if any evidence of Mr. Hoover's kindly feelings for the Ortiz Rubio régime is needed, one has but to consider his ready appointment of Mr. J. Reuben Clark to Mr. Morrow's post as ambassador. Mr. Clark was urged upon Mr. Hoover by both Mr. Ortiz Rubio and Mr. Morrow, the latter having done more to ruin the rebel-bandit racket in Mexico than any American predecessor. It was Mr. Morrow who was responsible for Herbert Hoover's aid to Provisional President Portes Gil in Mexico's last revolt—two years ago—and that aid was so thorough and complete that rebellion has been prostrate ever since.

The trouble, if it comes, will have its roots in the desire of the governing wing of the National Revolutionary Party so to modify Mexico's agrarian and labor laws as to revive the interest of foreign capital in Mexico's farms, mines and manufactures and at the same time keep a restraining hand on those oil and mining corporations which, in the opinion of Messrs. Calles and Ortiz Rubio, became so powerful politically that they were sinister. Also Mexico was not satisfied with her own return from her subsoil wealth which annually was creating new regiments of foreign millionaires.

Radical as they may seem to the tamed American and western European, Mexico's agrarian and labor laws of the Constitution of 1917—the constitution which affixed the adjective "Red" to Mexico—are the natural result of the nation's complete emergence from the autocratic rule of Porfirio Diaz, whose sympathies were all with aristocracy and wealth.

Nevertheless, such is Mexico's need for foreign capital that both the agrarian and the labor laws are due for modification or, at least, greater elasticity of interpretation.

It wouldn't serve our purpose to illustrate with the estate of Jesús Felipe Alamajajo, the free-lance colonel. Jesús Felipe is an extremely fortunate peon even if he doesn't know it. He is the owner of sugar-cane land taken from one of the most successful of Mexico's planters (hard work being the sole secret of the Dutchman's success) and all Jesús Felipe has to do is to go right on raising cane on land beautifully prepared for it and with implements furnished by the Dutchman. All he has to do is raise his cane, cut it and haul it to the Dutchman's mill, where he is paid a fair price for it, plus a bonus for the refined sugar if sugar rises in price after the cane harvest.

Prosperity Comes to Ignacio

But Ignacio Luiz gives us the picture we want. Ignacio Luiz is the father of more children than anybody short of a millionaire has any right to be responsible for. Until five years ago he worked on a ranch for what he could get. His employer, a son of the Aztecs, a dehydrated Indian whose hide is so tough it would turn a razor's edge or dent an ax, paid Ignacio what he felt like—fifty centavos or a peso, at most, a day. Ignacio's life was hard. But one night at the local Club de Revolución, Ignacio was invited by more enterprising peons to join them in a petition for the subdivision of a fifty-thousand-acre goat ranch (a small tract as such ranches go).

The formalities exhausted (we haven't room for technical details) the state took all but ten thousand acres of the goatherder's land, ignoring his wails, and apportioned the rest among the peons according to the political potentialities and industrial fitness of the individuals. Not only did the goatherder (an American) lose four fifths of his land but he lost thousands of goats, the newly landed peons hustling as they never hustled before to corral all the goats that happened to be wandering on their land.

The state recompensed the original owner, of course—paid him with agrarian twenty-year bonds which bear five per cent interest per annum and are worth at the moment about ten cents on the dollar. Not that this soothed the subdivided rancher. Nor was it balm to his outraged sense of justice to observe that he was paid according to his own tax assessment figures—the assessment valuation he himself had placed upon his land when, a year back, he and the local appraiser had got their heads together and laughingly cheated the Mexican government out of several thousand pesos with profit to both of them. The oil operators on the east coast and the mine owners in the interior had done their own assessing for years, so why shouldn't a mere goatherder? At any rate the new government paid him according to his own confessed worth, than which, offhand, nothing could seem fairer.

Ignacio Luiz therefore found himself possessed of a hundred well-tended acres

(Continued on page 50)

The Wow that Wasn't

Jimmy Kell tackles a mystery—and discovers himself

By William MacHarg

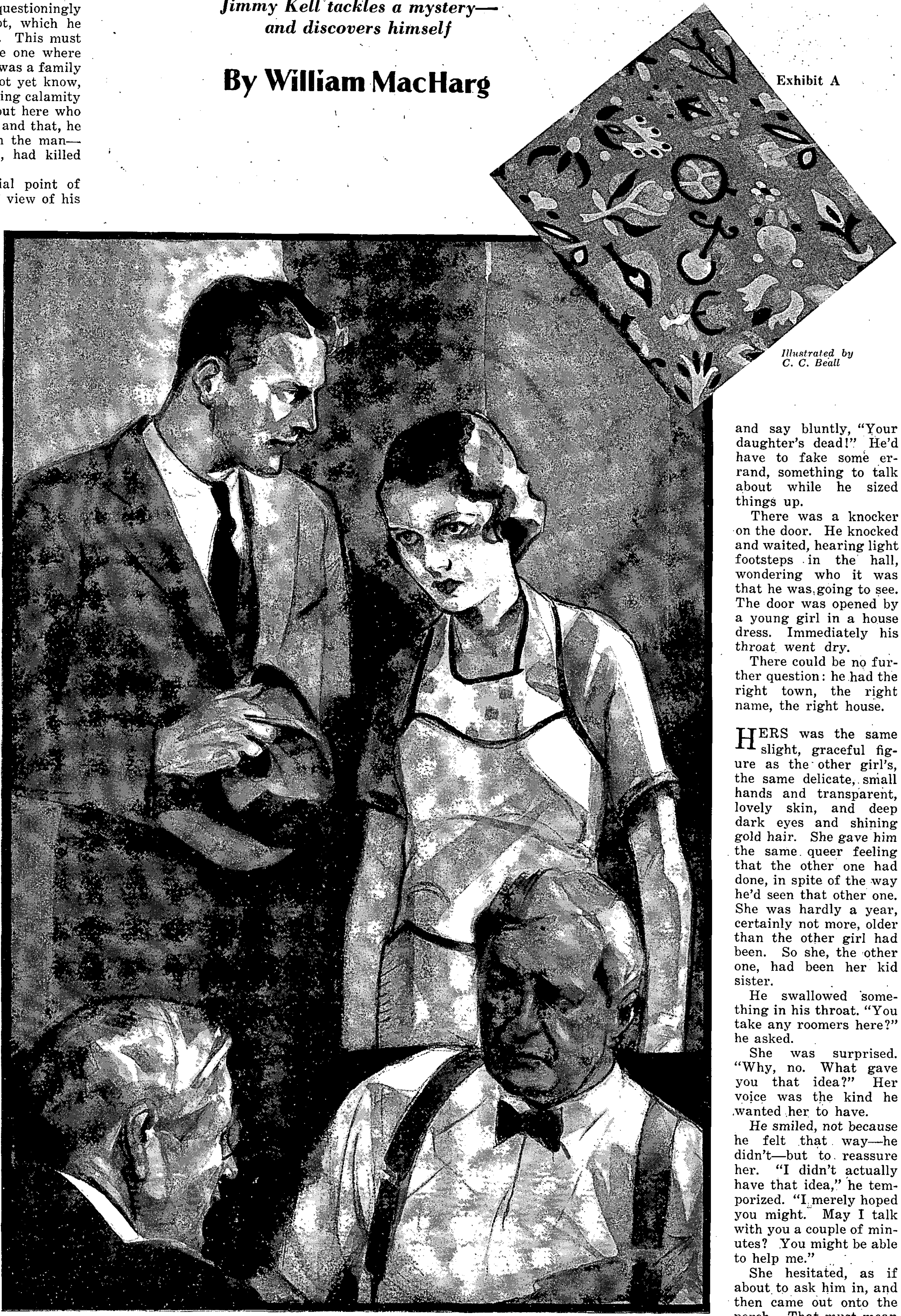


Exhibit A

Illustrated by C. C. Beall

"You mean it's bad news, Joe?" Warren asked. "The worst you ever had," said the lawyer

JIMMY KELL looked questioningly at the town of Ellicot, which he had never seen before. This must be the right town, the one where the girl had lived; so there was a family here, whose name he did not yet know, to whom he was going to bring calamity and grief. He would find out here who the unknown girl had been and that, he hoped, would link her with the man—the man who, he believed, had killed her.

From his own reportorial point of view and from the point of view of his newspaper, the Enterprise, the story simply was a "wow." "Enterprise Reporter Solves Crime Baffling Rural Police—Identifies Unknown Victim"—"Enterprise Reporter Causes Arrest of Murderer." These headlines had not been printed yet, but in his mind's eye he contemplated them as a skilled mechanic contemplates a job well done. Underneath each he saw the by-line—"By James Kell."

In the small town, with its two short intersecting business streets, he could see three dry-goods stores. There were no more of them. The second dry-goods store he tried matched the small piece of fabric cut from the dress the girl had worn when she was murdered.

"I guess she'll want it," Jimmy said, referring to the imaginary relative for whom he pretended to be matching this sample. "She'll want to know, though, that you haven't sold too many other dresses off that piece."

"I ain't sold but one," the storekeeper assured him—"to Myrtle Warren."

"I'll let you know about it later."

SO Myrtle Warren, probably, had been her name. Easy, in a town that size, to learn where the Warren family lived; the first man he questioned on the sidewalk told him. He turned off the business street, following the directions he had received, onto another and then a second, a narrow, shaded street with small houses in big yards fronting it. Here was the house, the right one; the man had said that it was white, trimmed with light green.

He walked on past it, turned and passed again, and then still once more, quaking inside, although he was hard-boiled, wondering whom he would see when he went in there. Her mother? Probably. Certainly it would be someone close to her as that, or almost. He couldn't bust in, then, and say bluntly, "Your daughter's dead!" He'd have to fake some errand, something to talk about while he sized things up.

There was a knocker on the door. He knocked and waited, hearing light footsteps in the hall, wondering who it was that he was going to see. The door was opened by a young girl in a house dress. Immediately his throat went dry.

There could be no further question: he had the right town, the right name, the right house.

HERS was the same slight, graceful figure as the other girl's, the same delicate, small hands and transparent, lovely skin, and deep dark eyes and shining gold hair. She gave him the same queer feeling that the other one had done, in spite of the way he'd seen that other one. She was hardly a year, certainly not more, older than the other girl had been. So she, the other one, had been her kid sister.

He swallowed something in his throat. "You take any roomers here?" he asked.

She was surprised. "Why, no. What gave you that idea?" Her voice was the kind he wanted her to have.

He smiled, not because he felt that way—he didn't—but to reassure her. "I didn't actually have that idea," he temporized. "I merely hoped you might. May I talk with you a couple of minutes? You might be able to help me."

She hesitated, as if about to ask him in, and then came out onto the porch. That must mean she was alone here in the

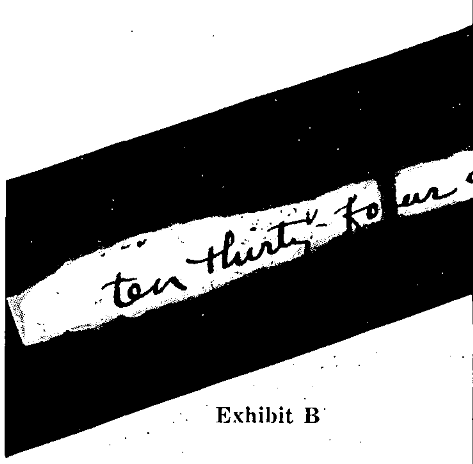


Exhibit B

house. They sat down on the steps.

“I'm a stranger here in town,” he said.

“Of course.” She smiled.

“Yes; I suppose you'd know that. But I'm thinking of locating here, if I can find a job. I'm pretty particular what sort of place I live in—I mean, I don't like any kind of a hotel or rooming house or any place like that. So I walked around looking; and I liked this street and then I liked this house. Is there any other house near by where you think they might take a roomer?”

She looked up and down the street. “Why, I don't think anybody in this street has ever done that.”

“That's too bad. Maybe your folks would know of some place.”

“You mean Father?” So her folks were merely “Father.” “He's at work, and I don't think he'd know.”

She looked with bright eyes down the street in the way Father probably came and went. She looked too happy; she was too much alone here; he couldn't tell her. He was a hard guy, born in a tenement and brought up on city streets, but he couldn't change her the way his news was going to change her. How was he going to say to her: “Miss Whatever-your-name-is Warren, I'm lying. I didn't come here to find out about a room. I came here to tell you your kid sister's dead”? It simply couldn't be done.

HE GOT up from the step. “Maybe some friend of your family, preferably a lawyer, could help me out.”

“Mr. Casson is a lawyer; he's a friend of ours, but I don't think he'd know.”

She stood on the top step looking down at him. “It would be rather nice if you did come to live on this street,” she said, smiling shyly.

She liked him. Her eyes liked him, and the two almost-dimples at the corners of her mouth, which deepened when she smiled, showed that she liked him, too. As to what kind of feelings he was having about her, he couldn't clearly tell. She was too like that other girl, who had so queerly stirred him. It was too mixed up with all he had to tell, and what he had been learning for the last four days and with the feelings that had given him.

“I'd like it, too,” he said unsteadily.

She was still standing on the step, looking after him, when he glanced back after he had gone a little way. Maybe she had begun to wonder now!

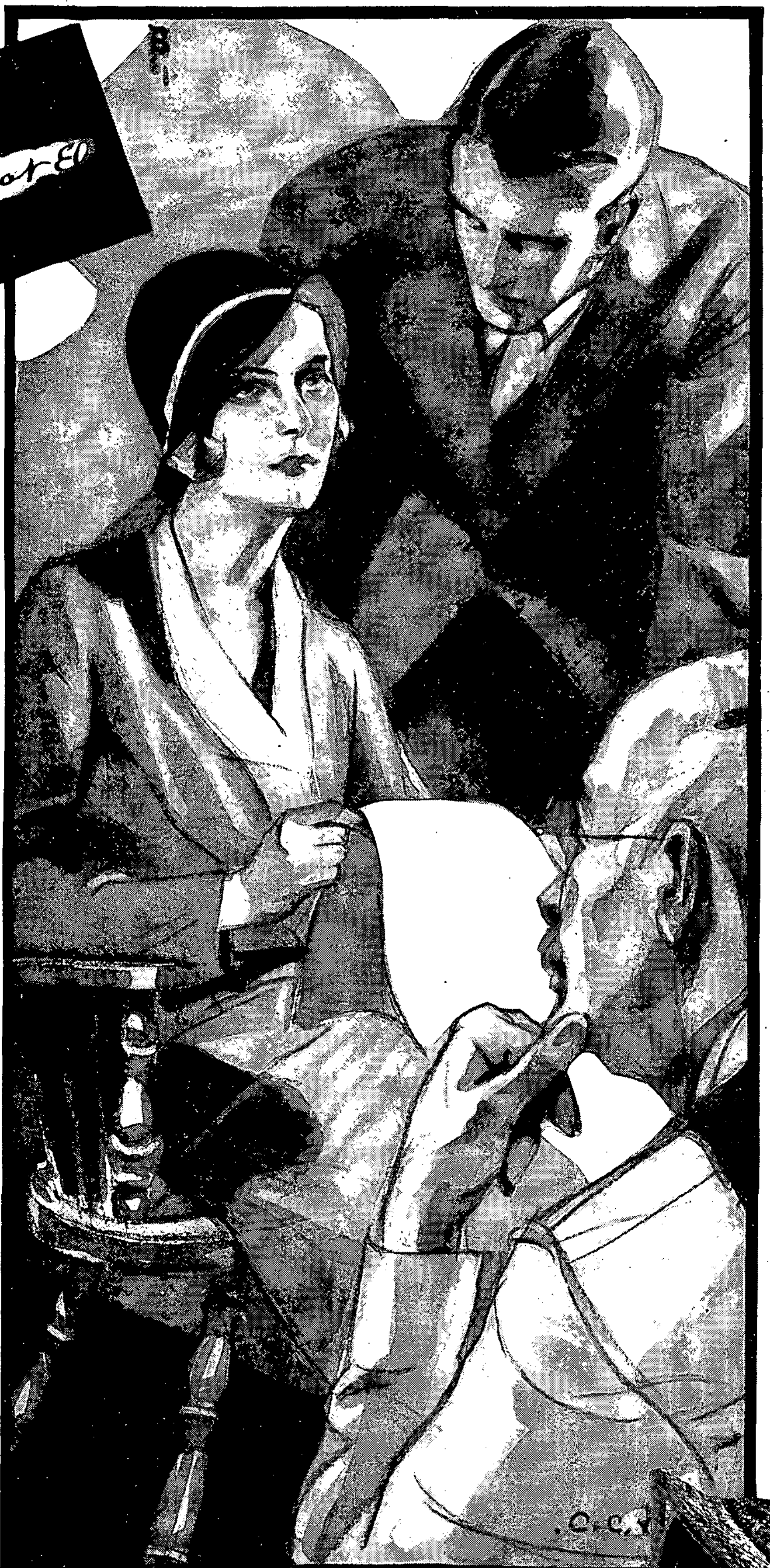
Two windows in a second story on the business street showed Casson's office to him. “J. A. Casson. Attorney-at-Law,” they said, in letters large and gilt. Jimmy went up a flight of steps. He opened a closed door and found an empty room inside; but there was another room beyond, and here a gray man of forty sat sucking at a pipe and doing nothing else.

“You Mr. Casson?” Jimmy asked.

The gray man removed the pipe and looked at it. “That's right.”

“Mind if I close this door? I want to talk to you. We won't be interrupted?”

“Not likely at this time of day,” the lawyer said. “So go ahead. People coming here to tell me things is my whole business.”



“No,” she said, “I wouldn't want to add anything”

“NOT this kind of thing, I guess. My name is Kell, Mr. Casson. I'm a reporter for the New York Enterprise. About five days ago our city editor dug up a six-line A. P. dispatch from some town a little way up the state called Lorris, about an unidentified girl being found dead in a vacant house near that place; and he told me, ‘Run up there and see if this can't be stretched into something that'll put a little life in the paper.’ So I did that.

“They had the girl there in Lorris all right, and a couple of thousand people had come to look at her and nobody knew her. Her clothes had been made at home, so they didn't tell anything, and that was all they had—her and the clothes that she'd had on; nothing else. There was no way of tracing her or them.”

Jimmy broke off and was silent an instant. Now was the time to be hard-boiled; he had to be. He tried and couldn't wholly make the grade.

“She was a mighty pretty girl,” he said, “and young. I went and looked at her. She wasn't, I guessed, as much as twenty yet; and she wasn't the kind of girl murder ought to have happened to. I've been writing police and murder now five years, in New York, and I've looked at hundreds of murdered people. But when I saw her, somehow I got all choked up and found myself wishing I'd met her when she was still alive, before this happened to her. I suppose you think I'm nuts!”

“No, my boy; I understand you perfectly.”

“I was sad about it and I was pretty hot and angry, too; and I promised myself—and I promised her, too—that I'd start out and get the guy that did it. I had to do that anyway, if I could, of course; that was the story I'd been sent to get. Now, Mr. Casson, there aren't really many kinds of murders. In this kind there's always a man, usually a married man—you know.”

“Let me ask you something, my boy,” Casson interrupted. “Did you succeed in finding out who this girl was?”

“Yes, sir.”

Jimmy took a photograph from his pocket; he looked at it uneasily and then handed it to Casson.

“I wouldn't want to show this to her family,” he said hesitatingly. “It was taken—after.”

CASSON gazed at it in astonishment; his fingers trembled and lines of tension deepened in his face. “Good Lord!” he said. “This'll be mighty tough on George,” he added finally.

“On who?”

“Her father. Get on, my boy, with what you're telling me; get on!”

“The girl, I decided, didn't come from anywhere near that town of Lorris; otherwise, somebody would have known her. And maybe the guy that did it didn't live there either; he might be from a long way off. First thing I did, I rented a car and drove out alone to where they'd found her. That was an old deserted house and the dust was thick. You could see the footprints of the boys that found her in the dust on the floor.

“That was a help, because it made it clear that she hadn't been killed there in the house; her clothes weren't dusty, they were clean, and there wasn't any sign of struggle. So she'd been brought there. How? I thought probably in a car. Maybe she'd been killed right in the car, or maybe somewhere else and then brought there; but anyway he must have come along the road with her in the car with him, looking for some place to leave her where she wouldn't be found right off, so that he'd have a chance to get away. And then he saw the house and decided that it would do.

“The road went past the house and there wasn't any other building in sight for half a mile each way. Which way was he traveling? I had to know that; because if I asked about a fellow and girl in a car along the part of the road where he had been alone, I simply wouldn't get anything. I remembered that in some other cases like this one, something belonging to the girl had been found near her; but there wasn't anything found near this girl. So I got into my car and drove along the road. I drove about five miles, looking and looking, and then I came back and drove the other way and then I did it both ways again.

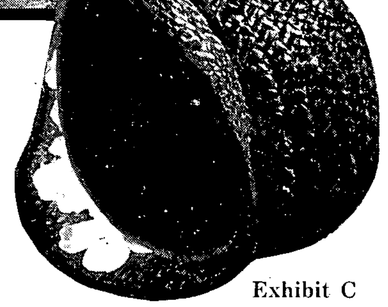
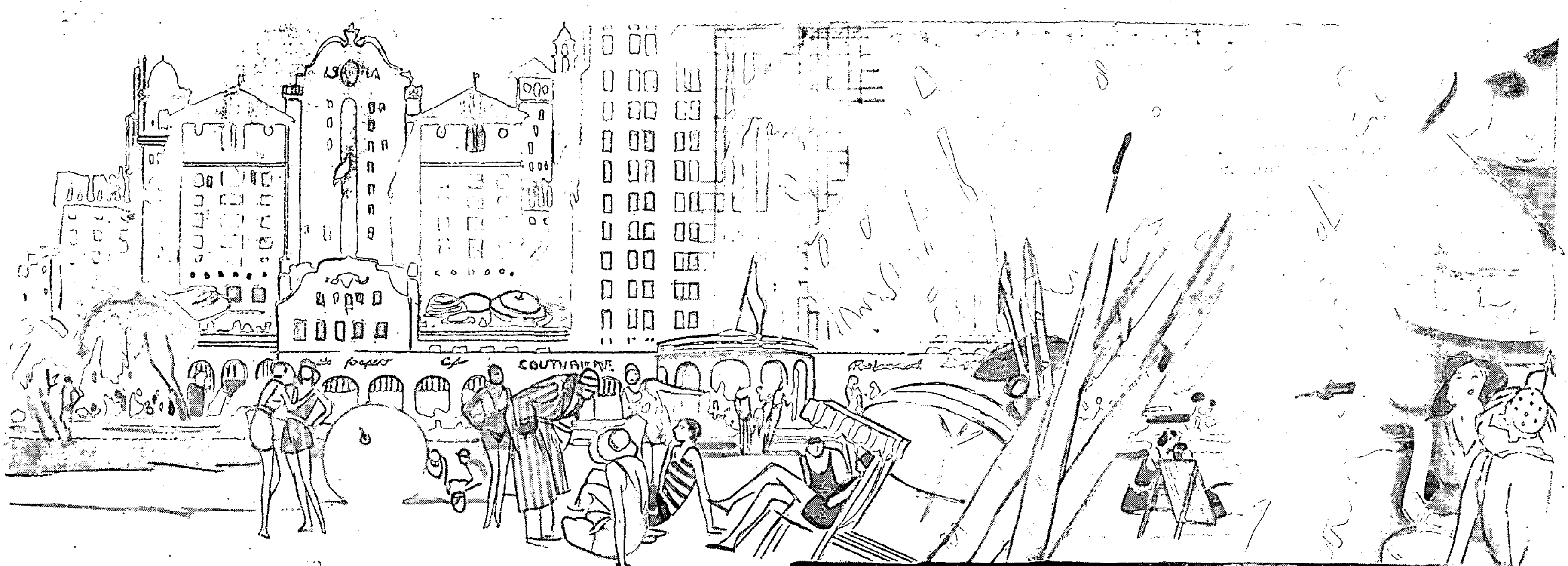


Exhibit C

“The second time I did that, I found a girl's hat beside the road in some weeds

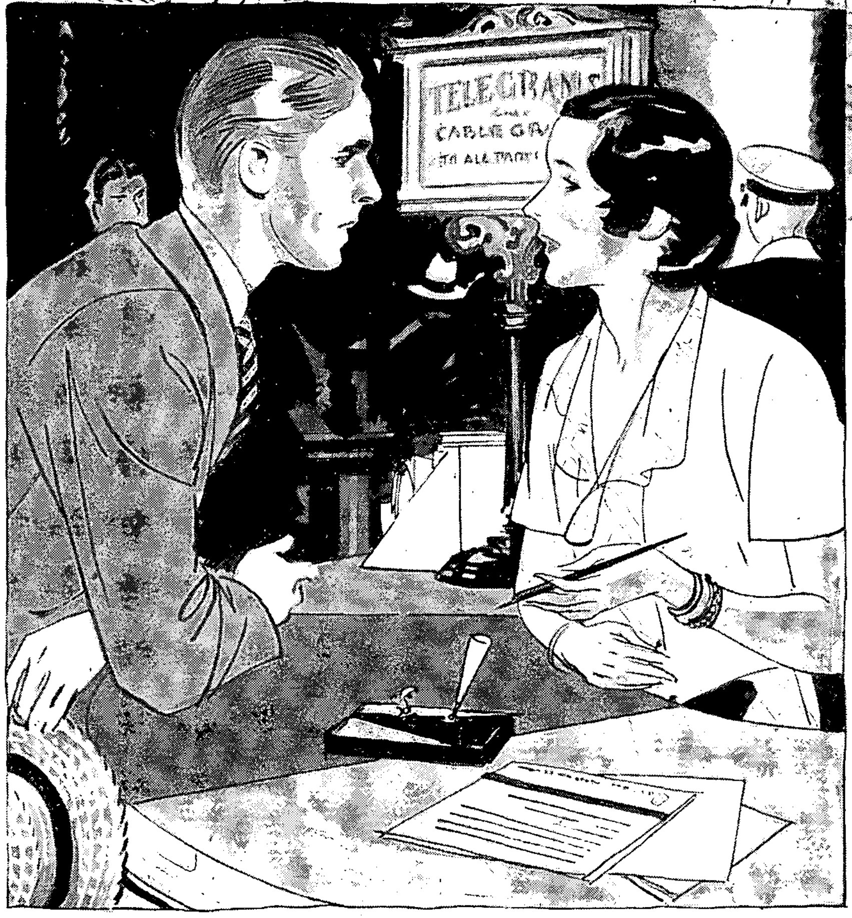
(Continued on page 55)



Millionaires' Playground

The romantic story of a young man who simply had to spend his honeymoon at the Florida-Majestic—as if that really mattered!

By Jerome Beatty



"May I help you?" the girl asked. "Yes," Tommy said sharply, "if it isn't too much trouble"

"THE answer, darling, is *yes!*" Marjorie Manning wrote from New York. "We'll be married any time you say. The quicker the better."

Tommy Dick yelled, "Oh, *boy!* Whee-ee!" and would have turned a handspring had there been room in his tiny office. "Oh, *boy!* Hot diggety dog!"

"Hey! What's all this rumpus about? How do you expect a man to work when—"

"Marjorie's going to marry me, Judge. Honest! Can you beat it. *Me!* She's going to marry me! It's right here in the letter! Look!"

"Huh!" grunted Old Judge Dolliver, tall, white-haired and scrawny, who had flung open the door of the adjoining office and who scowled his protest over his spectacles. "Is *that* all! Body'd think from the hullabaloo that some tourist had bought a bungalow."

Judge Dolliver was the senior partner of the firm of Dolliver & Dick, real estate, law, notary public, rentals and appraisals, of Winterbloom, on the Atlantic coast of Florida. The firm occupied a tiny suite of offices over the Winterbloom National Bank—rather the Winterbloom National ex-Bank. When the examiners locked the front door two months before, one of them remarked to Tommy that there was such a load of frozen assets that it looked like a job for Admiral Byrd, and that the folks ought to change the name of the town from Winterbloom to Little America. Tommy Dick didn't think it was much of a joke. Nearly all his money was in the ex-Bank.

"She says, Judge, 'the quicker the better.' What do you think of that? We're going to spend our honeymoon at the Florida-Majestic—a whole month at 'The Millionaires' Playground.'"

"Why?" demanded the judge. "And on what?"

"Listen, Judge," said Tommy, eagerly, "Marjorie's the sweetest, dearest girl in the world and—"

"Dull as business is," he interrupted, "I got no time to listen to that." He turned.

"Wait a minute! Here it is in her letter, the little darling, she always has had one big ambition—listen now. Let's see, where is it? Oh, yes. Now, get this!" He read from the letter: "'I'll marry you on one condition, Tommy—that we stay a month at the Florida-Majestic for our honeymoon. Nearly every girl I know has been there—'"

"I've heard enough," announced the judge. "Where you going to get two thousand dollars?"

"I won't need two thousand dollars."

"Huh! Their minimum monthly rate is a thousand dollars a person—didn't you know that?"

"WATCH me," said Tommy. "I'll make them give us a room for about six dollars a day—and we'll eat in the coffee shop. I've got enough dough left to finance that."

"Boy," said the judge, "St. Peter will be selling cut-rate tickets to heaven before the Florida-Majestic lets anybody in for six dollars a day."

"Applesauce," said Tommy. "Lend me your car, will you, please? I'm going to drive up there right now and fix things up."

"You can use the car," said the judge, "but you're just wasting gas." . . .

Tommy drove twenty miles up the coast road and parked in one of the hundred vacant spaces in front of the twelve million dollars' worth of brick and mortar and palms and flowers and statuettes and pools and doo-dads and gadgets that made up the massive Florida-Majestic Hotel.

"Majestic," he announced, "we are here!"

He strode into the lobby, chin up, heart pounding. Marjorie, now, seemed to be beside him, breathing, "Isn't it lovely!"

He walked across the soft carpet, through the lobby—three stories high, the ceiling arched above him. The sun filtered through stained-glass windows, touching tapestries and murals and gold leaf. He paused and drew a deep breath. He was alone in the Florida-Majestic's magnificence. No, there, in a far corner, an elderly man sat in a tall-backed chair, reading a newspaper. And far down, he made out a carved mahogany counter with a fine bronze sign reading "Telegrams," and now from behind it into a beam of light there moved a little dark-haired girl in a bright sports dress, who started pertly across the lobby toward the broad marble altar which evidently was the place where one should inquire about rates.

Tommy was near her when she reached the clerk's desk. She leaned over it and called, "Mr. Birmingham, please."

There was no answer.

"Mr. Birmingham!" she repeated.

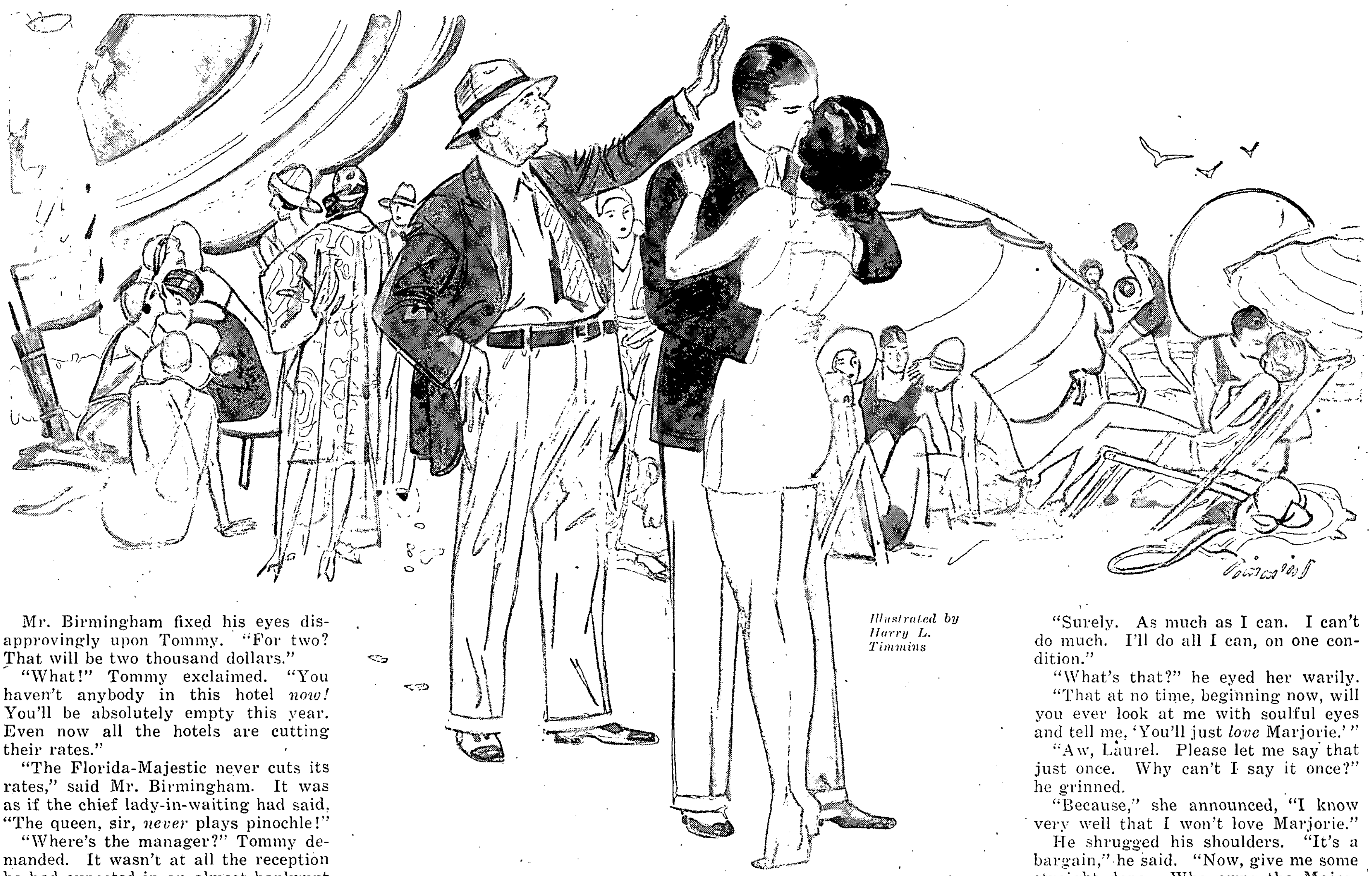
A tall, bored, slick-haired drink-of-water in a cutaway, Ascot tie and white boiled shirt emerged languidly, polishing his nails on his coat.

"Telegram for Mr. Cotter," said the girl. "It's important. He's probably playing golf. You'd better send it out to him."

MR. BIRMINGHAM lifted his chin, took the telegram, turned and deftly and decisively shot it into one of the eight hundred pigeonholes in the case behind him. Obviously he was taking no orders from a telegraph girl. She shrugged her shoulders and started back to her desk.

Mr. Birmingham condescended to look at Tommy questioningly.

"I want a room," Tommy said. "A double room. For a month—probably the month of February. And I want a low rate. A very low rate."



Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

Mr. Edwards held up an assuring hand: "'Sall right, 'sall right. She just promised to marry him"

Mr. Birmingham fixed his eyes disapprovingly upon Tommy. "For two? That will be two thousand dollars."

"What!" Tommy exclaimed. "You haven't anybody in this hotel *now!* You'll be absolutely empty this year. Even now all the hotels are cutting their rates."

"The Florida-Majestic never cuts its rates," said Mr. Birmingham. It was as if the chief lady-in-waiting had said, "The queen, sir, *never* plays pinochle!"

"Where's the manager?" Tommy demanded. It wasn't at all the reception he had expected in an almost bankrupt hotel. It wasn't reasonable.

"On the mezzanine," said Mr. Birmingham, with a touch of a sneering laugh. . . .

Tommy was in a bad mood, a little heartsick, a little angry, considerably irritated. The manager had been just as snooty as Mr. Birmingham.

"The Florida-Majestic, young man, does not contain a bargain basement," the manager had announced haughtily. "The thousand-dollar rate includes everything—meals, bathing, golf, polo, horseback riding and—"

"All I want," Tommy protested, "is a room. How much for just a room?"

"One thousand dollars per person. From that," he said, "up."

SO NOW Tommy stood in front of the telegraph counter and scrawled savagely with a fountain pen that wouldn't give ink. He looked around. "Where in thunder is that girl?" he demanded. The little dark-haired girl in the gay dress had vanished. He shook the pen and bloop! All the ink in the pen burst forth at once, splotching his half-written telegram. He slammed the pen angrily on the desk, back of the counter.

"This is a hell of a dump!" he said.

"May I help you?" Here was the girl at last.

"Yes," he said sharply. "If it isn't too much trouble."

"I'm sorry. I had to deliver a telegram to a man out on the golf course. Somebody wanted to know whether to sell or buy—it was important."

"Have you, by any chance"—he was a bit sarcastic—"a pen or a pencil with which a person of ordinary intelligence could write a few words? And after I write them, could I find a telegraph company that, upon payment of a fee, would consent to transmit approximately the same words to New York?"

She looked at him quickly. She started to speak, then caught her words. She handed him a pencil. "Look here, big boy, are you mad about something?"

"That describes it rather inadequately," said Tommy. "Now, please don't interrupt me. I'm writing an important telegram."

"Miss Marjorie Manning," he wrote, "— Park Avenue, New York City. I am the happiest man in Florida." He looked at the line and scratched it out. Then he wrote it in again and glared at the girl as if daring her to tell him he wasn't the happiest man in Florida. "Florida-Majestic rates are enormous and service is terrible. You would not like it at all. I can be in New York next week and we will be married and can spend a lovely honeymoon and not so much money at a more modest hotel. Please wire answer. Oodles of love and kisses."

He handed it to the girl. "Straight telegram," he said.

She counted the words. "Er—" she questioned. "Do you mean it this way?"

"What way?"

"'I am the happiest man in Florida. Florida-Majestic rates are enormous and service is terrible.'" she read. "It doesn't make sense, that a man would be happy over that."

"Oh." He took the telegram and inserted a "but" before "Florida-Majestic." "Thank you," he said. "I'm sorry."

"Sorry for what?"

"That I was rude." He gave her a bill and took his change.

"Where," she asked, "do you want the answer sent?"

"Winterbloom. She, er—she knows the address, all right."

"Oh, you live in Winterbloom? It's nice down there. I'm off this afternoon and I'm going down to visit a girl—Mary Heywood. You know her?"

Tommy didn't know her. "Can't I take you down?" he asked. She had turned out to be a rather nice young lady, this telegraph girl, and he realized that he had not been at all a gentleman. "Please."

She shook her head. "I'll get the twelve o'clock bus," she said. . . .

WHEN the telegraph girl approached the corner where she was to catch the bus, she noticed a car parked in the space that was plainly marked, "Bus Stop. No Parking." As she went closer, Tommy Dick emerged and waved her toward his car.

"All ready, miss," he announced. "We are just about to start for Winterbloom."

"Oh, dear," she sighed. "I'm too tired to argue." And she stepped into the car.

He let in the clutch and away they went down the boulevard.

"By the way," said Tommy, "what's your name? Mine's Tommy Dick."

"Laurel," she said. "Laurel Waterson."

Tommy slowed down a bit.

"Laurel," he said, "I've got to get a low rate, a very, very low rate at the Majestic for a month. I've got to spend my honeymoon there—or there won't be any honeymoon."

"I was afraid," Laurel sighed, "that I was in for something like this."

"Like what?"

"Prospective bridegrooms are all alike. Now you're going to pull out a picture of your fiancée and make a speech about her eyes and her nose, and her sense of humor and—"

"No, I'm not," Tommy interrupted. "But I've got an idea I want you to listen to. I'm going to get me a room, and meals, for two at the Majestic for less than five hundred dollars a month. Will you help me?"

"Surely. As much as I can. I can't do much. I'll do all I can, on one condition."

"What's that?" he eyed her warily.

"That at no time, beginning now, will you ever look at me with soulful eyes and tell me, 'You'll just *love* Marjorie.'"

"Aw, Laurel. Please let me say that just once. Why can't I say it once?" he grinned.

"Because," she announced, "I know very well that I won't love Marjorie."

He shrugged his shoulders. "It's a bargain," he said. "Now, give me some straight dope. Who owns the Majestic?" . . .

Tommy Dick bounced into Judge Dolliver's office.

"You don't mean to tell me," the judge exclaimed, "that you put it over!"

"Not yet," Tommy grinned. "But I will." He referred to a slip of paper. "Do you know George W. Atwood in Miami?"

"Like a brother. His bank owns most of the Majestic's bonds."

"Will you please give me a letter to him?"

"Sure, but—"

"And one to your friend A. M. Barnes, the steamship man?"

"Now, look here, Tommy—"

"I've no time to waste," said Tommy. "I got to go to Miami right now." He stepped to the door and called the firm's stenographer. "Miss Kelley," he said, "the judge wants to give you a couple of letters."

GEORGE W. ATWOOD, president of the Miami bank that held most of the Florida-Majestic's bonds, pulled at his chin. "I believe you have an idea, Mr. Dick," he said. "Have you seen Barnes?"

"I have. As soon as I told him about it he got his New York office on the telephone and they said to go to it."

"Well!" said Mr. Atwood. "Well! I'd better talk to him."

"He said he'd come over if you telephoned him," said Tommy.

Mr. Atwood buzzed for his secretary. "Please phone Mr. Barnes and tell him I'd like to talk with him about the Majestic matter. And also call Mr. Fry and tell him I want to see him at once."

Atwood turned to Tommy. "Fry is head of the operating company—he's the fellow into whose hands we put the job of running the Majestic." Atwood smiled. "He'll be against you," he warned.

(*Continued on page 33*)

Red Menaces

You'll grant, perhaps, that Pop Warner has met enough athletes to know one when he sees him. Well, when he looks back over his long career he chooses his first pupils for the honor of being the best he ever trained—the Carlisle Indians. Hopis that could run all afternoon and not tire. Tuscaroras who could vault twelve feet with smiles on their faces. Onondagas who hurdled like kangaroos. And of course Jim Thorpe—Old Jim, the Runnin' Man

By Glenn S. Warner

THE Carlisle Indian School never had an enrollment of more than one thousand. About half were girls, and of the five hundred boys more than half were under fifteen. Yet out of this little group of so-called savages came some of the greatest athletes that ever took part in competitive sports. The fame of Carlisle football elevens has become legendary; but the Indians also gave stars to track and field, contributing three men to Olympic teams.

Everyone is familiar with the name of Jim Thorpe, the most remarkable physical machine in the annals of athletics. But the great Sac and Fox had worthy companions in Louis Tewanima, the Hopi flyer; Frank Mount Pleasant, Humming Bird, Charles Albert Bender, Hawley Pierce, Sundown, Schenandore and Edgar Moore.

Tewanima, according to Mike Murphy, could run fifteen miles faster than any other man that ever lived. He represented the United States in two Olympiads. Humming Bird, a little Pima, was almost as swift and tireless. Mount Pleasant, one of the best of all quarterbacks, was also a champion sprinter, hurdler and broad jumper, winning a place on two Olympic teams. Bender, had he not left school to take up professional baseball, would have been a wonder on the track and gridiron.

There would have been a lot more Olympic prospects at Carlisle had opportunity come their way. Hawley Pierce was a great shot-putter and could throw the discus exceedingly well. Sundown, a tall, rangy Tuscarora, was a pole vaulter with championship stuff. Schenandore, an Onondaga, ran the legs off of every other hurdler he met. And Moore, a Ponca, could do the quarter mile in better than fifty seconds and the half mile in 1:55.

Jacks-of-All-Sports

Unfortunately, amateur athletics are not for the poor and friendless. Lacking parents financially able to give them college courses, and having no powerful alumni organization at their backs, the youngsters were forced to quit school and earn their livings. Most of the students entered at twelve, enrolling for a five-year period, so that seventeen was the average finishing age.

The Indians came closer to being athletes in the real meaning of the word than any other group that I ever knew. Most of our so-called athletes are merely specialists, able to do only one thing; but the redskins took in the whole field of sport, nearly all of them excelling in three or four different games. Aside from the famous Thorpe and Mount Pleasant, who were good at anything, Hawley Pierce was a great tackle and fine baseball player in addition to his shot-putting and discus-hurling. Mike Balenti, a great quarterback, was a star at baseball and played short for the St. Louis Browns, and Joe Guyon, equally brilliant at tackle and halfback and a fast runner, also made good in the major leagues.

Although I went to Carlisle in 1899 only as a football coach, at the season's end I was offered $2,500 a year to take on the full-time post of athletic director in charge of all school sports. Up to then I had regarded myself as a lawyer, maintaining an office in Buffalo, and coaching merely as a side line. The decision was mighty difficult to make. Athletics, however, had always been a passion with me, making the law seem pretty tame. To tell the truth, the salary impressed me as princely beyond all expectation, so in the end I accepted Colonel Pratt's offer.

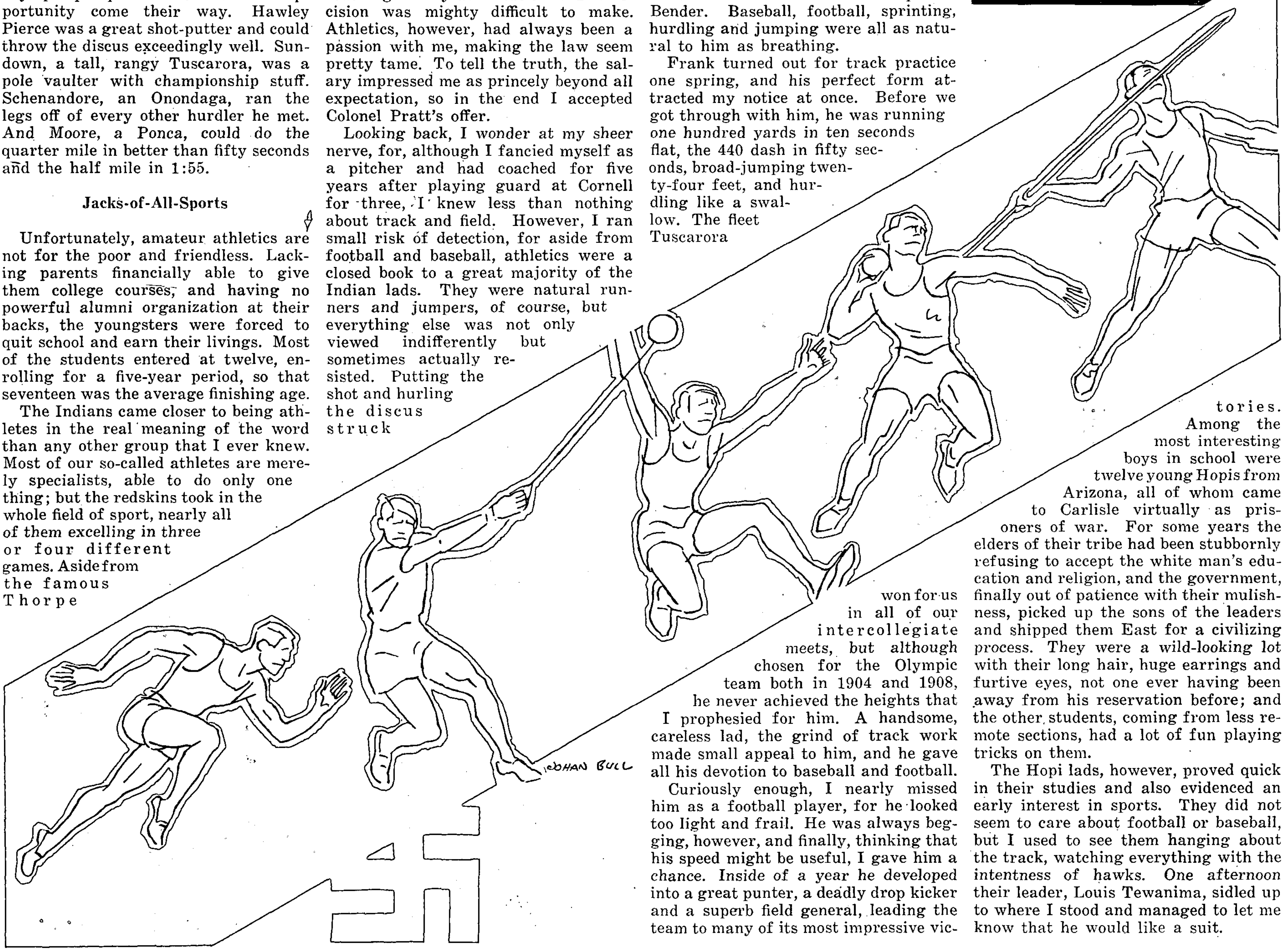
Looking back, I wonder at my sheer nerve, for, although I fancied myself as a pitcher and had coached for five years after playing guard at Cornell for three, I knew less than nothing about track and field. However, I ran small risk of detection, for aside from football and baseball, athletics were a closed book to a great majority of the Indian lads. They were natural runners and jumpers, of course, but everything else was not only viewed indifferently but sometimes actually resisted. Putting the shot and hurling the discus struck them as a silly waste of effort, entirely lacking in sense, and as for hurdling, they looked on it as a form of insanity.

"Run one thing and jump one other thing," said a Sioux boy. "No can do two together same time."

The Fleet Tuscarora

The first track find I made was Frank Mount Pleasant, the son of a Tuscarora chief. He came from Niagara County, New York, where his tribe still held large stretches of land. A tall, slender boy, weighing only one hundred and thirty pounds, he had the speed of a frightened deer and a facility for games almost as marked as that of Thorpe and Bender. Baseball, football, sprinting, hurdling and jumping were all as natural to him as breathing.

Frank turned out for track practice one spring, and his perfect form attracted my notice at once. Before we got through with him, he was running one hundred yards in ten seconds flat, the 440 dash in fifty seconds, broad-jumping twenty-four feet, and hurdling like a swallow. The fleet Tuscarora won for us in all of our intercollegiate meets, but although chosen for the Olympic team both in 1904 and 1908, he never achieved the heights that I prophesied for him. A handsome, careless lad, the grind of track work made small appeal to him, and he gave all his devotion to baseball and football.



Curiously enough, I nearly missed him as a football player, for he looked too light and frail. He was always begging, however, and finally, thinking that his speed might be useful, I gave him a chance. Inside of a year he developed into a great punter, a deadly drop kicker and a superb field general, leading the team to many of its most impressive victories.

Among the most interesting boys in school were twelve young Hopis from Arizona, all of whom came to Carlisle virtually as prisoners of war. For some years the elders of their tribe had been stubbornly refusing to accept the white man's education and religion, and the government, finally out of patience with their mulishness, picked up the sons of the leaders and shipped them East for a civilizing process. They were a wild-looking lot with their long hair, huge earrings and furtive eyes, not one ever having been away from his reservation before; and the other students, coming from less remote sections, had a lot of fun playing tricks on them.

The Hopi lads, however, proved quick in their studies and also evidenced an early interest in sports. They did not seem to care about football or baseball, but I used to see them hanging about the track, watching everything with the intentness of hawks. One afternoon their leader, Louis Tewanima, sidled up to where I stood and managed to let me know that he would like a suit.

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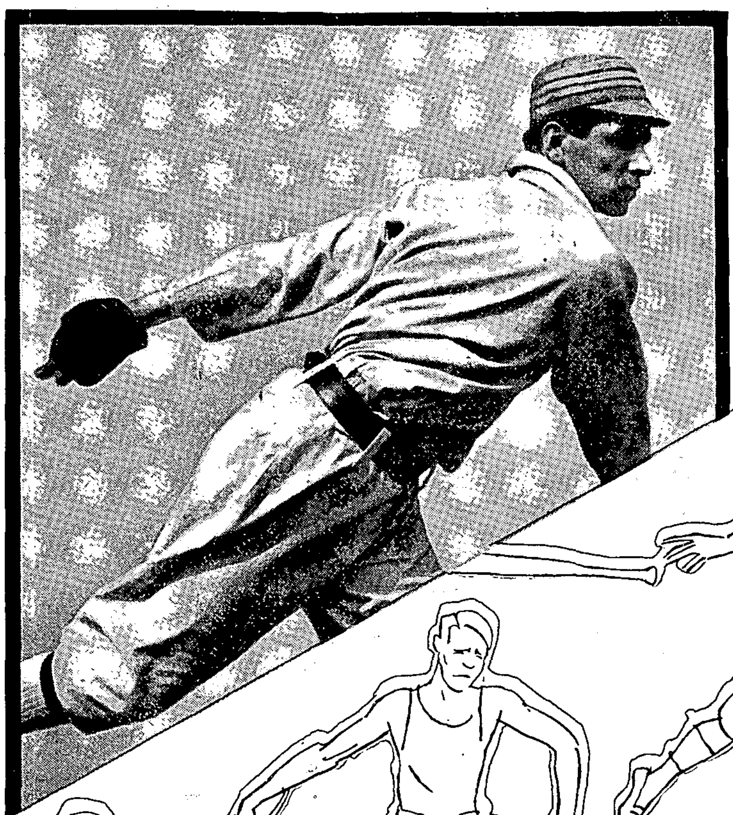
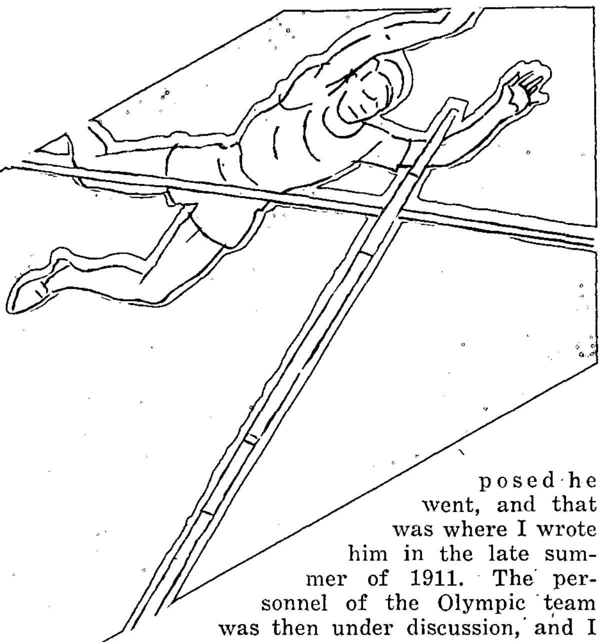
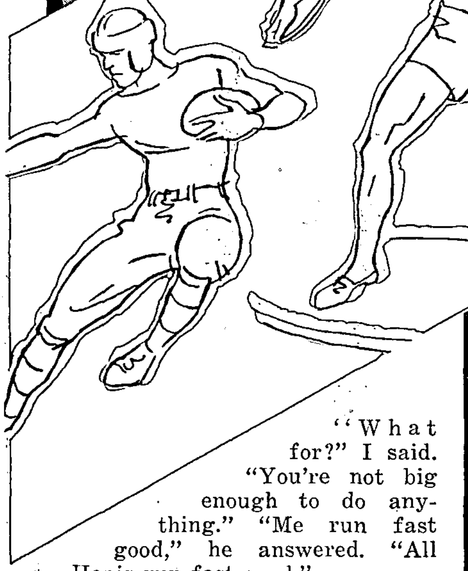


Charles Albert Bender, the old Athletics' Chippewa Indian pitcher, who learned his baseball at Carlisle. On the opposite page is Louis Tewanima, the Hopi Indian runner who was twice a member of American Olympic teams

International News





Wide World

Jim Thorpe, "the most remarkable physical machine in athletic annals"

"What for?" I said. "You're not big enough to do anything." "Me run fast good," he answered. "All Hopis run fast good."

I learned afterward that the favorite Hopi amusement is running twenty miles or so of an afternoon, kicking a ball before them. A skinny little chap, never weighing more than 110 pounds, Tewanima proceeded to clean up everything that America had to offer in ten- and fifteen-mile races. Once I took him over to New York for a ten-mile competition in Madison Square Garden, and after looking at the track, which was ten laps to the mile, he turned to me and said: "Me afraid get mixed up go round and round. You tell me front man and I get him."

Along about the middle of the race I began to catch his eye and point out some runner who led him, and one by one he picked them up, finally finishing in a burst of speed that established a new world's record. It came close to proving a costly trip, however, for I put Tewanima and two other Hopi runners in a hotel room and forgot to tell them about the gas. As a consequence, they blew it out. But for an open window there would have been three dead Indians. As it was, they were unconscious when I found them next morning and it was some time before we could bring them back to normal.

Charles Albert Bender was in the small boys' quarters when I went to Carlisle, and his first baseball experience was gained by pitching to the regulars in the gymnasium during the winter months. When spring came on, one of the players remarked that it might pay me to give some attention to that "sixteen-year-old Chippewa kid," as he had a lot of speed and some good curves. I took the suggestion, and although Bender only got to be substitute pitcher that year, his batting and base-running were so good that I used him regularly in center field. The next spring found him our first-string pitcher but, unfortunately, he was a senior, although not yet eighteen, and immediately after his graduation received an offer from the Harrisburg team. Never was there any swifter leap to fame, for before the season ended he was with the Philadelphia Athletics, where his skill and cunning helped to win pennant after pennant for Connie Mack, not to mention several world championships.

Thorpe—the Complete Athlete

Jim Thorpe, like Bender, was in the small boys' quarters when he first came to my attention at Carlisle, and it was not until 1907 that he put on sufficient weight to try for the football team. I used him in the backfield as a substitute, and while he did nothing to distinguish himself that year, he had a grace and power of movement that promised great things. Weighing about 180, he combined rare speed with the strength of a bull.

In the spring I tried him out in hurdling and jumping, and almost at once he became the star of the team. There seemed nothing he could not do, and whenever we needed points to win a meet, I would wait until Jim finished on the track and then throw him in the weight events. The 100-yard dash, the 120- and 220-yard hurdles, the broad and high jump were his specialties, but he could also throw the hammer and put the shot with the best.

Thorpe finished his five-year term in 1909 after a brilliant year on track and gridiron, and all of the officials urged him to stay on and graduate, but he insisted that he must return to his home in Oklahoma. That is where we supposed he went, and that was where I wrote him in the late summer of 1911. The personnel of the Olympic team was then under discussion, and I told Jim that he stood a good chance of being selected if he returned to Carlisle and went into hard training. He took my advice, and came back to have one of his best seasons on the football field.

At the conclusion of our schedule, Jim settled down to track and field practice, pointing himself for the pentathlon and decathlon.

Redskins in Sweden

But baseball, however, was Jim's true love, and he had his mind set on a professional career. Many a time he moaned to me, "What's the use of bothering with all this stuff? There's nothing in it"; and once as we were returning home from a meet he came through the train smoking a big cigar. When I called him down, he exclaimed fretfully, "Shucks, Pop, I'm through with track. It's me for baseball." Pulling him down beside me, I pointed out the duty he owed to his school and to his race, and after a while he heaved a deep sigh and groaned, "Oh, all right then, but I'd rather play baseball."

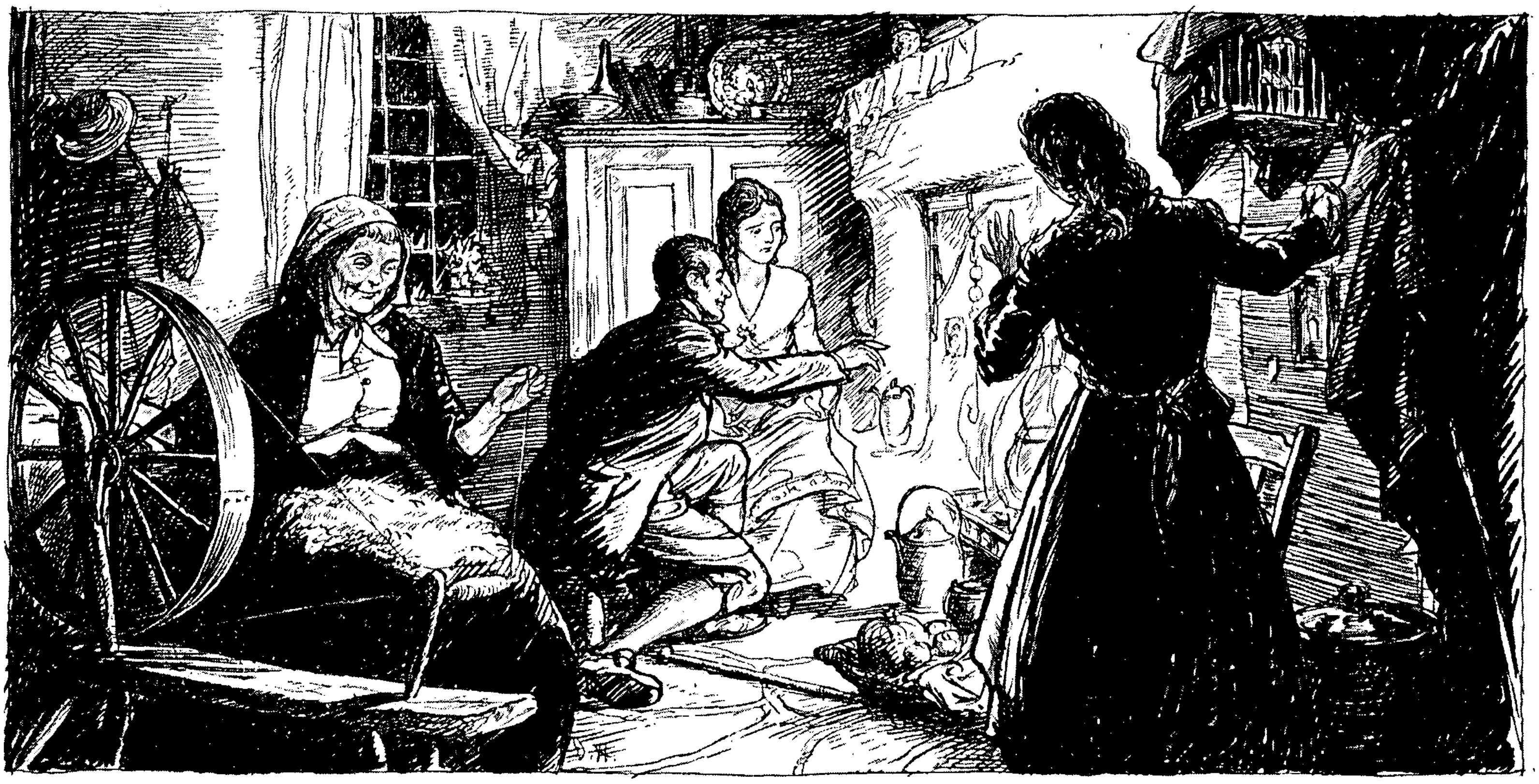
Both Thorpe and Tewanima were selected for the Olympic team without trials, a rare honor but well deserved. Tewanima had gone great guns that winter, hanging up a new record in the ten-mile run, besides winning long-distance races in various parts of the country, and Thorpe loomed so far above other candidates for his events that any tests would have been absurd.

The Olympic team, 164 athletes, sailed on the Finland, June 14. Among them were those giants, Pat McDonald, Matt McGrath and Ralph Rose; such runners as Ted Meredith, Mel Sheppard, T. S. Berna, George Bonhag, Abel Kiviat and Ralph Craig; Richards, the lean high jumper from Brigham Young University; F. W. Kelly, California's hurdling marvel, and Duke Kahanamoku, the Hawaiian swimmer.

Sweden gave us enthusiastic welcome, and on July 6, after King Gustav had opened the games with a brief address, trumpeters sounded three long blasts from the battlements and at once the signal was given for the 100-meter run. Ralph Craig led across the line, the first of the many victories that gave the United States 85 points to 29 for Finland, the second nation in the scoring.

Thorpe proved to be the big star of the American team, and he and Tewanima won more points than the representatives of any other educational institution. Nobody dreamed that an American could capture either the pentathlon or decathlon, for we were assumed to be a lot of athletic specialists. Europe experienced a shock when the big Indian swept competition aside and took

(Continued on page 51)



"There's no horse there," she said, "only the turf that's burning"

The Horse with the Flaming Mane

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Mary C. McCall, Jr.

Illustrated by David Hendrickson

KATHLEEN clattered down the dark stairs to the basement kitchen. Her mother was standing by the stove, stirring the soup for the boarders' dinner.

"Who was it?" she asked.

"A young man—he wanted a room," said Kathleen. "A front room."

"Did you tell him we had no front rooms?"

"Yes," said Kathleen, "I did. I asked would he like to look at the fourth-floor rear, but he said it was a front room he wanted because of the sun."

"Well," said her mother, "we have no front rooms."

"Mother,"—Kathleen dared to say it because her mother's back was toward her—"couldn't Aunt Bridie move?"

"No," said her mother. "Your aunt has the second-floor front and she'll stay there."

"But, Mother, why is it she has the best room in the house with a small room standing idle and you and me working ourselves thin here just to make enough?" She had never questioned her mother like this before, but the young man had smiled at her. He was a good-looking young man. Perhaps if he had come to live there. . . .

Her mother poured herself a cup of tea. Then she sat down at the table covered with the red-and-white cloth, and Kathleen sat down too.

"The hills in Ireland," her mother said suddenly, "are not like here. They're green all the way to the top—fine grass, not rocks or trees, but all over grass. The farm that my father had was in Delgany in Wicklow, with the hills all around it and the sea beyond. It was a fine farm.

"Your aunt Bridie is older than me. She was a fine-looking girl, quiet like now. I was the lively one. It was in Dublin she met him. Da—your grandfather—took her with him once when he went to the cattle market. They stayed with a cousin of ours and it was there she met him."

"Met whom?" said Kathleen.

"Your father." Her mother looked at her as if she had been far away. "Mick Seery. He worked in the market in Dublin. He was very strong. Twenty years old. Your aunt Bridie was older—twenty-five—but he took a great fancy to her.

"I remember well I used to wonder how a lively fellow like him could be so crazy for Bridie, for there never was a joke or a quick answer in her but, sure enough, he spoke to my father after a month or so and their names were read out after Mass next Sunday. Bridie was to have the west field and twenty pounds for her fortune, and Mick was to leave the cattle market and go to farming. The twenty pounds was in sovereigns in a jug over the fireplace.

"IT WAS getting on for autumn the night that— If she'd have gone out to the gate with him; but, no, she was too full of dignity, that one. 'Good night, now,' he says to her and made to kiss her, but she turned her cheek so it was her cheek only that he kissed. I was watching and I saw him get the look on his face like he'd been hurt. Once before I saw him like that, when he was staring into the fire and all at once he says, 'Look at the horse,' he says; 'a horse with a flaming mane and him lepping and dancing.' And Bridie answered him, 'Mick, are you mad entirely? There's no horse there, only the turf that's burning.'

"It was at the gate I caught up with him. He was singing. He was always singing. 'Mick,' I says to him, 'Mick, I saw your horse with the flaming mane.' He looked down at me as if he'd never seen me before that time. 'You did?' he says. 'Yes, you did.' And then he kissed me. I had no thought of it. May the blessed saints bear me witness, I had no thought of it, but from that time on I was crazy in love with him. Bridie or no Bridie, nothing would do me but to have him, and him me.

"After that night, when I'd be out with the sheep on the hill, he'd be there. He lost the job he had, though no one knew that but me. And all the time the wedding day drawing near. 'Oh, Mick, speak to her,' I'd say; 'it's the only thing to do.' 'Ah, God help me, I can't face her with the news,' he'd say. The plan was his. It was him talked me into it. I was out of my senses to do a thing like that."

"Like what, Mother?"

"To take the fortune that was my sister's, to steal the gold from the jug on the mantel, to run off to America with my sister's man. Well, I had my punishment. He was always joking and singing, but when we got here it was me who found work and not him.

"He'd smile his way into a job, and shirk his way out. I'll say this for him, he was not a drinking man. He'd charm the heart from a statue with his talking and singing.

"One night in the room he had I told him that— He'd lost his job that day again. 'Why did they fire you, Mick?' I says to him. 'Because I was late,' he says, 'a few minutes, and this is only twice in a whole week. And why was I late? Because I lay here alone in my bed dreaming of you and planning for you.' That's what he said. 'But it's no matter, because I was going to quit anyway. John Grady and me are going into the trucking business.'

"'The trucking business,' I said. 'And where would you find money for the trucking business?' 'There's that hundred dollars we have,' he says. 'That's my money,' I said, and it was—my wages I'd saved over the two years I'd been working. 'That's my money, and I'll need it.' 'Katie,' he says, 'it's an investment that'll pay you back treble in no time at all.' 'I'll need it,' I says, 'because we'll have a child in the spring.'

"Then he picked me up as if I was the baby, and rocked me in his lap and kissed me and sang to me and promised he'd find work again in the morning. I was to leave my place and he'd take care of me and wait on me.

"He took me back to my place that night, and kissed me as if he could never have enough of kissing me. Then he walked down the street with his head thrown back like a lord, singing away, We are the boys of Wexford. That's the last sight I had of him, and the last I'll ever have, God forgive him."

"What do you mean, Mother?" said Kathleen.

Her mother looked at her as if she were remembering her. "I went back to the room the next night," she said, "and he'd gone, and my money with him. He left me a note. He'd be back to me, he said in the note, before the child was born, with a fine home ready for me."

"What happened to him, Mother?"

"How should I know?" said her mother. "I had my child in the charity ward, and then the lady I was working for took me back after, and I had you boarded out with a woman from home, until by saving and scrimping, and one lady dying and leaving me a bit of money, I got this house and began to keep roomers. Saints preserve us, it's six o'clock nearly and the dinner—"

"But, Mother," said Kathleen, "I still don't understand about Aunt Bridie."

"Didn't I tell you it was her he was promised to?"

"YES," said Kathleen. "But he was a bad husband to you. He stole her money. He stole your money. He never earned a decent living for you. He left you with his child not born yet. If you hadn't saved her from him, all that might have happened to her."

"Yes," said her mother, "that's true enough."

"Then why did you send for Aunt Bridie to come here and live? Why must she have the best room in the house? You don't even like her much."

"No," said her mother, "I don't, God forgive me. She was always stiff and quiet as a girl, and she's that today. But when all's said and done—I owe her a lot."

Stubborn Leader

Pierre Laval, premier of France, is an enigma to foreigners—the antithesis of what they think constitutes a Frenchman. Here Mr. Ybarra gives you the clue to the unruffled tenacity and implacable nationalism of this man upon whom the welfare of Europe largely depends

By T. R. Ybarra

NEVER heard of him. Who is he? What is he?" This is the sort of thing the average American newspaper reader has been asking lately about M. Pierre Laval, premier of France, the man who has so obstinately maintained the French point of view during the negotiations brought about by Germany's financial crisis, in the teeth of opposition from the United States some of the time, England most of the time and Germany all of the time.

The average American has become accustomed to having French crises handled by one or more of a select group of French political veterans. In a storm he has grown to expect at the helm of the French ship of state old pilots like Aristide Briand—adroit, astute, eloquent and brilliant—or like Raymond Poincaré, who applies to politics the icy manner and fixed purpose of a glacier. But now, instead of one of these two, or some other almost equally familiar, a man of unfamiliar face and unknown character suddenly speaks for France at one of the most critical moments in history. This annoys Americans. They feel like backers of the favorite in a horse race when a 100-to-1 shot suddenly romps home a winner. In their voices there has been a distinct touch of resentment as they have asked: "What sort of a man is this Pierre Laval?"

The best way to understand Pierre Laval is to forget Paris. When we turn our attention to France, we think far too much of Paris; when we try to fathom French politics, we focus far too sharply on the Chamber of Deputies in Paris, the Foreign Office in Paris, the president's palace in Paris. Who could hope to understand Abraham Lincoln by visualizing him only in a frock coat at the White House, never against a background of log cabin and small-town law office?

The Citadel of Conservatism

It is the same way with the statesmen of France. Poincaré's inflexible anti-Germanism becomes doubly understandable when we see him as a Lorrainer, a native of a French province part of which was annexed by Germany after she had defeated France in war. Pierre Laval's stubborn stand for what he deems justice to France is only partially explained by saying, "He is a French politician," or "He is a French statesman." On the other hand, you will have the key to his attitude in your hand if you say to yourself: "He is from Auvergne."

Auvergne is a province in the heart of France about which foreigners know scarcely anything, which knows scarcely anything about foreigners—and Pierre Laval is a typical Auvergnat. Auvergne is a land without great cities or great industries, a land of ancient towns through whose sleepy streets walk hundred-per-cent Frenchmen with modest incomes—petty officials, provincial lawyers and doctors, bourgeois descended from bourgeois grandfathers, to whom traditions cling like barnacles and for whom conservatism assumes the sanctity of religion. Auvergne is a land of hills and vales; of little villages, inhabited by hewers of wood and drawers of water; of folk who live in constant touch with the earth and derive from it all their thoughts and beliefs. An Auvergnat remains essentially an Auvergnat no matter whither he may wander, in body, to other parts of France, or even beyond her borders; no matter whither he may venture, in spirit, among strange doctrines and bizarre philosophies which have never found nourishment in Auvergne.

Heredity Has Its Way

Thus Pierre Laval, when he was making his first flights in politics, was a Socialist. Socialism was, to him, a sort of sowing of wild oats, a rebel's negation of the moss and barnacles inherent in being born an Auvergnat. But, as he grew older, the luster of Socialistic doctrine paled in his eyes. He began to edge gradually toward the Right in politics—toward solidity, conservatism and letting well enough alone.

"Father was right," became more and more his motto—as in the case of many another Frenchman who has issued boldly forth from some unruffled provincial backwater to taste the dissipations and disillusionments of radicalism. Soon Pierre Laval was no longer a Socialist. The essential Auvergnat in him had triumphed.

He was born forty-eight years ago at Châteldon, a village in the Puy-de-Dôme region of Auvergne. His parents were poor; life to them, as to most of their neighbors, was a pitched battle with poverty. To rise through education to freer conditions, to intellectual elbow-room, seemed for young Pierre out of the question.

In boyhood he was apprenticed to a butcher. Mornings he trudged about, delivering cuts of meat to his boss' customers. Afternoons he made himself useful around the shop. And that was not the end of his day's work. After closing hours, when he had tidied up, he would help his father, who was the driver of a one-horse express wagon between Châteldon and the railway station. Laval, senior, and his son used to busy themselves every evening loading packages from their wagon onto the train arriving at Châteldon and from the train onto the wagon.

Sometimes they arrived at the station too early for the train, or else the train was late. Then the boy used to whip out a book from his pocket and sneak away under a lamp-post—already he was feeling the itch for learning. In this way he read Latin—somehow he had

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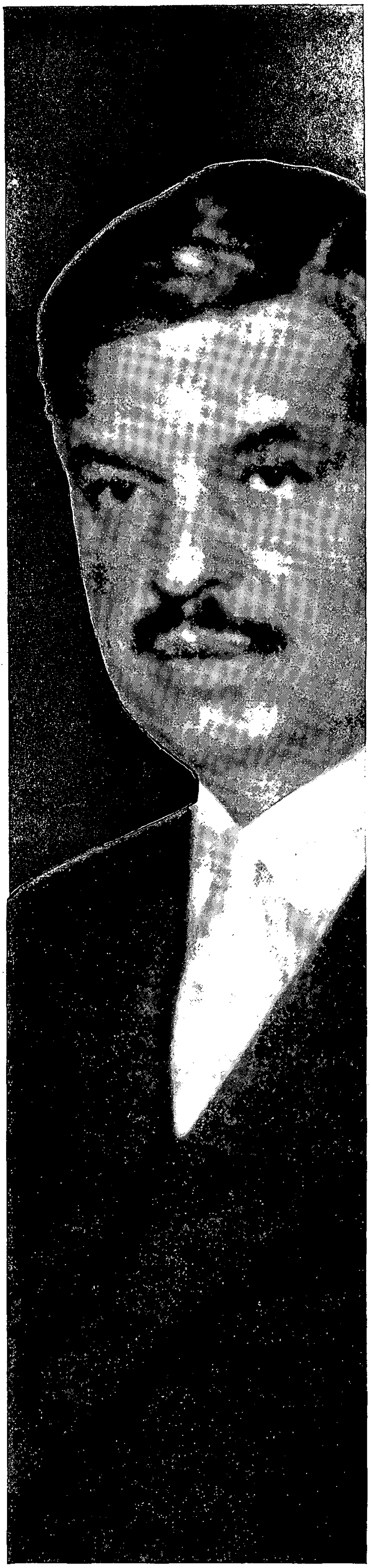
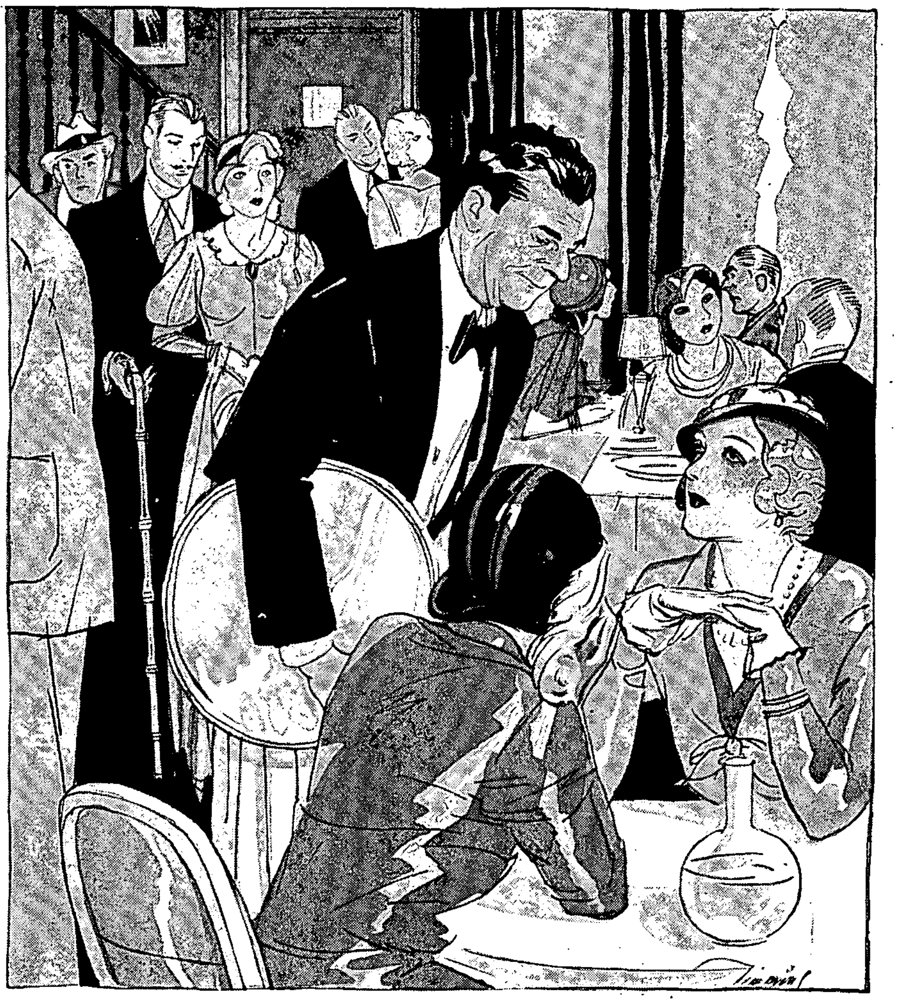


Pierre Laval is today, as France's premier and spokesman, the champion of all that is nationalistic in France

Are You Listening?

By J. P. McEvoy

Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins



"Two sidecars, Mike, and a shrimp salad"

The Story Thus Far:

IN a one-room apartment in New York live the three O'Neal sisters—Laura, Sally and Honey. They have come, at intervals, from their home in Middletown to make their careers in the city. Laura has been here ten years; she is now "radio soprano" at Station WBLA. Sally is in charge of the reception desk. Honey, who has spent the two months since she arrived in New York in fruitless waiting in producers' offices, has just been promised a try-out on the air by Larry Barnes of the Promotion Department.

Barnes is a serious-minded young man, immersed in statistics about the listening-in appeal of love. To the office force at the station he is a joke—the Big Lover.

Weekly over the air Judge George Lawrence Considine gives utterance to his opinions about the welfare of the Republic in the National Public Forum (through the courtesy of Hot-Spot Spark Plugs). He is wealthy and influential. The parties he gives are brilliant affairs. And at them Sally and Honey O'Neal are frequent guests.

In the Continuity Department at WBLA Bill Grimes labors, composing programs for the New Art Plumbing Corporation. Bill intended to be a great writer, but something happened to his plans. For ten years he has been in love with Laura O'Neal. For ten years they have planned for the time when Bill can afford to divorce his wife Alice and marry Laura. Now both of them doubt that that time will ever come. They are desperate, nervous and at the breaking point.

On Thanksgiving Day, the anniversary of Bill's wedding, he quarrels violently with his wife. Later he calls on Laura and is met with reproaches for coming so late. He quarrels with her, too, and she sends him away, determined never to speak to him again.

III

1. Station WBLA: Reception Room: Sally O'Neal.

Quit worrying about it.
About what?
About anything.
That's my advice to you this morning.
Smile and stick, kid . . . smile and stick.
What if it all looks black and thick,
Things have been lots worse before
And liable to be lots worse some more.
Out with your chest, kid . . . up on your toes,
The best defense is a left to the nose.

. . . Oh, shut up! . . . Hello? . . . In B? . . . What time? . . . Wait till I look, Mr. Carson. Yes, Eureka Exterminator dress rehearsal at ten and on the air at ten forty-five. . . . Well, they'll just have to be out of there, that's all. Can't the New Art Plumbing Symphony Orchestra be moved over to A? . . . The Rosenheimer Raspberry Juice Boys will be out of there by that time. . . . Yes, Mr. Carson. . . . No, Mr. Grimes hasn't come in yet. I'll send him in to you the minute he comes in. . . . Oh, hello, Laura, I didn't see you come in. Carson's on the warpath. Bill is late again and he's supposed to go over the New Art Great Lovers dress rehearsal before ten. Well, he's boiling. If I were you I'd try to cool him off before Bill comes in. . . . Hello. . . . Yes, Mr. Hutzpah, at nine-thirty. Yes, everybody's here, Mr. Hutzpah. . . . All right, I'll tell them you're on your way over.

Whenever you feel that you're out and through,
Remember the other bird's tired as you,
And the fight ain't won until you hear the bell,
So smile and stick . . . and give 'em—well . . . mustn't say the naughty word, but we can think it, if we want to, and it's putting the shoulder behind the punch and that old chin behind the will that puts Old Man Worry down for the count of ten. Are you listening, folks?

As if we could help it! I don't see why they have to keep that thing blasting out here in the reception room all the time. . . .

I don't know of any better way to start out the day than to give your wife and children a smile and a kiss and go down to your office with your shoulders back and your chin up and a song in your heart.

Oh, shut up! Oh, hello, Honey. Into B, quick. They're waiting for you. . . .

2. Station WBLA: Studio B: Larry Barnes, Honey O'Neal and Buddy Law.

Three and a half minutes, Honey, and we're on the air.

Oh, I'm so afraid. Do you think I'll be all right? I get so nervous watching that red minute hand go around. It drives me crazy.

It drives a lot of people crazy. Imagine always having to start right on the minute and finish right on the minute.

Three minutes more, Larry. I hope this goes over, for your sake, anyway.

Thanks, Honey. Your sake, too— If you go over good—

I've got to. This is my chance. Do you realize I haven't been able to get a job since I came to New York?

Don't be nervous, Honey. You'll be all right. It means a lot to me, too. It really does. You know this is the first big program I've ever had a chance at, writing and direction and everything.

Too bad it couldn't be something with a little more class than bug powder.

What's the matter with bug powder? Their money is just as good as anybody's. All set with your music, Buddy?

Yep. Open with theme, You're Driving Me Crazy, and seque into I'm Called Little Buttercup under dialogue until ready.

That's right. Don't forget now, Honey. You're on first. One and a half minutes more.

That I should make my radio début as a cockroach!

You should worry how you start as long as you don't finish that way.

I know. But imagine telling my friends back in Middletown, "Oh, did you hear me the other morning on WBLA?" "No, what were you, Honey?" "What was I? Don't tell me you didn't hear me. I was Miss Cockroach on the Eureka Exterminator program." "No, really, Honey. How marvelous!"

Thirty seconds. Stand by, everybody. Ready with announcement, Buddy. Do your best, Honey—for me. Good luck.

Good luck, Larry!

Five seconds. . . . Go. . . .

Yes, you, you're driving me crazy,
What did I do . . .
To you? EUREKA! EUREKA! EUREKA!

Yes, Eureka! We have found it! And you too will find it. Good news! Good news! You will find it at your grocer's. You will find it at your neighborhood druggist's. Find what, you ask. Ah, you will find Eureka, that boon to the housewife, that latest gift of science to the American Home, the cornerstone of our country. And now, under the auspices of the Eureka Exterminators, we present as our grand world radio première this morning an operetta of American home life played and sung for you by the Eureka Exterminator Light Opera Company, bringing you in the interest of the Eureka Exterminator Service a slogan for your comfort, a slogan for your happiness:

No pest too large,
No pest too small,
We get them one,
We get them all—
Eureka!

And now for the opening aria, to the melody of the well-known song, I'm Called Little Buttercup.

I'm called nasty cock-a-roach,
Vile little cock-a-roach;
Why do they call me that name?
For I'm a sick cock-a-roach,
Poor dying cock-a-roach,
Since those Eureka men came.
They chase me, annoy me,
They try to destroy me
Because I'm so fond of the sink.
And there in the ice box,
That lovely cool nice box,
They put evil drugs in my drink
And yell, Nasty cock-a-roach,
Get away, cock-a-roach—
Why do they treat me like that?
Right out of the kitchenette—
Out of the dining-ette—
Hounding me out of the flat.

Serves you right, Miss Cockroach. Maybe that'll teach you a lesson, that once the Eureka Exterminators are on your trail you'd better decamp forthwith, for

No pest too large,
No pest too small,
We get them one,
We get them all—
Eureka!

Continuing the Eureka Exterminator Quarter Hour in a new program dedicated to Her Majesty, the American Housewife. Station WBLA, Buddy Law announcing. . . .

And now what have you got to say for yourselves, vile, unmentionable little pests?

We have a lot to say for ourselves.

Well, say it at once, then, for the Eureka Exterminators have decreed that you must die.

Very well, then, listen. . . .

When we skeeters go to bed for our siesta
—our siesta
And discover strangers there we've never met
—never met,
Do we fancy this occasion for fiesta?
—for fiesta?
Not at all, because we usually have et
—ly have et.
But in self-defense we'd rather bite than smother
—bite than smother
For we go to bed for sleep and not for fun
—not for fun.
Taking one consideration with another
—with another,
A skeeter's lot is not a happy one.
No—ooooooo,
Just because in self-defense we would prefer to bite than smother,
A skeeter's lot is not a happy one
—happy one!

Now, take that, and that, and that.

Help. Help. Help. Have mercy. Ohhhhhhh.

No pest too large,
No pest too small,
We get them one,
We get them all—
Eureka!

Look for the tidy red tin, the tidy red bottle. Don't say "Insect Destroyer" or "Bug Powder," say EUREKA, and, speaking of mice, well do those playful little fellows love it. They dote on it. And once they have tasted Eureka—here today and gone tomorrow. But let *us hear the three little mice sing for themselves; thanks to the thoughtfulness of Gilbert and Sullivan, who provided the melody played and sung for you by the Eureka Exterminator Light Opera Company. . . .*

Three little mice in the cheese are we,
Fresh as a little mouse well can be,
Filled to the chin with Swiss and Brie,
Three little pantry mice.
Three little mice,
Take one away
Two little mice
Are left to play.
One little mouse
Then none—hurray!
Requiescat and mice.
So-oooooo!
Three little mices all unwary
Snatched from a haven culinary
Into the gloom of the mortuary.
Three little mice—farewell!
Three little mice—farewell!

Yes, yes, it's good-by mice when the Eureka Exterminators get on the warpath because—all together, boys—

No pest too large,
No pest too small,
We get them one,
We get them all—
Eureka!

And so we bring to a close the Eureka Exterminator Quarter Hour of Mirth and Melody played and sung for you by the Eureka Exterminator Light Opera Company, under the auspices of the Eureka Exterminators, spelled E-U-R-E-K-A. Do not forget to ask for Eureka. Your local grocer, your neighborhood druggist can supply you. This is Station WBLA. Buddy Law has identified your program. Next week at this same hour—EUREKA!

11 A. M. *Mor-i-son Watch Time.*

Once more the magic melody of the Maiden's Prayer lures us to the threshold of the House of Health, Where the Maiden-foot Corn Plaster Trio and Girls' Ensemble. . . .

How do you think it went, Honey?

Swell, Larry. Lots of telephone calls.

Doesn't mean a thing. Cranks. Wait until we hear from the clients.

How did my voice come over, Larry?

Swell. Little nervous at first, but then they might have thought that was acting. After all, a lady cockroach singing about her impending doom should be nervous.

I'm scared of the mike. It's like talking into a dead phone to somebody who isn't there.

Don't worry, Honey. There's plenty at the other end. The whole Eureka board of directors was up in the president's room listening.

I don't care. It sounded all right.

It's a novelty. You've got to admit that. And what's more, we not only gave them entertainment, but we dramatized their product. And when you can put good music and good singing . . .

Thanks, my boy.

Don't mention it . . . and drama and selling talk all rolled into one quarter-hour period, you've got a salable piece of ether merchandise.

What happened to the love scene? I never thought you'd do anything for the radio without love in it.

I had it, but it was too long. Had to cut it. A fly and a spider singing, Thou the Stream and I the Willow.

Over their heads, I'd say. I think some of those long words were, too, for that matter.

But you've got to have rhymes like that. It makes it sound Gilbertian.

A lot they know about that out in Oskaloosa. I may not know a lot about radio broadcasting—after all, this is my first job up here—but I know a lot about radio listeners. I haven't sat around in houses back home in Middletown all day and all evening for years with radio fans like Mother and the neighbors without knowing something about what they like.

Come on, we've got to get out of this studio. Here come the Beau Brummel Dandruff Dandies for rehearsal.

Let's stop in Carson's office on the way back, Larry, and ask him how he liked it.

Let's not. He's on the warpath. There's going to be a conference on it this afternoon anyway. Then we'll know!

Gee, I hope it went over, Larry. Do you think it did?

We'll see.

3. Station WBLA: Reception Room: Sally O'Neal and Bill Grimes.

Hey, Bill! Come here a minute. Listen, Carson wants you. He's on the warpath.

Oh, forget about him!

That's no way, Bill. Everybody's in a panic around here. Old man Hutzpah was here for the New Art Dress rehearsal and everybody waited and waited for you.

Let them wait.

Listen, Bill. Don't be like that. Take a hold of yourself. Carson's seeing red this morning.

Who cares?

All right, then. Go ahead. Don't say I didn't warn you.

Seen Laura this morning?

She's been through here on her way to G.

Did she say anything? Did she leave any message for me? Why can't she talk to me? Why can't she be human?

Why don't you get a hold of yourself, Bill? You know that's finished. Forget it. You're just making it worse for both of you. Why don't you get on the job—stop drinking and . . .

Oh, so you're going to start to lecture me?

Wait a minute, Bill. . . . Hello. . . . Yes, Mr. Carson. Yes, he just came in. . . . Wait a minute. It's Carson, Bill. He wants to see you right away in his office. Now, be careful, don't do anything rash.

To blazes with him!

4. Station WBLA: Mr. Carson's Office: Mr. Carson and Bill Grimes.

Do you want to see me, Carson?

What do you mean, do I want to see you? Where were you at the New Art Plumbing dress rehearsal? Everybody waiting around here, holding the studio, Hutzpah having kittens. I'm pretty sick of you strolling in here all hours of the morning. Maybe you think you're a prima donna or something.

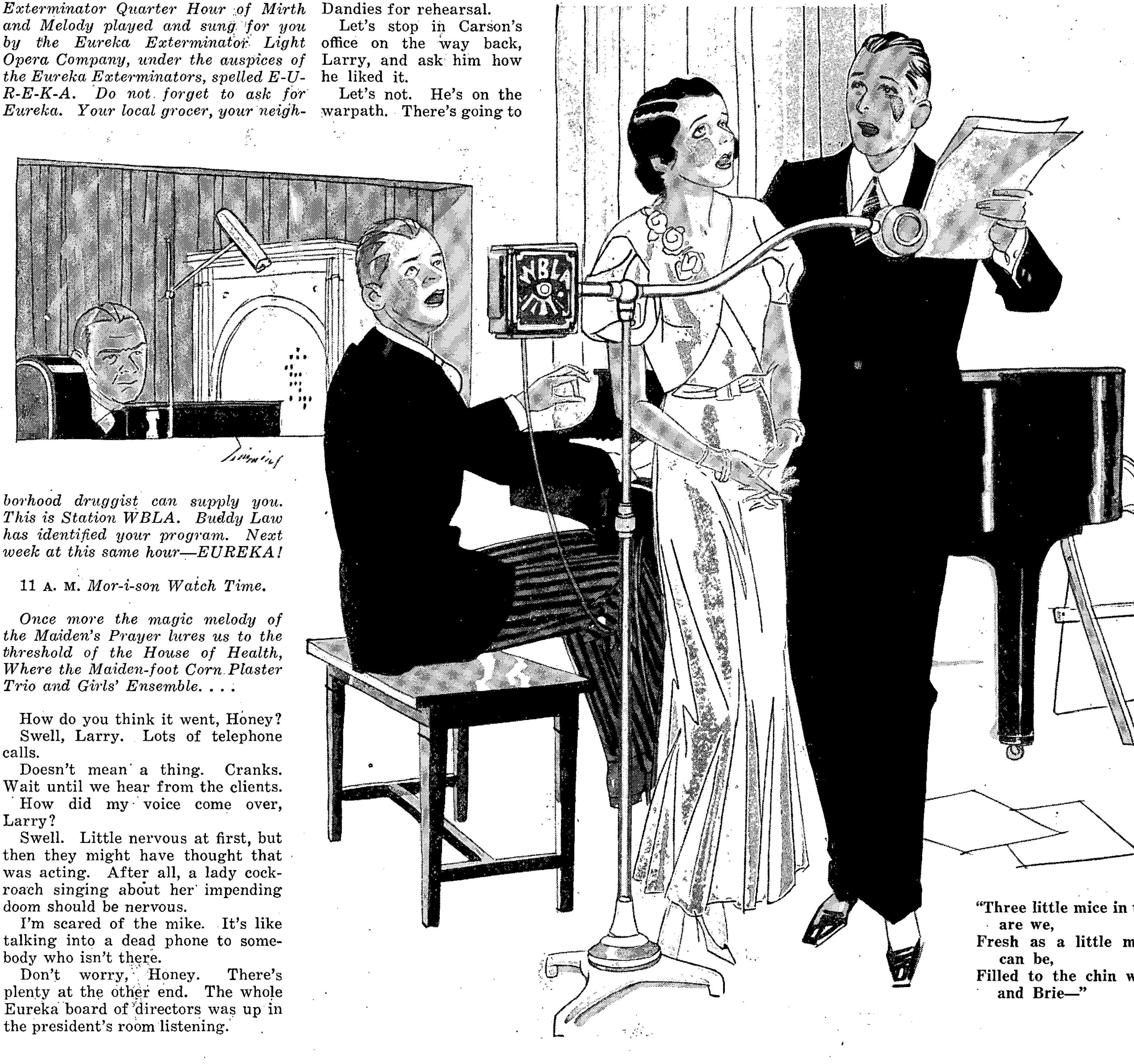
Maybe I do.

Well, I'm getting pretty well fed up with it. Better be on the job if you want a job. There's plenty of continuity writers walking the streets.

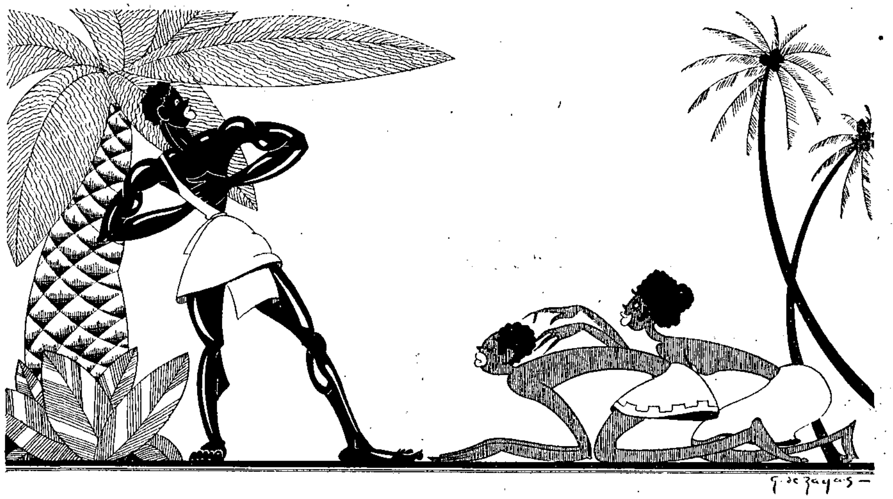
And I suppose a lot of them bringing you Great Lover programs, too?

That's not so hot.

No? Well, it's been good enough to make them renew for another thirteen



"Three little mice in the cheese are we,
Fresh as a little mouse well can be,
Filled to the chin with Swiss and Brie—"



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The Batutsi tribe in the Belgian Congo, West Africa, produces such perfect physical specimens of humanity that it is called upon constantly to supply chiefs to the other native tribes of that country.

The U. S. S. R. (Soviet Russia) permits all kinds of printed matter such as books, magazines, newspapers, maps and music to be brought in duty free—with the one exception of fashion periodicals.—*By A. A. Mestechkin, Chicago.*

American insurance companies issue today about 20 different kinds of policies on motor cars and about 15 on houses. —*By William Rogers, Waco, Texas.*

It is impossible to travel by motor highway between eastern and western Canada without leaving Canadian territory.—*By Earl Brennan, Winnipeg, Manitoba.*

There are 13 political parties in France today. —*By Maryjayne Haisley, Albany, Ind.*

Since the opening of the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, N. Y., 17,634 cadets have been admitted but only 9,323 or 52.9 per cent have been graduated. — *By Ruth Kistler, Longview, Wash.*

More than 65 per cent of the total area of Arizona is owned at the present time by the U. S. Government. — *By Paul Lenox, Jr., Phoenix, Ariz.*

The world's first registered trademark was and still is the red triangle on the bottle label of England's Bass Ale.

The sand storms in the Gobi Desert of China are so severe at times that the fine sand has been known to cover ships 500 miles out in the China Sea.—*By E. C. Hansen, Seattle, Wash.*

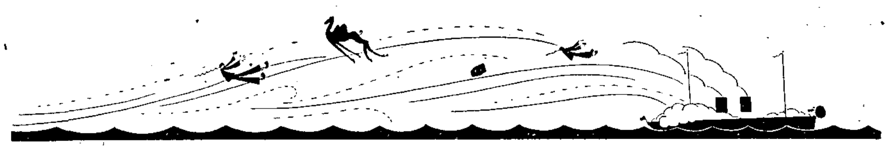
Nine years ago, the United States did not possess a carillon singing tower. Today we have 32 of these majestic musical instruments, with more fine ones than any other country.—*By W. G. Rice, Albany, N. Y.*

So far this year, New Jersey has removed more than 25,000 billboards and signs from its roads and highways. This is one state which has seen the "handwriting" on the countryside.

In the ruined city of Anuradhpura, Ceylon, there still is thriving today a sacred bo tree which was planted in 240 B. C. It is thought to be the oldest living thing in existence.

England now is manufacturing rustless iron on a commercial scale.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



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weeks. You haven't got so darned much business around this station that you're throwing it out the window.

Yes? Well, New Art is going right out the window, too. Or rather old man Hutzpah is going to take it right out the front door if—

If what?

Well, look at this script for tonight. Pelleas and Melisande. Look at it. Page after page of Pelleas and Melisande. Where the heck does the New Art Plumbing come in?

Who cares?

Hutzpah cares. He wants to know if he's paying money to educate the public or to sell them bathtubs.

Maybe if he educated more of them, they'd buy more bathtubs.

Wisecracker.

Well, get yourself another boy if you don't like the way I write it. The hour is a success. They get more mail than—

They don't want mail. They want orders.

Say, what am I, a writer or a bathtub salesman? I'm not paid to sell bathtubs.

The dickens you ain't. If the stuff you write doesn't sell bathtubs, what good is it? Who cares for Pelleas and Melisande! Certainly not the New Art Plumbing Fixtures Company.

Well, what *do* they care for?

More commercial announcements. More selling talks. Look here, take this fountain scene here.

WHAT do you want me to do, change the fountain to a New Art bathtub?

No, but you—

Sure, I could change Pelleas into a rubber and Melisande to a Swedish masseuse. And we could have a massage scene with sound effects while they sing, Praise Hutzpah from Whom All Plumbing Flows.

That's right. Crack wise. But just the same, something's got to be done. And I got tired of asking you to do it, so I did it myself.

Oh, you have?

Certainly. Listen. Maybe you'll learn something. Melisande: I will lie on the marble. I should like to see the depth of the water. Pelleas: No one has ever seen it. It is, perhaps, as deep as the sea. Melisande: If something sparkled at the bottom, perhaps one could see it. Pelleas: Do not lean over so. Melisande: I would like to touch the water. Pelleas: Take care of slipping. I will hold your hand. Melisande: No, no, I should like to plunge in my two hands. Pelleas: Oh, oh, take care, take care, Melisande! Melisande! your hair! Melisande: I cannot, I cannot reach it. Pelleas: Your hair is soaked with water.

You certainly read it with feeling.

I'm not reading it for feeling. Now, here we break for announcement, cued like this. Water, clear, beautiful, limpid water, how caressing, how infinitely satisfying, especially when it comes to you the New Art way, bubbling from shiny rustless metal fittings into the cool tinted depths of the New Art tub that enfolds you in comforting curves fitted to your personality.

Into the Bunk Department for that.

Yes? Bill, I'm beginning to believe you're too bright for us here. You're too smart. You're wasting your great talent on radio.

Are you trying to fire me? Because if you are—

Oh, no, we couldn't fire a genius like you. But maybe you'd better leave us here to struggle along as best we can while you go out and write the great American novel.

What are all these big speeches leading to?

They're leading to the cashier's window. You better go there and get your money right now. You're getting too big for your pants.

5. Speakeasy: Sally and Honey O'Neal.

. . . *tomorrow at this same time little Red Riding-Hood and her Wolf will come to you with another program of song and story. Remember, you too can have beautiful white teeth . . .*
Owoooh . . . Owoooh . . . Owoooh. . . .

An old-fashioned, Honey?

What was that one I had when the judge took us to lunch a couple of weeks ago?

Sidecar?

That's it.

Me, too. Two sidecars, Mike, and a shrimp salad. How about you, Honey?

That's O. K. Did you hear me this morning, Sally?

Sure I heard you. I hear everything out there at that desk.

How did I come over? You can tell me the truth.

Not bad. In fact, pretty good.

Now, now.

Really. You were nervous at first, though, weren't you?

Scared to death.

You sounded shaky.

What did you think of the program? Larry's on pins and needles.

I know. If he were smart, he'd stay in the promotion department. Everybody around the station thinks they can write.

WELL, Larry has a good chance to do a lot more writing now that Bill is out.

No! Out? Bill?

Sure. This morning. Had a run-in with Carson. I warned him. I told him Carson was seeing red but Bill came in with a hangover and late as usual. Missed the Great Lovers dress rehearsal entirely and then I suppose he gave Carson a lot of lip and out he went. Fool! Jobs aren't so easy to get these days. You ought to know.

I'll say. I thought I could come to New York and walk right into one. I don't know what I'd have done if it hadn't been for Larry giving me this chance.

To be Miss Cock-a-roach?

That's O. K. with me, big girl. I'll be anything to get started and pay my share of the rent.

Oh, you don't have to worry about that, Honey.

Certainly I do. I'm not going to sponge off you and Laura, and just as soon as Clayton comes back he's promised to get me into a show. Till then I'm Miss Cock-a-roach or anything else. I've sat around too many producers' waiting-rooms already.

A little radio won't do you any harm. Anything is experience. Just don't get into a rut like Laura did.

But she was in the show business.

Oh, yes. Student Prince chorus and things like that. She might have got somewhere at that if it hadn't been for Bill. Wasted her time on him instead of somebody who could do her some good.

I GUESS she's glad that's finished.

Not so glad, and not so finished either. She doesn't see him any more.

No, but that doesn't stop her from thinking about him. And now that he's lost his job, she's more worried than ever. She's in a tough spot, poor kid.

So is he, don't you think?

Sure. So am I. So are you. So are all of us. Listen, that's a good song.

. . . *Some of these days you'll feel so lonely,*
You'll miss my hugging,
You'll miss my kissing,
You'll miss me, honey, when I go away.

That's an old one, Sally. I can remember singing that when I was just a little girl.

So can I. But that doesn't spoil it. What band is that?

That's the Ching Li Chow Restaurant. I used to listen to that back home. Used to get up from the table and dance around the room. Drove Mother nuts. "Sit down and eat your dinner before it gets cold," she used to say. "You're driving me crazy." And I'd say, "What do you think sitting around this house all day is doing to me?" Boy, I never was so glad of anything in my life as to get away from there.

How do you feel about it now?

Great. Only I wish I could meet some cute fellow I could fall for.

Wasn't Walter cute?

Walter! Just a small-town lawyer.

So was Lincoln.

Well, you wouldn't call Lincoln cute, would you? I've got to fall for someone soon, or I'll explode.

. . . *Some of these da-ay-ays*
You'll miss me, honey,
Some of these da-ay-ays
You'll be so lonely . . .

Lonely. Gee, Sally, I wouldn't have believed it possible to be lonely in New York. And yet—

I know. And, boy, when you're lonely in this man's town you *are* lonely. Look at Laura, going out every night, trying to whoop it up and forget Bill. Eating her heart out for him.

I've got to meet somebody soon, Sally. I've got to. Here I've been in New York for two months.

Don't make me laugh. Wait until you've been in New York for two years,

(*Continued on page 48*)

Signal Honors

From the hundreds of teams playing football this fall only a handful of first-class quarterbacks will be developed. Field generals of Carideo, Dodd or Benny Friedman quality are scarce, for the man in this position must do most of the rapid thinking for his team

By Grantland Rice

Underwood & Underwood

Benny Friedman was one of the smartest quarterbacks that football has produced

IF ANY bright young man is looking for the toughest assignment that sport can throw his way, the next step is simple enough. It is the job of quarterback on a football team, especially in one of the big games with 50,000 or 70,000 spectators peering down upon the field.

The team's material may be first-class and some alert coach may have provided all the necessary plays, but what good is this combination if said coach can't locate a field general to put them into useful effect? And yet the work is so intricate and difficult that only two or three really fine quarterbacks are developed in the course of an entire season, with hundreds of teams in action.

I recall one season when Tad Jones tried out three or four quarterbacks at Yale.

His candidates were all smart and keen and high-class football players. "Two of them," said Tad recently, "could show you how to run a game perfectly—before the game started. But, once caught in a tight spot, everything seemed to go blank and plans made before the game were completely forgotten."

This can happen to smart football players. Albie Booth, Yale's captain, is one of the smartest, but for some reason he has never been able to acquire the quarterback knack. For example, in the last Yale-Georgia battle, fought on one of the warmest football days of the year, Booth put on the Blue attack right from the jump. Georgia would hold and Downs, the Southern quarter, would have the ball kicked back. This went on through the first two periods. It was still going on when the third period got under way with Yale leading.

"That Georgia team hasn't any attack at all," someone in the press stand said. Downs continued to rely on a kicking game. By this time the Yale team, always on the offensive, was staggering. Then Downs suddenly changed his tactics. From a defensive stand he threw a variety of fast, hard-driving, bewildering plays at the jaded Yale team, caught off guard, and Georgia rolled up two touchdowns. Downs had timed his attack exactly right.

One of the smartest quarterbacks who ever played was Benny Friedman of Michigan and the New York Giants, now backfield coach at Yale. "It took me some time," Friedman said recently, "to realize that I had to watch our opponents' defense every second and that I had to have a reason for every play I called. There are many times when you will need two or three preliminary plays to lead up to a certain turn, and even then you may be caught out of position and forced to wait before trying the maneuver you intended. One of the basic systems of attack is misdirection of attention, feinting at one spot and hitting through another. Any attack that lacks variety and deception usually gets nowhere."

No Place for a Pass

In one of the big games last fall a certain head coach had arranged for his quarterback, after taking the kick-off, to throw a flat pass out to the right on the first play, even if he was on his own twenty-yard line. The kick-off was made but unfortunately it was run back fairly close to the right side lines. It was no place to try a pass. Yet that play was called and the ball was thrown almost into the stands, far out of bounds. The play here should have been to run the ball away from the side lines and then shoot the pass.

The quarterback has his side of the argument. Here he is on the enemy's three-yard line, fourth down and goal to go. If he tries a forward pass and it is grounded back of the goal line, he is panned by the crowd for not trying a line play. If he tries a line play and it doesn't work, he then is criticized for not trying a pass. As one well-known quarterback told me recently, "The only smart plays you ever call are the ones you get away with, and they may be the dumbest you have tried."

Quarterback genius is rarely a gift. Years ago Percy Haughton practically lived with his quarterbacks. He was with them at every chance, on and off the field, discussing strategy.

In recalling his Michigan days, Benny Friedman said that Coach Yost spent with him every minute he could spare. "He would take up almost every type of situation in a game," Benny said, "and then talk over the right plays. His idea was to make the right move in each situation instinctive, for there is hardly enough time in the heat of a hard game to extend your thinking."

Keeping 'Em Guessing

One big job a quarterback has is to break the mental attitude of his opponents, just as Carideo did last season against Southern California. This means mixing up plays, doing the unexpected at every chance, using all the deception you can. Once you have the other team guessing, you have the advantage.

There are two brands of quarterbacks—the gambling type that frequently overgambles, and the overconservative brand that doesn't like to take any risks. The star quarter comes in between. He knows when and where to take his chances and when to dodge all risk.

The best type of quarterback has the Carideo or Dodd make-up. These two had complete confidence in themselves, and therefore the complete confidence of their teams. Both were cool, unworried and always decisive in their selections of plays. In a big game last fall, Dodd of Tennessee dropped back to his own seventeen-yard line to kick. The enemy was on him too quickly, so he ran first to the right, then squirmed back to the left and finally picked out his man forty yards down the field. He threw a pass that went for a touchdown. This ability to keep his eyes on opponents charging him and at the same time look for an uncovered pass receiver down the field proved his mental coördination under heavy pressure.

Carideo had the same faculty. He could block and still keep an eye open for what the defense was doing.

There are many big games left on this season's schedule which may be decided by quarterback judgment.

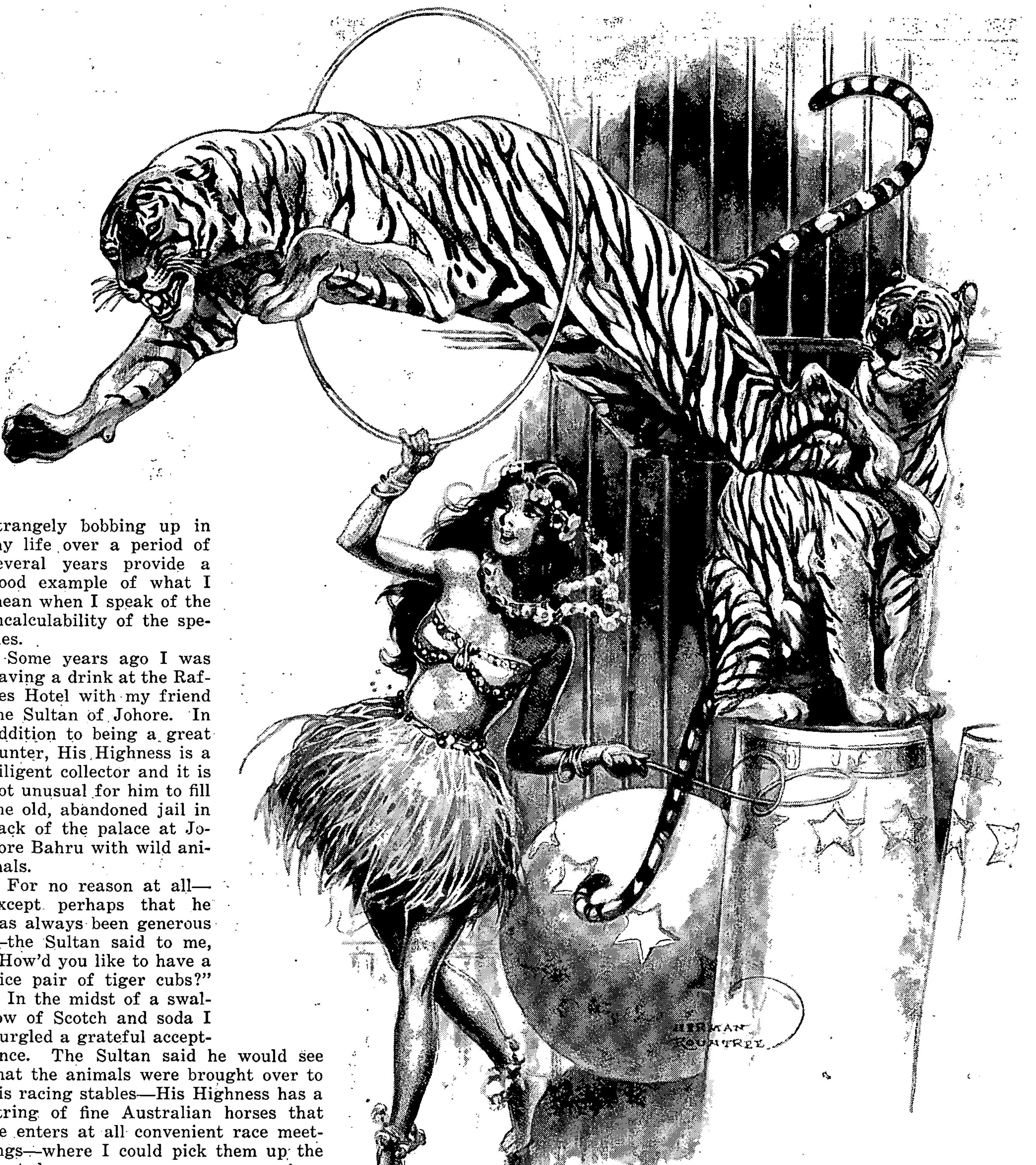
Notre Dame still has to face Carnegie Tech, Pennsylvania, Navy, Southern California and the Army—a large order. Southern California has its big war with Stanford on November 7 and later on meets Notre Dame and Georgia. Two of the best battles the South has left include Georgia and Tulane on November 14 and Vanderbilt and Alabama on November 26. These four teams all have first-class quarterbacks to handle the job.

Yale will need some smart quarterback play the rest of the season, especially against Dartmouth and Harvard. For the last three years the Harvard offense has been handled with greater smartness and keenness against the Blue, and if there is no change in this respect Captain Barry Wood will lead Harvard to its fourth consecutive victory.

Tiger Tales

Nobody knows what a tiger is going to do next. That's his charm; that's what makes legends spring up about him in the Orient. Here Mr. Buck, famous captor of wild animals, tells you his experiences with this most formidable beast

By Frank Buck with Edward Anthony



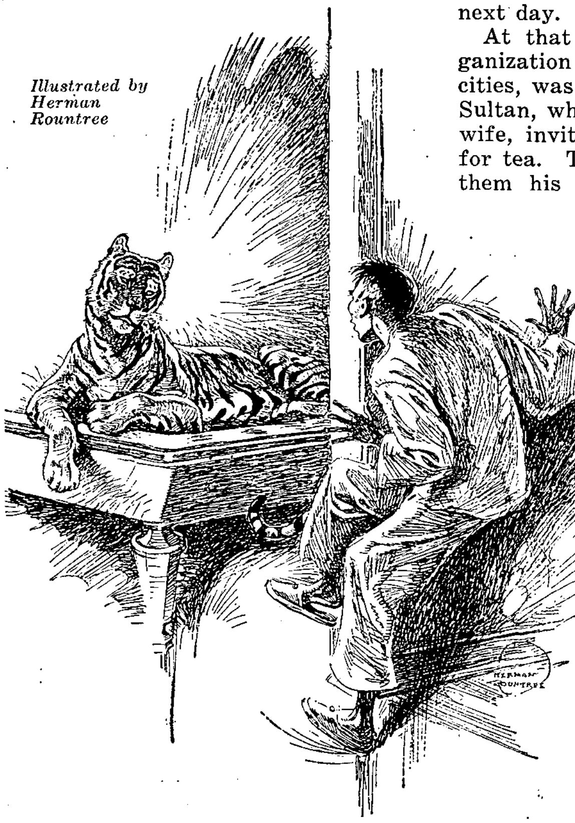
Her beauty, her workmanlike handling of her charges and their responsiveness made the vast audience enthusiastic

IF I were asked to name the animal kingdom's closest approach to an inexhaustible theme I would nominate the tiger. The reason is that he is the most incalculable of beasts. Anyone who claims that he knows what a tiger is going to do under any given set of circumstances is either kidding himself or misrepresenting the facts.

The most formidable of the great cats, despite the fact that the lion is commonly known as "the king of beasts," the tiger refuses to conform to any preconceived notions of how a wild animal should act. He makes his own rules and then proceeds to observe or break them according to his whim. No more hopeless sign of amateurism can be found in the whole realm of zoölogy than that shown by the chap who announces that the tiger will do this or that or the other thing under such and such circumstances. The tiger will do as he pleases under any given set of circumstances. Which is why he is the animal world's richest subject—another way of saying that the history of the tiger will not be written until the last tiger has died, for no one knows what a lone survivor would do to upset all the entrenched theories about his species.

A pair of tigers—they were cubs when I first saw them—that kept strangely bobbing up in my life over a period of several years provide a good example of what I mean when I speak of the incalculability of the species.

Illustrated by Herman Rountree



Looking up, he saw a tiger on one of the tables. His first thought was to run for help

Some years ago I was having a drink at the Raffles Hotel with my friend the Sultan of Johore. In addition to being a great hunter, His Highness is a diligent collector and it is not unusual for him to fill the old, abandoned jail in back of the palace at Johore Bahru with wild animals.

For no reason at all—except perhaps that he has always been generous—the Sultan said to me, "How'd you like to have a nice pair of tiger cubs?"

In the midst of a swallow of Scotch and soda I gurgled a grateful acceptance. The Sultan said he would see that the animals were brought over to his racing stables—His Highness has a string of fine Australian horses that he enters at all convenient race meetings—where I could pick them up the next day.

At that time Fillis' Circus, an organization that tours the larger Asiatic cities, was playing in Singapore. The Sultan, who was fond of Fillis and his wife, invited them over to the palace for tea. Tea over, he decided to show them his animals, starting with the tiger cubs which were waiting for me at the stables.

When I arrived with Ali, my No. One Malay boy, to pick up the cubs, they were surrounded by an admiring group consisting of the Sultan, Fillis and his wife (who, by the way, was a beautiful young circus equestrienne) and three or four others who had been invited to tea.

Mrs. Fillis in particular kept raving about the charming little jungle youngsters. Most tiger cubs were cute, she said, but these were by far the tamest, the most amusing and the most playful young tigers that she had ever seen.

Well, Mrs. Fillis wound up by owning the cubs. The Sultan called me to one side and asked me if I had any objection to giving the cubs to the circus owner's wife, who was so obviously delighted with them. In their place I could select anything else in his menagerie that struck my fancy. Of course, I cheerfully agreed.

Tigers at Auction

The cubs went off with the Fillis Circus to Kuala Lumpur, Penang and Ipoh. At the last of these stopovers Mr. Fillis died. His wife, unable to run the circus alone, decided to dispose of it. The whole business was shipped to Singapore for sale at auction.

I wasn't far from Singapore when news of the auction reached me and I decided to make the trip to see what I could pick up at the sale in the way of marketable animals.

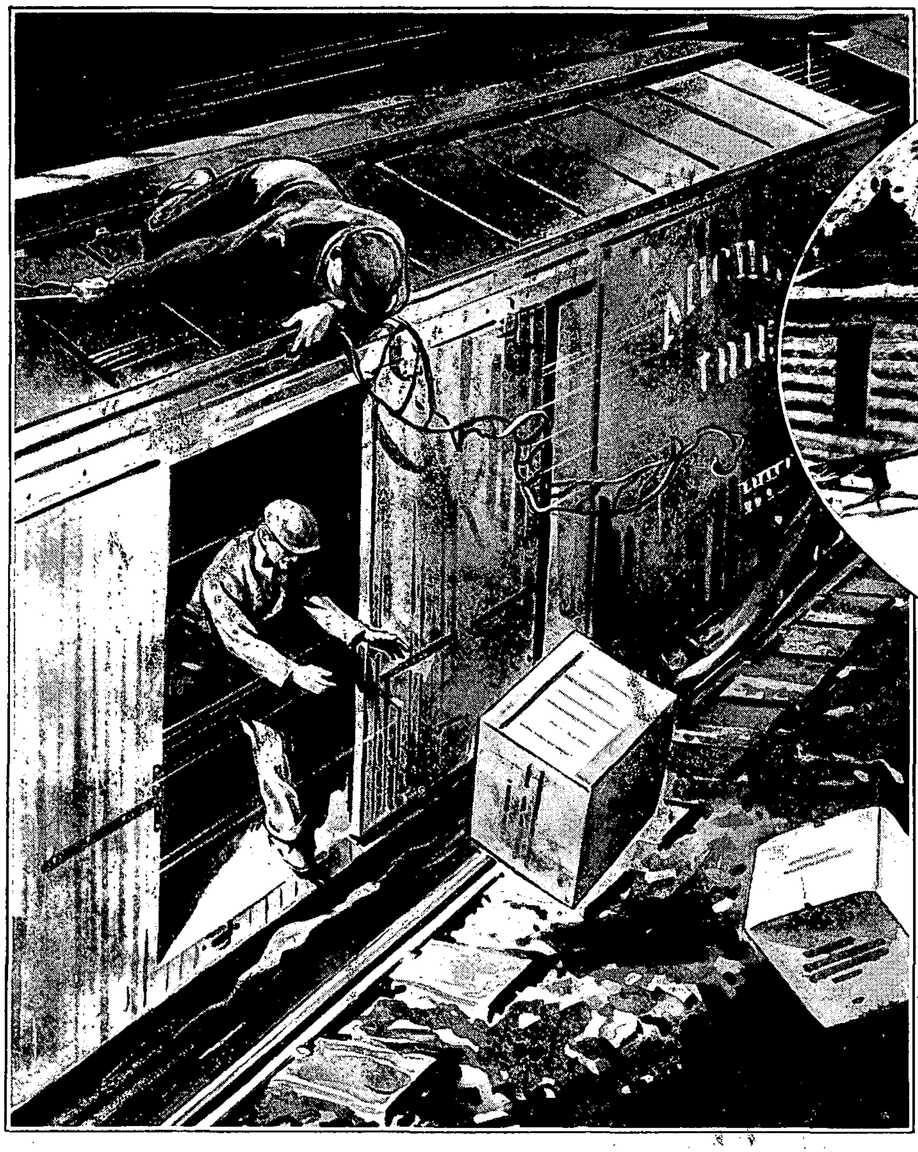
When I arrived at Singapore I found that Eddie Tate, a well-known American showman who makes his headquarters at Manila and outfits carnival companies for the Philippine Islands, Java and the Straits country, wanted to buy, among other things, the tiger cubs for which I had planned to bid. He had made a careful examination of these young jungle cats and had come away with the feeling that they had a great future as performers.

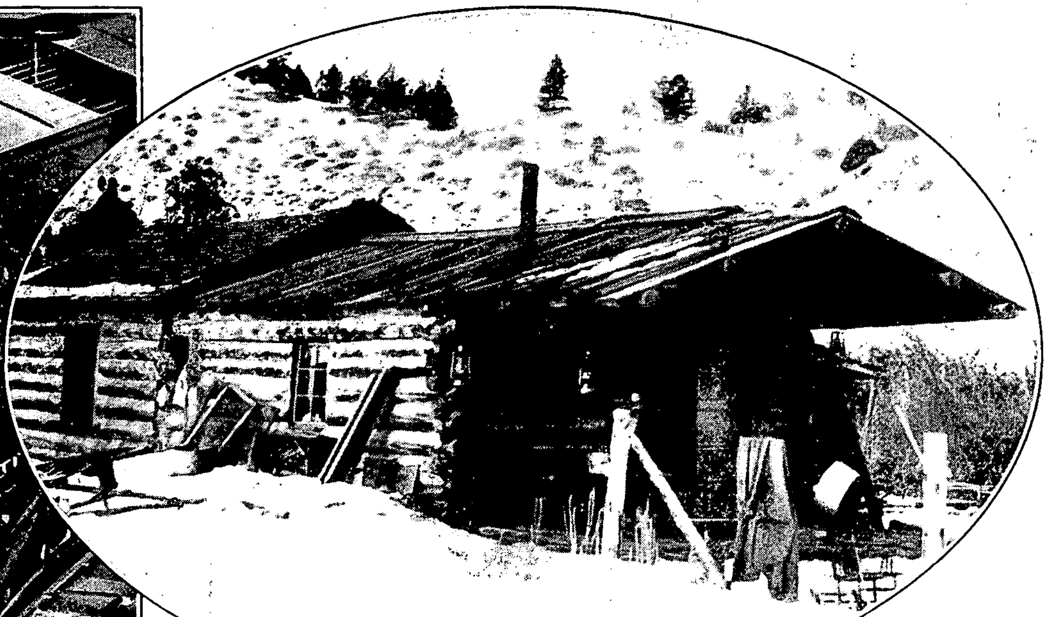
I wanted the cubs but not as badly as Tate. I made an early bid for them but dropped out when it became apparent how much more they meant to Eddie than they did to me.

Four years later I was in the Philippine Islands on business. The season of the annual Manila Carnival, a famous institution, was approaching and I decided to stick around until it got under way. To the East the Manila Carnival means what the Mardi Gras does to New Orleans—only more so.

All of the stock festivities take place. There is a big ball at which the president of the Senate presides. There is

(Continued on page 28).





(Left) *The robbers tossing their loot from the train.* (Upper right) *Shack where they were betrayed by a tube of tooth paste.* (Lower right) *Otto Parrhysius, at left—and three other detectives.*

TOOTH PASTE TRAPS TRAIN ROBBER GANG

Recently some box-car robbers were operating near Helena, Montana. Each time they robbed, they leapt on to a moving freight train at night, and clambered up on the roof of a box-car. One of them carried a short rope ladder, which he fastened to the top of the car, dropped it over the side, and climbed down beside the car door. Swinging on this perilous support, he broke open the door. Then he and the other thieves piled into the car, picked out their booty, and flung it overboard at a point where they knew their confederates were waiting with a truck. Then they jumped off after the stolen goods, and vanished, leaving no trace but the missing freight and the broken door.

No one ever caught sight of them. Their looks and voices—even the point on the railway line where they worked—all were absolutely unknown. Yet valuable shipments were vanishing, and the thieves had to be tracked down.

So Otto Parrhysius, chief special agent for the Northern Pacific Railway—his aides—and the state police—set out to get their men, without one clue to work on. Quietly, painstakingly, they reconnoitered throughout all the suspected region of the Rocky Mountain foothills. They pretended to be a group of hikers strolling by, stopping for a drink of water and a chat—but did not let a detail anywhere go unseen.

Presently they came to the lonely shack pictured on this page. They saw nothing unusual to arouse their suspicions—until Mr. Parrhysius' eyes lit on a half-used tube of Listerine Tooth Paste. Modern cleanliness—in these dirty, tumble-down, primitive surroundings! And he remembered—Listerine Tooth Paste was one of the stolen shipments.

Immediately the searchers followed up this clue. They dug up sacks of flour buried behind the barn. They discovered a camouflaged cave, and in it a thousand dollars' worth of loot—other plunder in a swamp—still more in a woodpile. All would have been passed by unnoticed except for that tube of tooth paste.

Three occupants of the cabin—Roy and Jess Campbell, and Morton West—were arrested and confessed their guilt. The gang was broken, and Northern Pacific freight trains as usual sped their shipments to destinations, without annoyance from these robbers.

This Tooth Paste Saves Both Teeth and Money

Such a dramatic service to the public, Listerine Tooth Paste could hardly perform every day. But it *does* daily help the people of this country in two other ways, just as valuable if less sensational.

First, it cleans teeth as well as any tooth paste made. Thoroughly, because it is harder than tartar and other discolorations. Safely, because it is softer than enamel. It is manufactured by the makers of Listerine, the safe antiseptic—a guarantee that it is bad for decaying matter and good for teeth.

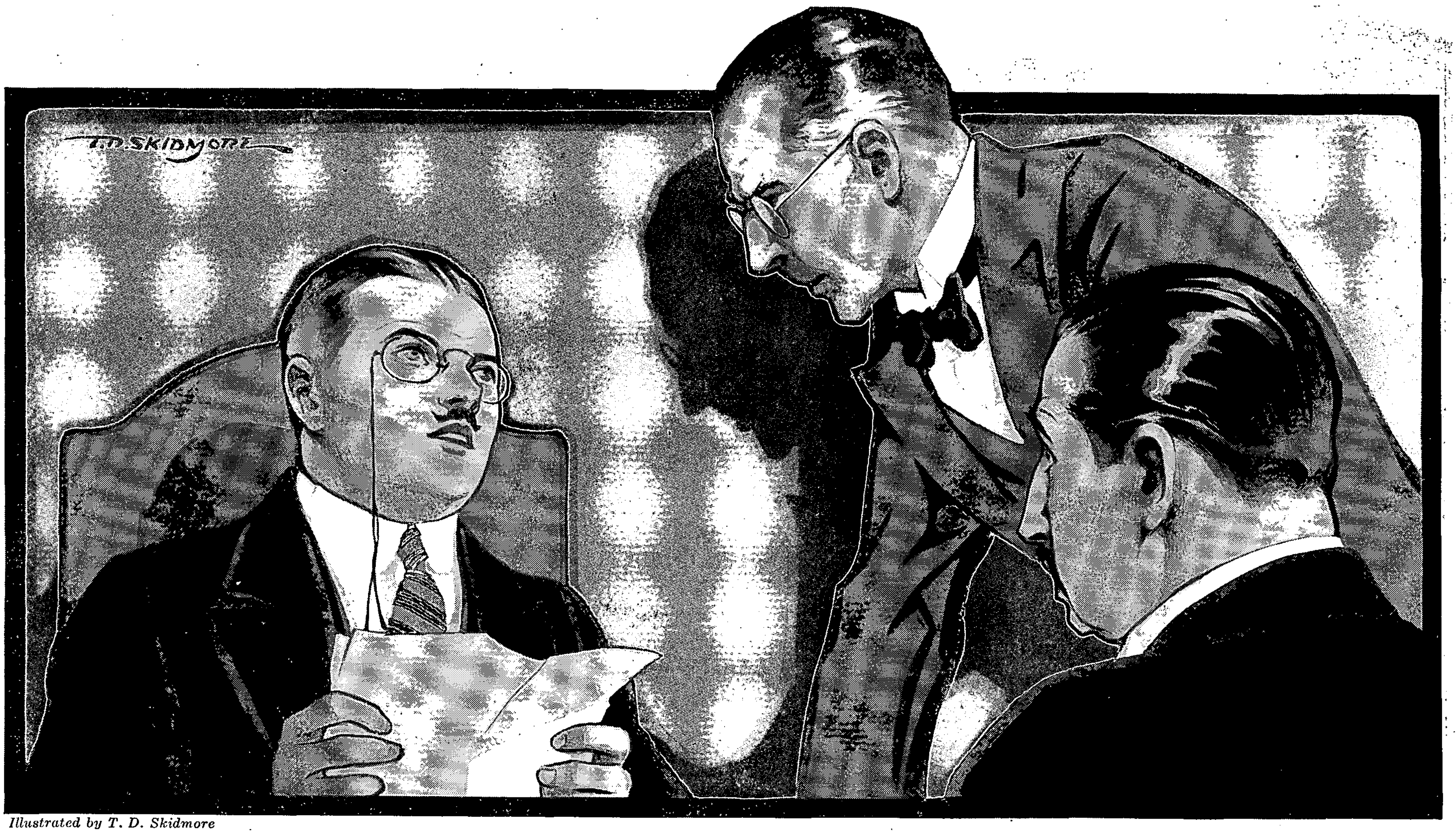
Second, it promotes economy. It costs only 25¢ a tube, instead of 50¢—is just as kind to your pocketbook as it is to your teeth.

Are *you* interested in getting the best results from tooth paste, for half the usual cost? Try Listerine Tooth Paste, and you will see why millions have switched over to it.

Buy films with that $3 it saves

Camera films are just one of the many things you can buy with the $3 a year you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of a 50¢ dentifrice.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE . . 25¢



Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

There was a tense silence. Pulwitter stared at Bamford; Argels was like a man stricken dumb

The Man from Sing Sing

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

The Story Thus Far:

DUE to the unexpected treachery of Reuben Argels, one of his partners, Moran Chambers is sent to Sing Sing. Within a short time, however, he makes his escape (leaving behind a well-paid double) and goes to London, where Argels is gambling in stocks. There, joining his other partner—Andrew Pulwitter, whose nephew, "Gordon Phayle," he is supposed to be—he plots to ruin his enemy.

Acting on instructions from her employer, Violet Withers, Pulwitter's secretary, goes to Argels, pretends to become his spy. After which she deliberately misinforms him regarding Pulwitter's market operations; and Argels, respecting Pulwitter's judgment, follows the false "tips" and plunges wildly.

Another girl—Ambouyna Kotinzi, a beautiful motion-picture actress, who, loving Chambers, has spurned Argels' advances—helps to set the trap. Feeling sure her next picture will be a failure, she induces Argels to invest in it heavily. . . .

Chambers' double—the man at Sing Sing—dies. Argels learns the news. Now (he thinks) he and Pulwitter can divide the principal of a lucrative trust-fund which the three partners had founded and which is to be liquidated soon. The prospect pleases him. . . .

Then comes the unexpected. Stocks—Argels' favorites, along with the others—begin to go down; a financial crash seems imminent. His bankers, frightened, summon him, inform him he has an overdraft of nearly a hundred and thirty thousand pounds. Argels is not alarmed. "Gentlemen," he announces, smiling, "I will send you fifty thousand pounds this afternoon."

Amazed, the bankers agree to await the payment. . . . And Chambers and Pulwitter, their trap completely set, prepare to watch it close on Reuben Argels.

Conclusion

A QUARTER of an hour after he had left the bank, Reuben Argels mounted the stairs and presented himself at Andrew Pulwitter's modest offices. The Scotchman came out of his private room to welcome him.

"This is a very wonderful occasion, Reuben Argels," he said, "and I take it kind of you to come and fetch me on your way. Step in and sit down, will you not?"

Argels accepted the invitation. Then—without any preliminaries:

"Andrew," he demanded, "what are we going to do about Moran Chambers' share of that money?"

The Scotchman puffed—long and thoughtfully—at his pipe.

"You're speaking of a difficult matter," he rejoined. "You've no proposal to make?"

"I'd rather listen to yours," Argels sighed. "I would go so far as to say this, though. I always understood that if one of the three of us died before the Trust was distributed, his share went to the others."

ANDREW PULWITTER groaned. "Man, I wish we'd put that on paper."

"You know very well," Argels protested, "that we couldn't put anything on paper. We tied this money away in an absurd trust for two reasons. First because of the income-tax people, who might have prosecuted us and, secondly, because at the time we did it things might have gone very wrong with us. It was a wise thing to do, but unnecessary, as it happens. If you and I had had Chambers' bad luck, for instance, we should have been glad to have had this waiting for us when we came out. No one could have traced it, and it was out of anyone's reach."

"It was as near as I've come in this world to dishonesty," Andrew Pulwitter declared, reaching for his hat. "I'll come along with you now and we'll speak of the other matter on the way."

Argels gave his chauffeur the address of Bamford & Co., in Bucklersbury. The Scotchman took his place a little gingerly amongst the magnificent appointments of the limousine.

"It's fine for our credit, man," he remarked, "to be seen driving about in a Lord Mayor's coach like this. There's no banker would ever have the courage to ask us to reduce our overdraft if he could see us at this moment."

"What do you know about bankers and overdrafts?" Argels laughed. "I shouldn't think you've ever borrowed a penny in your life."

"And you're not very wrong," Pulwitter replied, with a chuckle. "I've a mortal objection to paying interest, though I'm not averse to drawing it. This money that we are going for will be something of a trouble to us, Reuben Argels."

"I'll look after my share of the trouble," was the prompt rejoinder. "What I wish you'd decide about is Moran Chambers' share."

"How would it seem to you," Andrew Pulwitter suggested cautiously, "if we each drew half of it and placed it out at interest whilst we made a few inquiries as to whether there were any near relations who were in a needy situation? If we heard of nothing in a few years' time, well, I think we might reckon that it belonged to us."

There was a momentary flash in Argels' eyes. Another eighty-five thousand pounds now might make just the difference.

"Very well," he agreed. "I consent to that, on condition that we both sign the same documents and proceed in the same manner."

The Scotchman looked at his companion with a queer, questioning light in his eyes.

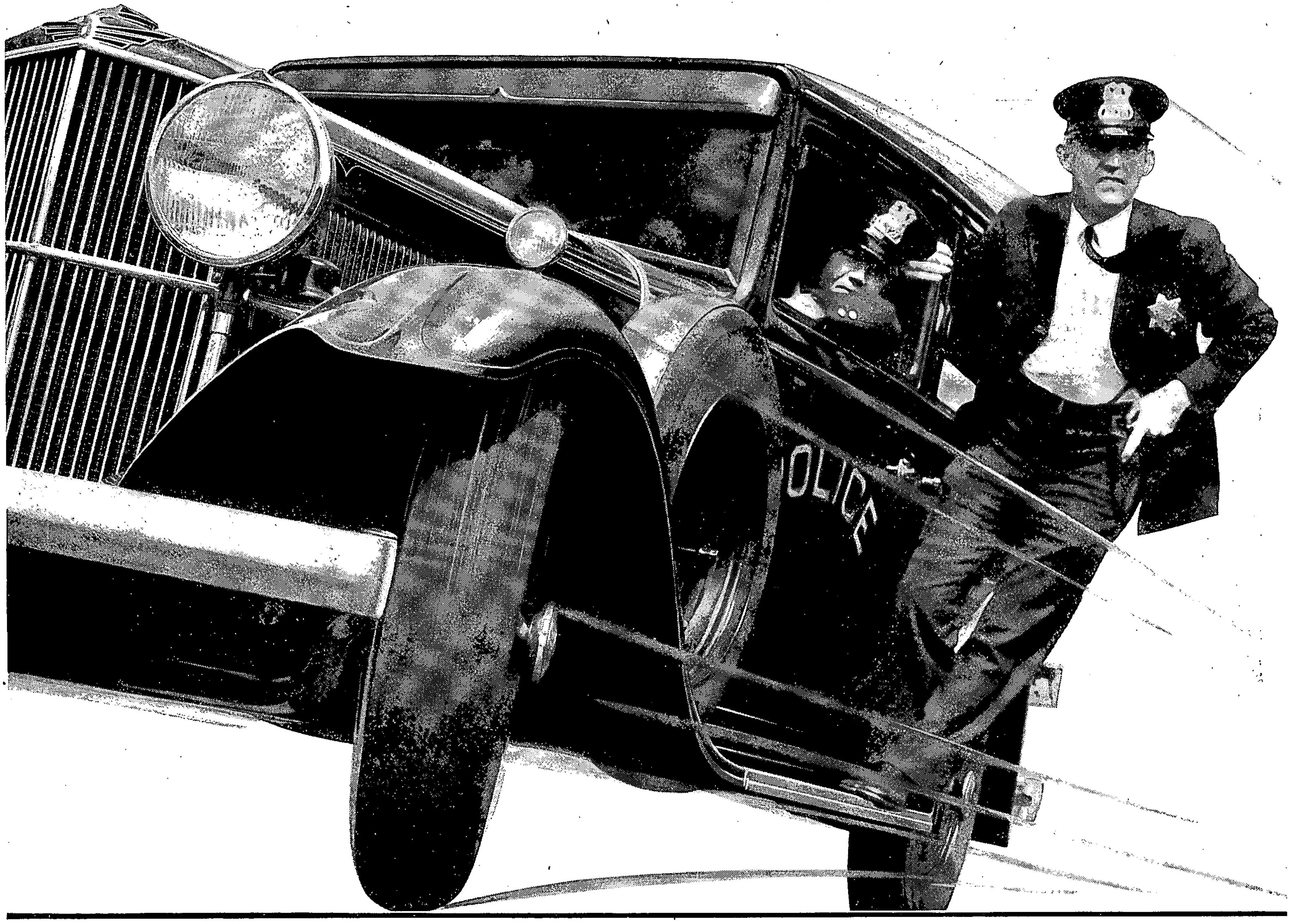
"You're cautious these days," he observed.

"I have more cause to be than you," Argels rejoined. "You know very well if any near relative of Moran Chambers turned up who knew the story of the trial, he'd come for me on this business if he could. Personally, I'm quite sure our idea was that if one of the three of us died, his share was to be added to the others, because, as you know, properly speaking, this money belonged to us as a syndicate, rather than personally. However, I'm not greedy. We'll adopt your suggestion, and put an inquiry office to work to find out if there are any poor relations. . . ."

THEY reached in due course the handsome but old-fashioned offices of Messrs. Bamford, Williams & Bamford, and were ushered into the presence of the only surviving member of the firm. Mr. Charles Bamford was a youthful but portly gentleman, who, hating everything modern, wore spectacles on a ribbon, a black tail coat, unfashionably long, and black and white check trousers. He greeted his visitors courteously, and with a considerable amount of curiosity.

"On the whole, Mr. Argels, and Mr. Pulwitter," he said, addressing his remarks to the former, as the Scotchman had taken a seat in the background, "we are very glad to welcome you here today, and to be relieved of this responsibility, although it has been so little trouble to us. It appears in our books under

(*Continued on page 40*)



"THEY'LL GET THEIR MAN"

New Nash Wins Police Preference

In city after city the Police Departments are *re-equipping* with fleets of Nash cars.

Chicago—the latest to turn to Nash—has just installed 23 of the new Twin-Ignition Eight models.

Faster get-away, greater speed and power, and thorough dependability are foremost factors in earning Nash outstanding preference with the Law.

But no less influential with sound city administrations is the fact that Nash first cost is moderate and its operative cost extremely low as contrasted to other makes.

The high favor Nash is winning in arduous day and night police duty is duplicated among buyers everywhere as evidenced by the latest registrations which show that already more Eight buyers are choosing Nash than any other except one.

This new Nash is the Sound-Proofed car, with the perfected Synchro-Shift Transmission and a Silent Second Speed as quiet as high. It gives you Twin Ignition, Twin Carburetion and Twin Manifolding, for greater speed and power and greater mileage per gallon of gasoline.

Nash also offers you a brand new kind of free wheeling—Synchro-Shift Free Wheeling—optional at the very low cost of from $20 to $35 extra. Drive the new Nash and experience a new performance thrill.

PRICES
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NEW **SOUND-PROOFED BODY AND CHASSIS** **NASH**

(3683)

Tiger Tales

Continued from page 24

also a beauty contest whose purpose is the selection of the most beautiful Filipina girl, the said nominee becoming the queen of the carnival. Eddie Tate is always in charge of concessions.

Even before the big affair opened Eddie was reaping a harvest and he was in a grand and glorious mood. Hearing that I was in town, he invited me to have lunch with him at the Manila Hotel. After lunch he thought it would be a good idea to visit the fair grounds and have a look at the full-grown tigers that, as cubs, I had admired so. These animals were now part of an act whose success had been almost instantaneous.

Lunch over, Tate and I visited the carnival grounds for a look at the tiger duo. They were as fine a pair as I had seen in some time—big, powerful, gentle. When we put our hands through the bars and scratched them behind the ears they rolled over and purred like big house-cats.

On the way back from the circus lot Tate said, "Come over the opening night of the show and see those tigers work. They go through their act in great style. You'll enjoy watching 'em."

I accepted Eddie's invitation and was on hand to see the big blow-off.

Reverting to Jungle Type

The circus, of course, was what interested me most, for I wanted to watch those tigers work. It didn't take me long to see that the pair had become first-rate performers. They were put through their paces by a beautiful Filipina girl, not more than nineteen years old. Her beauty, her workmanlike handling of her charges and the quick responsiveness of the animals themselves combined to make a fine act which the vast audience received enthusiastically.

The act over, the animals leaped up on their pedestals—those familiar perches that look like tall inverted tubs. As the crowd burst into a final round of applause, the Filipina girl, standing between the tigers and slightly in front of them, stood taking her bows. The animals sat motionless. As their boss straightened up after her third or fourth bow the tiger on her right, without moving from its pedestal, reached out and caught the back of the girl's neck in its great jaws. Sinking its teeth in, the jungle cat lifted the girl clear of the floor, gave a quick twist that snapped its victim's neck and then let the body drop. The girl was dead before aid could reach her.

Perhaps there have been more chaotic scenes than that which followed this tragedy, but I don't know anything about them. Screams, groans and agonized shouts went up from that horror-stricken audience. And before a minute had elapsed men, women and children were caught in a jam in their meaningless efforts to reach exits. At the height of the confusion a Filipino plainclothes man drew his revolver and sent a bullet through the center of the killer's forehead. The tiger toppled off its perch and lay dead on the floor beside the body of the girl.

Numerous explanations were offered as to what prompted that tiger's murderous conduct. Many felt that the animal had made up its mind long before to put an end to the girl and had merely waited for a good opportunity. I didn't share this view myself, as I have never seen any indications, in my long experience with the species, that they figure things out that way. My own simple interpretation of the occurrence is that for a few brief seconds that tiger reverted to jungle type.

Another strange tiger experience of mine grew out of the fact that it is difficult to breed these great cats in captivity.

Some years ago I arrived at a Mid-Western zoo with a collection of animals and birds in fulfillment of an order. Having turned over to the superintendent my charges, I found myself making the rounds of the zoo. I was particularly anxious to see and hear about a tigress I had sold to this zoo five or six years before as a mate for a male they already had.

I was interested to learn that this female had proved the exception to the rule about breeding tigers in captivity. The zoo, however, had not been able to raise any cubs, due to the fact that the mother, following a not uncommon impulse among female carnivora in captivity, devoured most of them. She had had three litters that netted eight cubs in all. Three of these had been snatched from her but she had mauled them so badly that they did not survive.

This tigress, the superintendent told me, was due to have cubs again in about two weeks. He planned to have two men sit up night after night with flashlights for at least a week before the expected event. They would be armed with long prods by means of which they hoped to keep the mother from her young. While I considered the head of this institution a sound zoölogist, I thought his scheme for saving the cubs was rather feeble, and I said so with undisguised frankness. I told what my scheme was and he agreed that it was worth trying.

It was necessary to place the zoo carpenters at my disposal and this was quickly done. The expectant mother was driven into an adjoining cage and then the carpenters got busy under my direction. I had them tear up the floor of the empty cage. Then I instructed them to take some dressed lumber (two by sixes) and install it edgewise at intervals of six or seven inches. This resulted in a grating-like flooring. The actual ground level of the cage was three feet below this and here I had a thick layer of straw placed.

These preparations completed, we prodded the tigress back to her own cage. She had great difficulty in negotiating that strange floor we had installed but she finally worked her way inside.

A day-and-night watch was kept and the animal was under observation every second of the time.

When the cubs arrived—there were three of them—two dropped to safety through the wooden grating to the floor below while one that was luckless landed crosswise on the two by sixes.

A Tiger Yarn

The cubs on the straw below were quickly grabbed by keepers who had been stationed there.

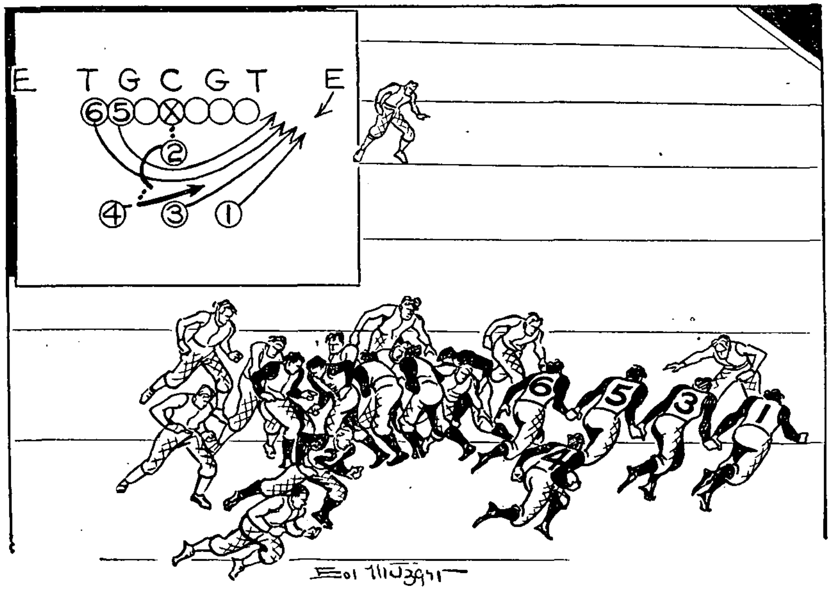
Next came the job of feeding the new arrivals. In anticipation of this problem I had, the day before, asked the superintendent to locate for me an Irish setter with pups.

Once we secured our setter (whose pups were added to the litter of another nursing dog) our job was easy. The setter was a fine, good-natured animal and our task of breaking her to the business of nursing the baby tigers proved easier than I had expected.

The cubs thrived. At the age of five months they were weaned. They are very much alive to this day, fine examples of strong, healthy tigers.

Should you ever visit Singapore, where I am at this writing, you won't be there long before you will hear the story of the tiger that was found asleep early one morning on one of the billiard tables in the Raffles Hotel. I don't know which version you'll hear. There are many of them. I hope you hear a good one.

To this day there is a Chinese boy-of-all-jobs in the Raffles who tells how he met the emergency when he saw the tiger in the billiard-room. (Long since the boy who actually figured in the episode left the employ of the hotel.) He had just arrived at the door when he thought he heard something stirring. Looking up, he saw a tiger on one of the tables. His first thought was to run for help. Then, so his story goes, he got a better hunch. For, after all, the main idea was to get the tiger out of the room. Taking a billiard ball from a convenient rack he let it fly straight at the animal. Then he fled without waiting to see how good his marksmanship had been. But he feels certain that he must have hit the tiger, for when, a few seconds later, he saw it retreat down the street, it had a perceptible limp!



Flying Interference

By Sol Metzger

WHEN George W. Woodruff, a young Hercules fresh from a Pennsylvania farm, reported for the Yale football eleven, in the fall of '85, coaches and interference did not exist.

Although strange to football, Woodruff made a touchdown against the Varsity, and made the training table with his first practice. The former resulted from a play invented when he got his bearings. Pinching his center as a signal, he picked up the ball in one arm, threw his immediate opponent over his shoulder with the other and rushed downfield over the goal-line like a mad bull. The training-table seat was the bribe that alone persuaded him to release the ball.

Such was the début of the man whose inventive genius later on did more, perhaps, toward developing football than anything in its history.

Following graduation, Woodruff taught at Hill School, Pottstown, Pennsylvania, coaching and playing on the eleven, as was then the custom. By '92, Penn had signed him. One morning the following fall, upon being called to Hill School to render first aid, he placed five scrubs in the backfield and ran them as a buffalo herd stampedes. A touchdown!

In those days, as now, seven forwards were on the line. This was customary then, not compulsory. That afternoon, at Penn, Woodruff further developed his idea. On the signal, "Ready—play," the left tackle (5) and left end (6) ran to the right rear. Following this command, the center said to himself, "One, two, snap," before passing the ball to the quarter. At that moment, 5 and 6 would be running by his rear; 6 seized the hand of the fullback (3), who joined hands with 1. Thus aligned, they rushed full speed at the opposing left end. Their left halfback (4) followed with the ball.—Tough for the end! He played wide in those days, thus taking the full brunt of this flying line. If he broke through between any of these two players, the runner (4) followed the other pair.

Oddly, Yale was also smoothing out a similar idea. Ten of its players took positions in the backfield. The center, with the ball, was alone on the line. On signal, the ten ran for some designated point. The ball came to one of them when they had attained full speed. Yale defeated Penn that fall in two halves of forty-five minutes each by low charging into Penn's flying interference, but not until this flying interference had run around the redoubtable Frank Hinkey for a touchdown in three plays.

Harvard was all set for Penn's new plays when they met. Its defense was unbeatable. Its tackle and end, facing the Penn tackle and end who started before the ball, chased after them to pull down the runner from behind the moment he got it. Leaving the field afterward, Woodruff said to his friend John C. Bell, "That play will never be used again."

A true prophecy. Flying interference had swept over the country that season with so many injuries, and even a few fatalities, that a new rule barring it was adopted. Some other plan had to be devised to protect the runner—as well as to protect football itself. Princeton was already at work solving this riddle, as we shall see next week.

WHEN YOU SAY "GO"! AND GEARS SAY "NO"!

Change NOW to ALEMITE Winter Gear Lubricant for gears that always say "Ready!"

THE great nuisance of winter driving is hard shifting, noisy gears. But it's *more* than a nuisance. It's a real danger and a *warning!* Because continued neglect of this condition results in costly repairs!

The trouble can generally be traced to the lubricant you are using. Just as you change to heavier clothing in winter, so your transmission gears require the protection of *winter* lubricant.

Change NOW to Alemite Winter Gear Lubricant and free yourself from the annoyance of stubborn, sticking gears.

Remember that even the *finest* summer gear lubricant is not designed to meet the conditions of winter driving. It stiffens at the first drop in temperature; it solidifies in zero weather. To function at all gears must cut a track through the hardened lubricant; mechanism is strained. Gears run *dry. Repair bills are sure to follow!*

Change to Alemite Winter Gear Lubricant NOW!

Alemite Winter Gear Lubricant is especially designed to flow freely at even sub-zero temperatures. It will not harden or solidify throughout the most severe winter weather. It keeps gears *continuously* bathed with a highly protective lubricant that eliminates strain and dry parts.

Shift with *EASE!*

CHANGE *NOW* TO
ALEMITE
WINTER
GEAR LUBRICANT

Drive in where you see this identifying sign

Alemite Winter Gear Lubricant gives you quiet operation—finger tip shifting. It abolishes repair bills!

Where to Get It

You will find Alemite Winter Gear Lubrication Service where you see the Alemite sign pictured here. Drive in and ask to have your car's gears protected against the rigors of winter driving. Know the safest, easiest, most satisfactory winter motoring you have ever experienced.

Alemite-ing For Chassis, Too

Remember that gear lubrication is but one part of the specialized lubrication service known as Alemite-ing. This far more satisfactory service means the use of the correct, scientifically developed Alemite Lubricant for each special lubrication need on your car: Alemite Winter Gear Lubricant for differential and transmission; a fibrous clinging lubricant for universal joints; other Alemite Lubricants for wheel bearings, steering gear, water pump, springs, shackles.

And each car is Alemite-ed according to its manufacturer's own specifications. Thus, not a point can be overlooked—later to cause wear and repairs.

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Drive in where you see the Alemite Sign. There you will get genuine Alemite-ing.

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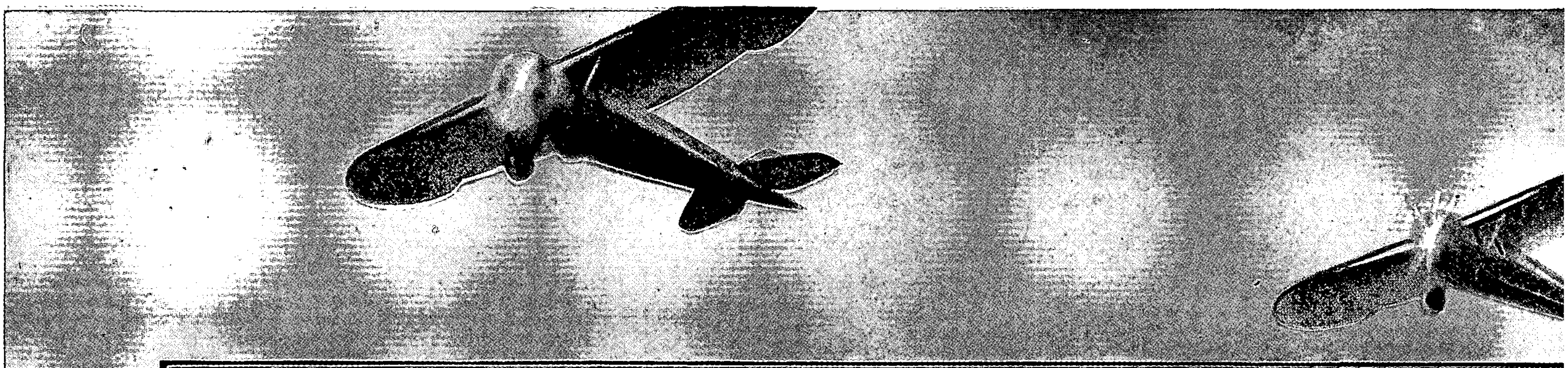


Of course women prefer them

—they're FRESH!

NOTHING in a cigarette has ever appealed to women so swiftly and truly as the fresh mildness of Camels in the Humidor Pack.

To the delicate feminine throat the suave, cool fragrance of this perfectly conditioned cigarette comes as a genuine and welcome boon.

Now women smokers as well as men are learning what a throat-friendly joy a fine cigarette in prime, factory-fresh condition can be!

Now they can relish the satisfaction of expertly blended fine Turkish and mild Domestic tobaccos free from the scratch-and-sting of parched and dusty dryness.

Camels in the Humidor Pack are just what good cigarettes should be—a superb blend of fine toba cos kept fine, no matter where or when yo buy them.

The scientific germ-safe wrapping—not pla ordinary Cellophane but *moisture-proof* Cellopha which costs nearly twice as much—seals in all t factory freshness and aroma, seals it so tightly th wet weather cannot make Camels damp, nor droug weather make them dry.

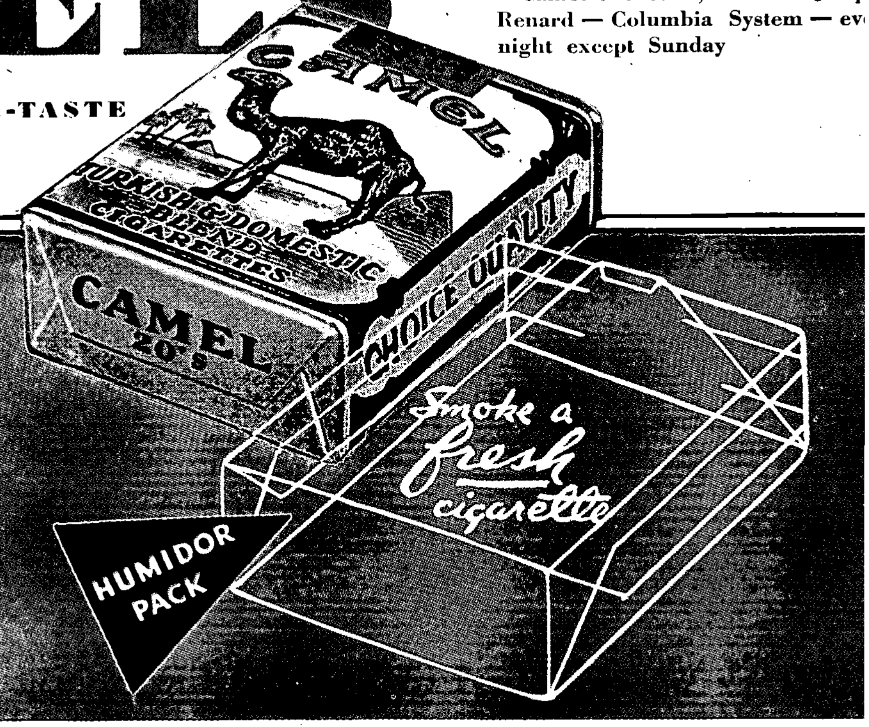
If your taste is jaded with the heat and sting hot-burning dried-out cigarettes, try cool, humid fresh Camels for a grateful change.

Give your throat a vacation—try Camels for ju one day; then quit them—if you can.

CAMELS

***Mild* . . NO CIGARETTY AFTER-TASTE**

● Tune in CAMEL QUARTER HOUR feat ing Morton Downey and Tony W —Camel Orchestra, direction Jacq Renard — Columbia System — ev night except Sunday



● *Don't remove the moisture-proof Cellophane from your package of Camels after you open it. The Humidor Pack is protection against perfume and powder odors, dust and germs. Even in offices and homes, in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked*

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Smoke a
FRESH
cigarette

NO FREEZE-FEAR THIS WINTER with RADIATOR GLYCERINE

NOW is the time to put in Glycerine! Here is the reason why: Once in, G.P.A. stays in your radiator until drained out next spring. Can't evaporate... even if there are warm days still ahead. No need waiting... no need taking a chance. When cold weather strikes, you will still be 100% protected against freeze-ups.

Uncertain anti-freezes are as out-of-date as acetylene headlights and solid tires. The trouble is that you never know when you are safe. Volatile anti-freezes evaporate between cold spells and when *too much* evaporates, it is just *too bad.* Glycerine can't evaporate, can't boil away. It's as permanent as your chassis. That means absolute safety—and freedom from worry and expense.

Another big advantage of G.P.A is that it is odorless—no unpleasant or dangerous fumes. Won't injure Duco or other finishes. Is non-poisonous, non-inflammable. Does not corrode or clog the cooling system. Allows more efficient operating temperatures than is possible with old-fashioned anti-freezes.

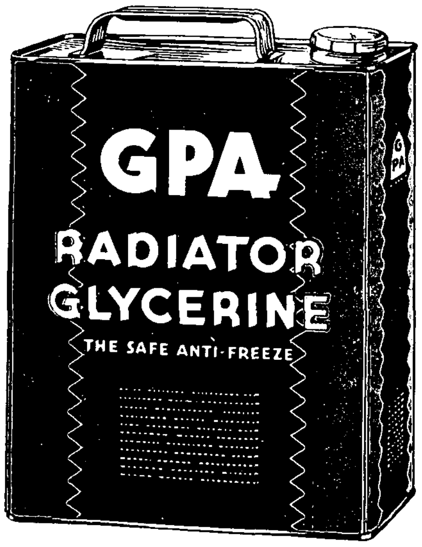
In fact, G.P.A. meets U. S. Bureau of Standards' requirements for an *ideal* anti-freeze. Carries the approval of the American Automobile Association. 1,600,000 motorists used Glycerine in their radiators last year.

You'd be willing to pay more money for such an anti-freeze as this, wouldn't you?—but in the long run you don't have to! It does cost more to begin with, but because your first cost is your last cost it's really the most economical anti-freeze you can buy.

Don't wait for colder weather. Drive by today and tell your garage man to service your car with genuine G.P.A. Radiator Glycerine. You'll be doing him a favor by getting in ahead of the last minute rush—and you'll be doing yourself a big favor, too!

THE ECONOMICAL *ANTI-FREEZE*

> > > ONE FILLING LASTS ALL WINTER



CONTEST BOARD AAA CERTIFIED TEST

G. P. A. is a uniform, standard anti-freeze produced *only* by members of Glycerine Producers' Association and guaranteed by them... Tested and approved by Contest Board, American Automobile Association.

Fill NOW with G.P.A.

PRODUCED ONLY BY MEMBERS OF GLYCERINE PRODUCERS' ASSOCIATION, 45 E. 17TH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Millionaires' Playground

Continued from page 15

He drew out of his desk a large black book and opened it. There were many columns of figures relating to the operation of the hotel. Most of them were in red ink. Atwood took pencil and paper and figured. He checked his figures twice. Then he nodded to Tommy. "It can be done," he said. . . .

"Fry," said Atwood, when the head of the operating company had taken a seat across the table, beside A. M. Barnes, the steamship man, "Mr. Dick, here, has an idea that may help us to break even on the Majestic this season. Here's the plan—"

"Why not," said Barnes, "let Mr. Dick tell it in his own way? He tells it very well."

"Of course," Atwood agreed. "Go ahead, Mr. Dick."

"Right!" said Tommy. "Mr. Fry, you're having a tough season. Hotels are empty and beaches are bare. You've got a millionaires' playground in times when there aren't any playful millionaires." He glanced at a sheet of paper that he held in his hand. "According to a pretty good guesser your daily overhead, interest and taxes are around eight thousand and you're taking in less than three thousand five hundred. Now here's my plan. Cut your rate and fill those eight hundred rooms of yours with, say, twelve hundred people and if each one spends an average of ten dollars a day you'll take in twelve thousand dollars a day. Instead of throwing in the golf and the horses and the tennis, charge a reasonable fee. Make no charge for bathing, of course, but if guests want private cabanas, let them pay for them."

"It's absurd," said Fry.

"We'd break even," said Atwood.

FRY leaped to his feet. "You'd make the Florida-Majestic the laughingstock of the whole hotel world. You'd lower its reputation so that when business gets better and the spenders begin to come, they'd keep away from us because by that time we'd be known as a home for stenographers and shipping clerks."

"By that time, Fry," said Atwood, "there won't be any Florida-Majestic, as far as we are concerned. We'll be busted."

"I don't think, Mr. Fry," Tommy continued, "that you'll be troubled so much by stenographers and shipping clerks. You'll get the substantial middle-class families—they're the only ones who have money these days. And you won't cut your rates in too public a manner. Mr. Barnes comes into it there."

"You see, Fry," said Barnes, "my company will carry the load. We'll sell a cruise to the Florida-Majestic—from New York to Miami by boat, to your hotel in busses. One price will cover a week at the Majestic and the boat trip down and back. At the American-plan rate that Atwood and I have discussed, we can sell the whole cruise for one hundred and eighty dollars, minimum. For those who want better staterooms and better accommodations at the Majestic, the rate would go as high as five hundred dollars."

"What would we get?" Fry asked.

"Forty per cent," said Barnes.

"Good Lord!" Fry breathed. It was sacrilege! "A week at the Florida-Majestic for"—he figured the forty per cent—"seventy-two dollars!"

Barnes nodded.

"And we'll pay for the advertising and furnish the busses."

"We'd lose more money than we're losing now!" Fry began to write down figures and to add and subtract. "Look," he said finally. "This proves it. Look at the employees we'd have to add, and the cost of food and laundry and wear and tear. The more guests we had, the more money we'd lose."

"I don't believe it," said Tommy.

"Let's see the figures," said Atwood.

"You must be wrong," Barnes insisted.

"Let me explain," said Fry, with a triumphant glance at Tommy.

Fifteen minutes later Tommy rose.

Atwood looked up at him, and shook his head. "I'm sorry, Mr. Dick," he said, "but Fry's figures seem to be convincing."

"Kinda looks that way," Barnes admitted. "And if we raised the rate, we wouldn't get the business. Great idea, Mr. Dick. But I guess it won't work."

"I don't believe it," said Tommy, pounding a fist on the table. "It *will* work." It *had* to work! If it didn't, Tommy Dick wouldn't be able to marry Marjorie Manning! "Please give me time to think this over—and to get a little more information."

"There's not much time left, Mr. Dick," said Atwood. "Spring is coming."

"I'll be here at ten o'clock tomorrow morning," said Tommy.

"All right," said Atwood, with no enthusiasm. "So will we." . . .

"You have a lot of expensive hangers-on," Tommy continued, "who were brought down only for publicity purposes—your golf pro, your two expensive swimming teachers, who are getting big money just because they wear a lot of medals. You're paying twice as much as you should for your orchestra. There are two contract bridge instructors and one backgammon teacher. Clean 'em out! Waiters, bellboys, porters and chambermaids these days will work for nothing—if the hotel's filled. Now look—here's the whole thing, figured out."

"It can't be done," said Fry, after a while.

"We'll do it," said Atwood.

"O. K.," said Barnes.

"THANK you, gentlemen," said Tommy. "Good morning."

"Hey, wait!" said Atwood. "What do you want out of this?"

"Oh, gee, I almost forgot!" said Tommy. "I want a room for two, for the entire month of March, *with* meals, for four hundred dollars. That," said Tommy, "is what this is all about!"

GRAHAM HUNTER

"Quick, Winthrop! The color filter!" *Graham Hunter*

When Tommy reached his office in Winterbloom, Judge Dolliver had gone. On Tommy's desk was a telegram. He tore it open quickly. It was from Marjorie, in answer to his:

NOTHING BUT FLORIDA-MAJESTIC WILL DO LOVE.

"She's right," said Tommy. "Nothing but the Florida-Majestic is good enough for *our* honeymoon. And Sugar Pie," he addressed the photograph on his desk, "we're going to get there!"

He got Miss Laurel Waterson on the telephone and told her he'd like to see her that evening and she said she'd like to see him, too, so Judge Dolliver's car wasn't in its garage until nearly midnight. . . .

TOMMY was on his feet, facing Atwood, Barnes and Fry. He referred to his notes.

"All you have to do," he said, "is to clean house. Fire your manager, your assistant manager, and all the assistants-to-the-assistants. They're no good anyway. Get rid of all the clerks—oust that entire high-salaried bunch that Mr. Fry brought down from those expensive Adirondack resorts."

"But—" Fry exploded. "But you can't conduct a hotel properly without men of that caliber. They *must* be paid high salaries! They can't be replaced!"

"I can replace them for you," Barnes drawled. "Miami's full of good hotel men out of jobs."

Atwood looked at Tommy queerly. "Is *that* all?" he asked doubtfully.

"No," said Tommy. "I want the salary of Miss Laurel Waterson, the telegraph girl, doubled. Whether you do it, or the telegraph company does it, I don't care."

"O. K.," said Atwood. "I'll do better. The room is yours for nothing—with meals. And Miss Waterson's salary goes up today."

"Thank you very much," said Tommy.

"And you—" Atwood said, "didn't you say you were a lawyer?"

"Yes, sir," said Tommy.

"Well, you're on a retainer of one hundred dollars a week as long as the hotel stays open. We may need your advice now and then."

In the next few weeks Tommy Dick found much to take him to the Florida-Majestic. The new manager consulted him often. And before making definite answers, Tommy usually took time out to talk things over with Laurel Waterson at the telegraph desk.

One morning, late in February, he stood beside her desk, in a new Florida-Majestic. The lobby was crowded with men and their wives and their children —no millionaires, just ordinary, nice genial people having a swell time at a reasonable cost. The cruise idea was a tremendous success. The Florida-Majestic was making money.

Next week Tommy Dick was going to New York to marry Marjorie Manning. Today he was going to reserve the room.

"All set?" Laurel asked him.

"All set," said Tommy, and in spite of himself there was a lump in his throat. He didn't know why. "Got a letter this morning—" he caught his breath and reached into his pocket. "That's funny," he said. What on earth had happened to him? The letter had arrived just as he was leaving his office for the Florida-Majestic. He realized now that he had stuck it in his pocket without reading it. He took it out and tore off an end of the envelope. "I'll see how things are going," he said.

Dear Tommy [he read]:

It is difficult for me to write this letter. I don't know how to begin. First: I have lost my enthusiasm for the Florida-Majestic. It has become rather common. The newspapers are full of advertisements offering cheap cruises which include a week there and I'm afraid I don't want a honeymoon at all. . . . I have met a young man who . . . I'm awfully sorry but . . . you'll understand, I am sure . . . I know you won't be broken up . . . Florida is full of nice girls and you'll find one who . . . So let's just call it all off and still be good friends. . . .

Tommy had been sitting on the beach for an hour, thinking.

"Florida is full of nice girls," he repeated from Marjorie's letter. He began to take an interest in the girls on the beach. Finally he spied one, just coming from the hotel, in a little yellow bathing suit and he leaped to his feet and ran to her.

He seized her hand. "Laurel," he said, out of breath, "will you marry me?"

"Of course," she stated.

He held her hand in both of his. "Oh, honey, honey, you're wonderful. I had a letter from Marjorie and—"

"I knew you would," she said.

HE STEPPED back. "How did you know?" he demanded.

She shrugged her shoulders and smiled. "Girls know," she said.

"When'll we be married?" He put his hands on her shoulders. "Right away?"

Her eyes twinkled as she looked up at him and nodded.

"Come on," he said, "there's Mr. Edwards." He pulled her across the beach to a chair where sat Mr. Edwards, the new manager of the Florida-Majestic.

"Mr. Edwards," Tommy began, "we're going to be married."

Mr. Edwards rose. "Bless you, my children," he smiled.

"And we want a suite for a month for our honeymoon."

"Tommy!" Laurel spoke sharply.

"Please don't interrupt me, honey, this is important."

"Tommy," she said severely, "if you insist upon a honeymoon at the Florida-Majestic I will not marry you. Absolutely! Positively! That bungalow of yours down at Winterbloom—that," she stated, "or nothing!"

"Honest?" he cried.

She nodded. "I hate hotels."

"Oh, honey, honey," he cried, "so do I." He grabbed her in his arms.

A month before, he could have kissed her on the beach and not a soul would have seen them. But now—thanks to the Tommy Dick plan—a thousand eyes were upon them.

Mr. Edwards held up an assuring hand to the multitude.

"'Sall right," he called, "'sall right. She just promised to marry him. That's one of the new rules of the hotel. 'Sall right to kiss a girl who's just promised to marry you."

In three different spots on the beach three young men promptly kissed the girls who sat beside them.

MISCHA VIOLIN, Conductor, *and* JOHN S. YOUNG, Radio Announcer, Check over the Ballots

Every radio competing in this tone-test was the large console model of its manufacturer. The G-E set had no tube advantage—other sets had as many, or more, tubes. All sets were current models, bought from dealers' stocks.

Previous to the tone-test, an independent, non-partisan service man checked over all sets and pronounced them in good working order.

Here was the final vote, as checked by Mischa Violin, Conductor of the Roxy Orchestra, and John S. Young, Radio Announcer.

General Electric	40
Radio "A"	1
Radio "B"	0
Radio "C"	0

Roxy Orchestra HEARS 4 RADIOS,

Tone-test before well-known musicians *results in sweeping victory for General Electric Radio*

The brilliant orchestra of the Roxy Theatre, known to radio listeners from coast to coast, formed the latest audience for General Electric's convincing tone-test!

Four famous radios contested for the vote of these musically-trained ears. And no competition could have been fairer, since no trade names were mentioned and all sets were completely concealed by a screen.

One by one, the four invisible radios were played. The Roxy musicians listened, compared, voted—voted not for a name, but for a number! And the winning radio—the radio whose true, brilliant tone captured 40 out of 41 votes—was the General Electric!

"Better tone?" Any radio can claim it. But here is proof! Proof from forty keen musical ears. Proof you can check for yourself.

You have heard many radios. Now hear the new sets by General Electric—and *believe your own ears!*

No one will need to tell you that here is a radio which accurately and honestly mirrors the original studio performance. A radio that captures every shading of tone color and brilliance, and delivers it undamaged to your ears. Close your eyes, and you will find it hard to realize that the performers are not actually there before you, in the same room.

Turn the control. Notice how stations are tuned in and out almost within the width of a pencil mark on the dial. There is no receiving one program against an annoying background of another. And you get *many* stations—far and near.

Go now to a G-E Radio dealer and

GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO

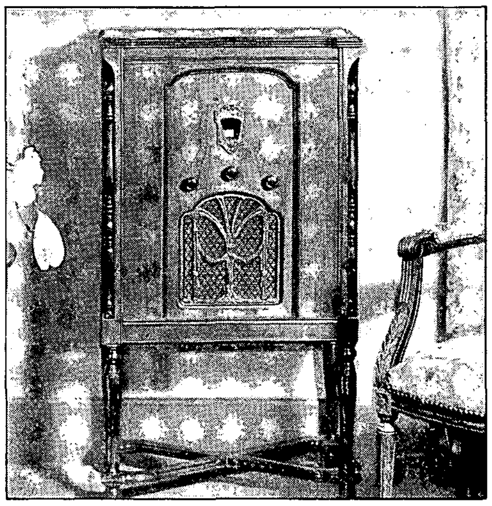
BELIEVE YOUR OWN EARS!
NBC

PICKS G-E BY 40 TO 1 VOTE

hear the many G-E sets. Ask about the Certified Inspection Plan. You can purchase a General Electric radio within your budget, for prices step gradually from $37.50 for a G-E Midget to $345 for the Automatic Radio-Phonograph Combination—*and every price includes tubes*.

SEND FOR IT! Don't fail to write Section R-2710A, General Electric Co., Merchandise Dept., Bridgeport, Conn., for free copy of booklet "Believe Your Own Ears". An authoritative discussion of what radio reception is doing to our appreciation of music and what G-E has done for radio.

● Of special interest to women—join the G-E Circle—on the air every week-day (except Saturday) at noon E.S.T.

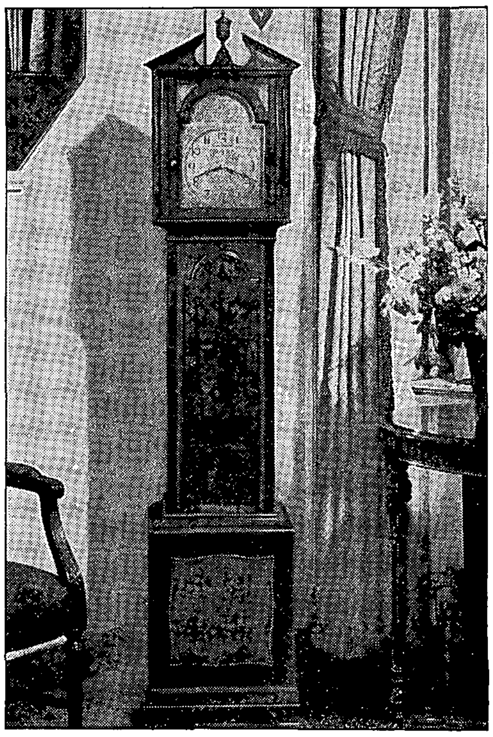


G-E JUNIOR CONSOLE

A smart, compact G-E console that takes up little room. Brilliant 8-tube superheterodyne. Full-size dynamic speaker. Handsome walnut cabinet. Price, *complete with tubes*, $89.50.

●

When wiring or re-wiring your home, specify the G-E Wiring System. It provides adequate outlets, conveniently controlled, and G-E materials throughout.



GEORGIAN GRANDFATHER CLOCK-RADIO

New 9-tube superheterodyne. Pentode push-pull output. High selectivity and sensitivity. Improved automatic volume control, which eliminates undesirable noises between stations. The cabinet is an authentic copy of an Eighteenth Century Grandfather Clock. Clock is electric—a perfect timekeeper. Case of finest mahogany. Price, *complete with tubes*, $179.00.

FULL RANGE PERFORMANCE

---

for Shaving without Brush or Lather
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MOLLÉ
MŌ-LAY
HEALING SOOTHING ANTISEPTIC Shaving Cream
MADE SOLELY BY THE MOLLÉ CO. BEDFORD, O. U.S.A.
MADE IN U.S.A.
READ DIRECTIONS
MOLLÉ MŌ-LAY HEALING

Good News!

MOLLÉ can be had in three sizes—the original giant 50c tube; in 75c jars containing twice as much as the 50c tube; and in the convenient *traveler's size*, 30c tube.

Read below, our unusual offer.

(*Actual size 50c tube*)

The *best shave* in your life . . . . or ½ this giant tube FREE

ONCE you use MOLLÉ, you will shave with it all your life. We are so sure of this fact that we now present what we believe to be the most unusual offer ever made by a shaving cream manufacturer.

Buy a tube or a jar of MOLLÉ at any drug store. Use ONE-HALF the entire amount. If then you are not convinced that MOLLÉ is the best shaving preparation you ever put on your face, return the balance to us and we will refund the entire purchase price.

How can *we* afford to make this nation-wide free offer if MOLLÉ is not THE BEST? How can *you* afford to overlook this convenient and inexpensive way of getting acquainted with a truly revolutionary product . . . a modern shaving cream now used daily by nearly two million men?

That "Delightful After-Feel"

MOLLÉ is giving men quicker, cleaner, and closer shaves. MOLLÉ softens the toughest beard thoroly and quickly. It holds the hairs erect, so that your razor cuts them squarely at the base. MOLLÉ forms a thin lubricant over the skin, allowing your razor to glide, and not jump. Razor-smart and burn are ended.

But best of all is the *after-feel*. Your face feels comfortable and refreshed to a degree that is positively indescribable. No balms, no lotions, are needed, since MOLLÉ is not a soap, but an emollient . . . a soothing, healing preparation in itself.

Give your face a treat . . . get a tube or jar of MOLLÉ today at any drug store. And remember, we pay the cost if MOLLÉ doesn't win "hands down."

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY, BEDFORD, OHIO

SIMPLICITY ITSELF!

No lather to work up. No brush to bother with or clean up afterward. You merely wash your face with soap and water. Then while face is damp, gently rub MOLLÉ *with finger-tips over the beard. Then shave. No* AFTER-LOTIONS *needed. Simplicity itself!*

THROW AWAY YOUR BRUSH

MOLLÉ PRONOUNCED MŌ-LAY

FOR QUICK EASY SHAVING

Stubborn Leader

Continued from page 19

managed to get together enough money to buy a volume of Ovid—and now and then he would delve eagerly into a Greek grammar. Laboriously, little by little, he would decipher the strange sentences in these books—thanks to the kindly village priest who, hearing of young Pierre's thirst for education, had taught him the rudiments of the two classic languages.

Such industry could hardly go unrewarded. Pierre Laval, butcher's apprentice, soon found himself a pupil in what would be in the United States a high school. Then he became a schoolmaster. After his classes had been dismissed he would pore far into the night over law books, for he had set his heart on becoming a lawyer.

Socialistic Wild Oats

Finally, his ambition realized, he shook the dust of Auvergne from his feet and arrived in Paris, bent on making his fortune.

There he had the usual hard struggle of the country boy in the great city.

It was now that he turned to Socialism. And, since the Law proved cold to his wooing, he became a journalist, joining the staff of *Le Matin*, one of the most important of the Paris daily newspapers.

Politics, too, began to beckon him. He started making political speeches, upholding the glories of Socialism to audiences mostly composed of working people, in suburbs inhabited by the Parisian proletariat. He settled down at Aubervilliers, a typical proletarian suburb. And—as if in unconscious homage to his Auvergnat self—he bought a little farm. To that farm he has flown ever since, like a homing pigeon, whenever journalistic or political duties have allowed him respite.

A few months before the outbreak of the World War in 1914, Laval was elected to the French Chamber of Deputies. Socialist votes elected him; it was as a Socialist member from the district of Aubervilliers that he was enrolled in the legislature of France. Hardly had he taken his seat when war killed all opportunity for the young Auvergnat to display political talents. War put a quietus on his Socialistic beliefs until such time as the menace to the very existence of *la patrie* should again permit him to enunciate them.

Pierre Laval's Socialism, however, survived the war for a short time. He sought reëlection to the French Chamber in 1919. But he was defeated. Defeat threw him back upon the practice of law, upon journalism, upon Socialistic speech-making and propaganda. But the combination of war-time disillusionment and Auvergnat blood was working havoc with his Socialistic beliefs—at best, as has been pointed out, a sort of manifestation of youthful wild oats, doomed, like most such manifestations, to extinction when exposed to the onslaughts of heredity and middle age and that most potent of all sedatives, the way your next-door neighbors think and act.

When Pierre Laval got himself reëlected to the Chamber of Deputies, in 1924, he was another man. "I am an independent Socialist," he said, but those who understood realized that neither the adjective nor the noun fitted him.

He took a big step upward politically when he became a member of the Painlevé Cabinet in 1925, as Minister of Public Works. And now he began to imbibe political doctrine and assume political shape and substance as a disciple of two veteran French statesmen, hardened to ups and downs, curiously resilient in the face of defeat: Joseph Caillaux and Aristide Briand. To the latter, especially, Pierre Laval owes invaluable lessons; to Briand who, like himself, has eventually found the doctrines of Socialism unpalatable. In January, 1926, Briand, swept into the French premiership, made Laval Minister of Justice and vice president of the Council. Soon afterward, Laval's other mentor, Caillaux, became Minister of Finance. Good days these, for the ambitious Auvergnat, especially since he was rapidly becoming known as the right-hand man of that old fox of French politics, Aristide Briand.

Shortly afterward Laval became Minister of Justice. Then he was made a member of the French Senate—in 1927. Then he was appointed Minister of Labor in the Cabinet of Premier André Tardieu. In that post he distinguished himself for two things, one significant in the eyes of Frenchmen, the other in those of Americans. He secured the passage of a Social Insurance Act which, judged by old-time French standards, was positively revolutionary, and he introduced, into the offices of the ministry over which he presided, that very un-French and very American contrivance, the typewriter! Hitherto, every document emanating from the Ministry of Justice in Paris had been laboriously written in longhand.

By this time people in France were beginning to focus their gaze upon him. He was becoming that intangible thing, "a coming man." So there was comparatively little surprise in his native land—though considerable wonder and inquiry abroad—when, following the fall of the Steeg ministry last January, Laval emerged as the head of a new French government. Momentary interest soon died down. Not until he stood forth last June as the champion of France in the negotiations following the Hoover proposal did Pierre Laval emerge into the limelight as an international figure. Not until then did Americans ask: "Who is he? What is he?"

Behind That White Tie

Pierre Laval is neither tall nor short. He is so dark that his complexion has recalled the old legend that there is a strain of Moorish blood in the Auvergnats. He is suave. He is modest. In him is none of that grandiloquent eloquence which has made the political fortune of so many French politicians. He is a man of few but forceful words. He relies on persuasion, on heart-to-heart informal talks, for overruling adversaries and winning points in the political game, rather than on the magnificent rhetoric which has frequently enraptured French audiences and fashioned French history.

Laval is well poised. Even in the most trying moments he keeps his temper. During his talks with the representatives of Germany and America and Britain, in the days of the German financial crisis of last summer, he showed a calm which one associates more with Anglo-Saxons than with Latins. And he showed a firmness, a tendency to revert, despite everything, to what he deemed the irreducible minimum of demands consistent with French security, which constantly betrayed the essential Auvergnat within him.

Like André Tardieu, Pierre Laval believes in the emancipation of French

(*Continued on page 38*)

REACH FOR YOUR TELEPHONE AND

TAKE COMMAND

You need only pick up your telephone to control millions of dollars' worth of property . . . a thousand yards or a thousand miles of wire . . . five thousand or five million dollars' worth of equipment . . . a few or many of the Bell System's hundreds of thousands of trained workers.

What you get from your telephone depends on your wish of this or any moment.

Few things you buy can so exactly fit your needs. Telephone service is made to your order for each call . . . and the telephone becomes an extension of your voice and personality for whatever purpose you choose. All of the System's plant and equipment is of interest to you, for you cannot be sure which of the 20 million interconnecting telephones in this country you may need to reach.

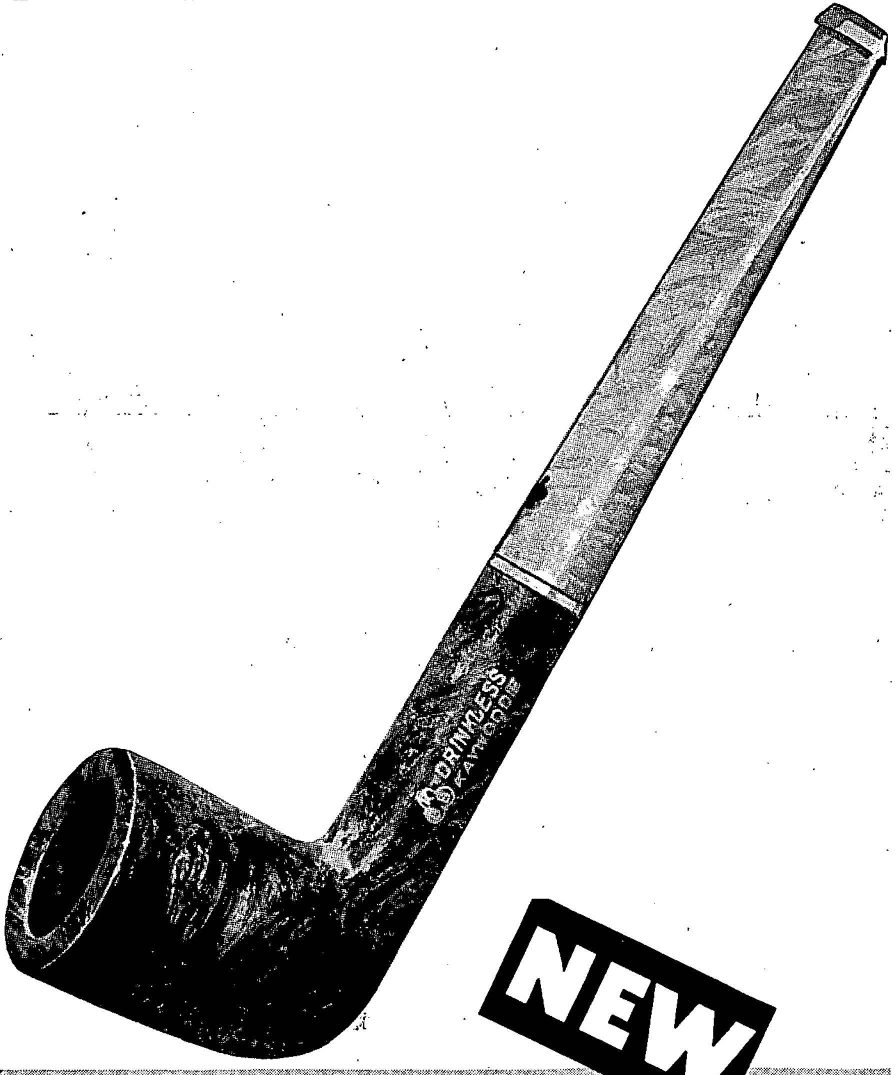
The Bell System provides a constantly improving service at the least cost consistent with financial safety. This means that it pays only reasonable regular dividends and devotes all earnings beyond that to the extension and improvement of the service.

This has been the practice for half a century, with the result that the public has doubled its use of Bell telephones in the last ten years.

The money you pay to your telephone company brings you steadily increasing value.

★ *AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY* ★

NOW EVERY MAN CAN SMOKE A PIPE

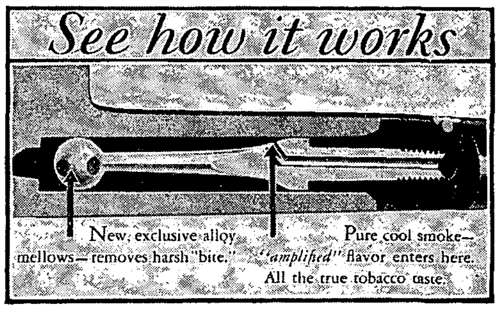


Drinkless
KAYWOODIE

mellows your smoke... no other pipe does it

Completely different from any other pipe, past or present. New, exclusive alloy now cools your smoke, removes harsh "bite." And amplifies the true tobacco flavor. *This great discovery does to your pipe-smoke what the modern refrigerator does to your food.* Years of work in our own laboratory and tests by a great University made it possible. Beware of imitations, all genuine pipes stamped "Drinkless."

Above, No. 24, Ambera bit and Synchro-stem $3.50, Thorn $4.00.


See how it works
New, exclusive alloy mellows—removes harsh "bite."
Pure cool smoke—"amplified" flavor enters here. All the true tobacco taste.

And for cigarette smokers: *New* Tobacco Yello holder

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Stubborn Leader

Continued from page 36

statesmanship from formal attire. He has no use for a high hat. If at all possible, he wears a sack suit—like Tardieu. And, no matter what his coat or hat or trousers may be, he always wears a white tie. Pierre Laval's white tie has become famous in France. It seems as much a part of the man as Mussolini's frown and General Dawes' pipe.

He has always been distinguished for his generosity, his finesse in dealing with difficult problems, also for the determination which he can inject into his acts.

These qualities have come to the fore frequently during his career—as, for example, in his handling of the Alsace-Lorraine question in 1925, when it was particularly ticklish. His ability to get along with opponents was put to the test that same year, when, as Minister of Public Works, he prevented a miners' strike which might have had most serious consequences.

A True Auvergnat

Laval knows how to make friends. On the eve of his becoming premier, the newspaper men of Paris had to spend weary hours waiting to see whether he would be appointed or not. Eventually it was past midnight—and still they waited, cross and hungry.

Suddenly doors were flung open, attendants appeared with big trays of sandwiches and glasses of beer. These were handed around to the scribes.

"With the compliments of M. Pierre Laval," said the attendants.

And, when Laval was conferring with Brüning in Paris, the newspaper men again sat about wearily, and again their supper hour came and went, and again they grumbled, in a hungry squad. And again the doors opened and the welcome trays and glasses appeared. "With the compliments of the President of the Council of Ministers, M. Pierre Laval." That may have had something to do with the excellent "press" which the French premier had during those days of arduous debate with the visiting German chancellor.

When that debate was about to begin there were Frenchmen who worried about Pierre Laval. He was without experience as an international statesman, they reflected—yet here he was, forced to be France's spokesman in one of the most difficult international crises ever known in Europe! Would he be equal to it? Would that astute German, Brüning, get the better of him?—or those clever Americans and Englishmen? One veteran French statesman—none other than Jules Cambon, now an octogenarian, who was French ambassador years ago in Washington and who held the same post in Berlin when the war broke out—got so apprehensive that he hobbled into Paris and made searching inquiries of old cronies concerning Laval.

"Does he know German?" asked Cambon.

"No."

"English?"

"No."

"Anything except French?"

"Well—he speaks his native Auvergnat dialect."

Old Cambon heaved a sigh of intense relief.

"If Laval is an Auvergnat," he said, "there is not a German or an Englishman or an American living who can get ahead of him!"

When Laval emerged suddenly this summer as the spokesman of France against Germany, Auvergne had nothing to fear. In the firmness of his advocacy of conditions inflexibly and uncompromisingly French, he spoke for Paris only in so far as Paris is the reflection, through a many-hued prismatic lens, of provincial France—sober, thrifty, sturdy, stubborn, unchanging, immovable.

Lost deep in the past was Pierre Laval's Socialism. His wild oats had long since been sown and reaped. Nationalism had wrapped itself about him. Behind his words was the spirit of provincial lawyers and doctors, of petty officials, of bourgeois descended from bourgeois grandfathers, of hewers of wood and drawers of water in constant touch with the earth.

As France's spokesman, Laval puts into his every word the essence of the background out of which he has sprung. Basic, dyed-in-the-wool, uncompromising France—unchanging, immovable Auvergne—rumble, like a bass accompaniment, in his speeches. Only by visualizing this background is it possible to understand how he can have developed into an advocate of the doctrine of French "security," at its strongest. Only by thinking of Pierre Laval as a prodigal son, returned, after futile wanderings, to the parental roof, can one grasp the logic of his spiritual and political development.

Security, to an Auvergnat, means something that keeps his crops untrampled and his home unburned. Germany, to him, is the main potential trampler of his crops and burner of his home. In order to insure security, Germany must be rendered permanently incapable of sending soldiers into France to trample crops and burn homes. What the effect of such a policy may be, in the long run, upon Germany and the rest of the world, does not concern the Auvergnat. In considering his belief (and it is that of the average Frenchman close to the soil) it is useless to argue whether it is right or wrong. The question is: can the average Frenchman translate his beliefs into political reality? He is confident that he can; and men like Pierre Laval are the trustees of that confidence.

A Diplomatic Duel

The complication, in Laval's case, is that he believes friendly Franco-German relations essential to the welfare of France. Already he has shown signs of wishing to emulate Briand as a diminisher of Franco-German hate—just as Brüning, the man of the German political team playing opposite Laval, has shown the desire to imitate Stresemann in the same way.

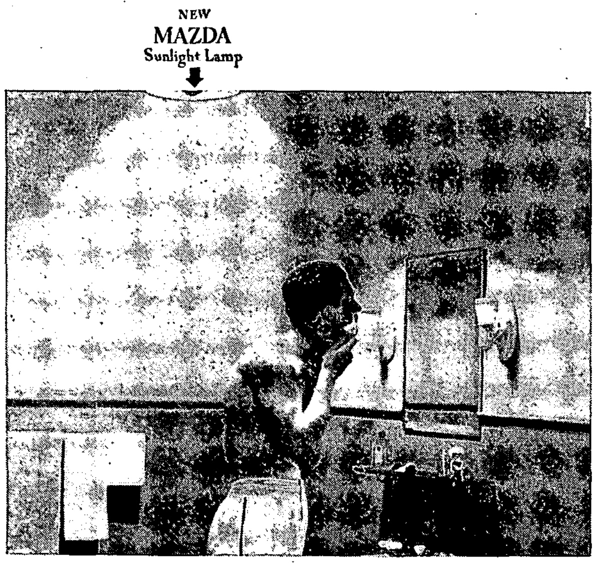
"I wish to be the prime minister of good-will," said Brüning, when he was conferring with Laval in Paris. "I wish there were more Germans like Brüning," said Laval.

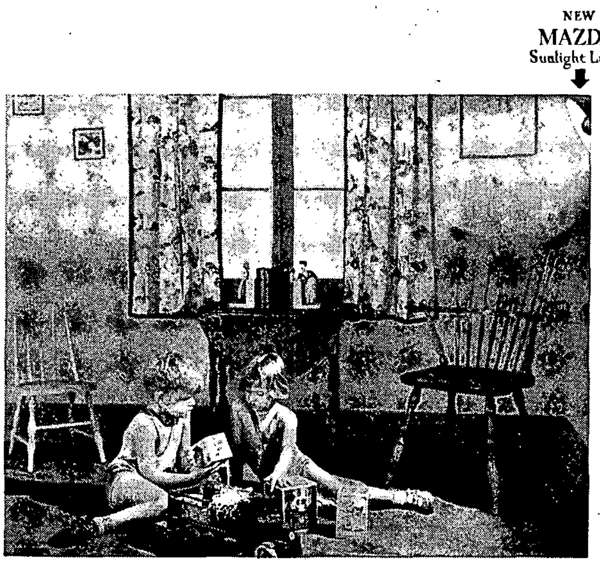
Can Chancellor Brüning, now in Stresemann's shoes, bring back something resembling the spirit of Locarno? Can Premier Laval, successor to Briand, work improvement in the present embitterment of Franco-German relations? *On the answers to those questions may* depend whether Europe is headed toward peace or war.

Behind moderation of manner, Brüning conceals basic firmness. Behind firmness of manner, Laval conceals basic moderation. Brüning is the iron hand in the velvet glove, Laval the velvet hand in the iron glove. Which may well be a good thing for the cause of international conciliation in Europe.

Ultra-Violet Light *for Every* Home

and for Offices, Hospitals, Gymnasiums, Hotels, Solariums, Swimming Pools, Indoor Playgrounds





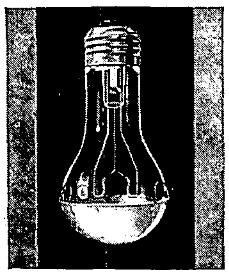
NEW
MAZDA
Sunlight Lamp

Leading Manufacturers offer special fixtures at *half* previous prices

N*ew* M*azda* S*unlight* L*amp* uses 60% Less Current

SHAVE or bathe in artificial sunlight—turn the nursery into a sunny beach—read or play under good light that is rich in ultra-violet rays! With the advent of the New MAZDA Sunlight Lamp (Type S-2) and the wide variety of special fixtures necessary for its use, you can make sure that every member of your family is exposed every day to these rays that build vitamin-D in our bodies.

You may have a ceiling or wall fixture in bathroom, kitchen, or nursery, and attractive portable lamps in other rooms, at little more than the cost of good lighting alone.



THE NEW MAZDA SUNLIGHT LAMP (Type S-2)

This new MAZDA Sunlight Lamp yields an ample intensity of ultra-violet rays, yet it costs only an average of one and one-half cents per hour for current.

Ultra-violet rays are generated by a mercury vapor arc. Special glass in the bulb filters out harmful short waves.

Note: The MAZDA Sunlight Lamp (Type S-1), of which thousands are in use, is also available in new fixtures and for renewal purposes.

Some of these fixtures are offered at less than half last year's prices. And the New MAZDA Sunlight Lamp (Type S-2) not only costs less, but consumes far less current than any previous MAZDA Sunlight Lamp.

Children need ultra-violet for its aid in forming good teeth and strong bones, and these invisible rays play an important part in the maintenance of health of people of all ages.

With a ceiling or wall fixture in the bathroom, you can be sure that every member of the family will receive a daily exposure to ultra-violet radiation. For a quick tan you will naturally want to use a portable fixture which permits you to get nearer to the MAZDA Sunlight Lamp.

Look for these inexpensive fixtures at your local stores—make sure that your family will have the health-building benefits of ultra-violet throughout the coming winter.

TESTED AND
APPROVED

We have submitted one of these fixtures to the laboratories of the MAZDA lamp manufacturers. It has been tested and approved by them for illumination and ultraviolet effectiveness when used with the MAZDA Sunlight lamp.

LOOK FOR THIS EMBLEM

This emblem is attached to fixtures made by the manufacturers listed below. On this emblem the manufacturer states that he has submitted one of these fixtures to the laboratories of the Mazda Lamp manufacturers. It has been tested and approved by them for illumination and ultra-violet effectiveness when used with the MAZDA Sunlight Lamp. Look for this emblem when you buy fixtures for the use of the MAZDA Sunlight Lamp.

BEARDSLEE CHANDELIER MANUFACTURING CO.,
216 South Jefferson Street, Chicago, Illinois

BENJAMIN ELECTRIC MFG. CO.,
Des Plaines, Illinois

BRADY MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
565 East Larned Street, Detroit, Michigan

CURTIS LIGHTING, INCORPORATED,
1123 West Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Illinois

DOMINION ELECTRICAL MFG. CO.,
712 Ontario Avenue, W., Minneapolis, Minn.

THE FRINK CORPORATION,
23-10 Bridge Plaza South, Long Island City, N. Y.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY,
Merchandise Department, Bridgeport, Conn.

THE EDWIN F. GUTH COMPANY,
Jefferson and Washington Avenues, St. Louis, Mo.

HELTHMASTER SUN RAY LAMP COMPANY, 50 West North St., Indianapolis, Ind.

HOLOPHANE COMPANY, INC.,
342 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

THE KAYLINE COMPANY, 600 Huron Road,
Cleveland, Ohio

LIGHTOLIER COMPANY,
569-575 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

LUMINATOR, INC.,
851 Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

THE MILLER COMPANY, Meriden, Connecticut

MOE-BRIDGES COMPANY,
220 North Broadway, Milwaukee, Wis.

S. ROBERT SCHWARTZ & BRO.,
160 Varick Street, New York, N. Y.

THE F. W. WAKEFIELD BRASS CO.,
Vermilion, Ohio

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC AND MANUFACTURING CO., Edgewater Park, Cleveland, Ohio

MAIL THE COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

"Ultra-Violet for Everyone" is the title of a new illustrated booklet which tells the fascinating story of ultra-violet, describes the MAZDA Sunlight Lamps (Type S-1 and Type S-2) and illustrates some of the new inexpensive fixtures now available.

You may obtain this booklet by mailing the coupon to Ultra-Violet, 2121 Keith Building, Cleveland, Ohio. Any manufacturer listed here will gladly send you detailed information regarding the fixtures made by him.

ULTRA-VIOLET
for Everyone

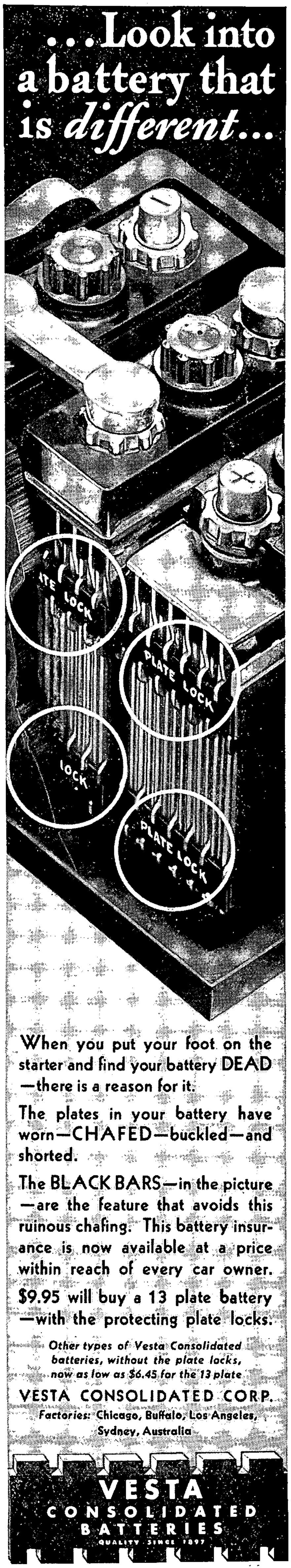
ULTRA-VIOLET,
2121 Keith Building, Cleveland, Ohio

Kindly send me, without charge, a copy of "Ultra-Violet for Everyone." (Please print name and address legibly.)

Name..

Street and Number...

City.. *State*........................



...Look into a battery that is *different*...

When you put your foot on the starter and find your battery DEAD—there is a reason for it.

The plates in your battery have worn—CHAFED—buckled—and shorted.

The BLACK BARS—in the picture—are the feature that avoids this ruinous chafing. This battery insurance is now available at a price within reach of every car owner. $9.95 will buy a 13 plate battery—with the protecting plate locks.

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VESTA
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The Man from Sing Sing

Continued from page 26

the name of 'The Silent Trust,' and I must say that, without any special efforts on our part, it seems to have gone on its way—er—er—fruitfully. When we received the intimation from you that, the time having arrived, you would be claiming your monies, we sold out of the Trust the stocks in which it was invested, and placed the money on deposit at the Bank of England.

"THE papers you are taking away with you, please examine at your leisure. You will find them all in order, but it would be a waste of your time to check them now. Here are the Bank of England receipts, showing that you will find deposited there to the credit of Reuben Argels the sum of one hundred and seventy-nine thousand pounds eighteen shillings and fourpence. The same amount stands to the credit of Andrew Pulwitter."

They accepted the papers which the lawyer gave them severally.

"It is an embarrassing thing, the possession of money these days," the Scotchman sighed.

"You will find plenty of people willing to relieve you of the responsibility," Mr. Bamford remarked, smiling.

"With regard to the other share," Argels ventured, "the share of Moran Chambers—"

"Mr. Moran Chambers drew his amount out at ten o'clock this morning," the lawyer announced. "He was the first of my three strange but welcome clients," he added, with a little bow, "whose acquaintance I had the pleasure of making."

There was a certain period of tense silence. Andrew Pulwitter half rose and was staring at the speaker, his face averted from his companion, but Reuben Argels was like a man stricken dumb. The color was ebbing from his cheeks. He seemed to be actually shrinking in his chair—a man visibly dying before the eyes of the onlookers. The lawyer glanced at him, at first in surprise; afterward with rapidly growing apprehension.

"Are you not well, Mr. Argels?" he asked sympathetically.

"Moran Chambers is dead," Reuben Argels declared, with the air of one reciting the words of a charm.

"According to our information, he died in Sing Sing prison a week or two ago," Andrew Pulwitter announced.

"I can assure you," Mr. Bamford insisted, "that the Mr. Moran Chambers to whom I paid a hundred and seventy-nine thousand pounds eighteen shillings and fourpence an hour or so ago was very much alive."

Argels being incapable of speech, Andrew Pulwitter asked the all-important question.

"How might you have identified this gentleman?" he inquired.

"The question of identification did not arise," Mr. Bamford explained. "We took over the business from our New York agents, after every legal protest we could think of. 'The Silent Trust' was so named, we were told, because you three had taken an oath never to divulge its existence to any other person. You will forgive my adding that the impression under which we were allowed to remain was that the source of the money rendered a certain amount of secrecy necessary.

"So long as you all kept that oath, there was no one except one of you three who could claim the money because there was no one who could know about it. I pointed out the utter childishness of such an arrangement in the eyes of the law, but without result. Our protests remain in the letter book for your inspection. You insisted upon having your own way, however, and I have only followed your instructions. The first of the three to give notice of his intention to claim his share was Mr. Moran Chambers. His was one of the three names, and naturally I paid over the money. You two gentlemen subsequently gave notice that you would be here on the appointed day, and you also have taken your money. 'The Silent Trust' is closed.

"A more unbusiness-like one I never heard of in my life, and if someone has impersonated Mr. Chambers and gone off with his share, the responsibility rests entirely with you gentlemen. I may say, we took care to be protected legally, in that contingency."

Argels found a voice of some sort, but it was a very different voice from any he had made use of during the last few weeks.

"What was he like, this man who called himself Moran Chambers?" he demanded.

"He was pleasant looking," Bamford confided. "Rather fair, with gray eyes, clean-shaven, slim, and the bearing of a gentleman. His voice, too, was quite agreeable. Perhaps you would like to examine his handwriting."

He placed a receipted document in front of the two men. Andrew Pulwitter adjusted his spectacles.

"Man, 'tis wonderful!" he declared. "What do you say, Mr. Argels?"

But it was more than an hour before Argels uttered another sound. He gazed for a moment in horrified fashion at that bold, characteristic signature. Then he fell forward upon the table, unconscious.

THE mists faded away before Argels' eyes upon utterly unexpected surroundings. He was lying partly dressed on the divan in the library of his own flat. His Harley Street physician, Sir Maurice Harter, who so seldom left his consulting-room, was standing by his side. Gascoigne, who had somehow or other the air of a madman, was standing in the background. The whole prospect seemed to be one of perturbation. The only person who appeared to have entirely retained composure was Violet Withers, who, cool and elegant as usual, was talking to the doctor. The latter, seeing him open his eyes, stepped forward and bent over him.

"You are feeling better, Mr. Argels?" he asked. "Try to pull yourself together."

Argels raised himself a little upon the couch. He was really feeling very ill.

"You must make an effort," the physician insisted. "You are in quite good health, and there is nothing of which you need be afraid."

Argels groaned once more, but he did his best to respond to the doctor's admonition. He lifted himself up and slid around into a sitting posture.

"I am sorry," he muttered. "It is some ridiculous story or other which upset me. The funny part of it is that I can't remember now what it was. What are you doing up here, Gascoigne?"

"I came to see you, sir," the man replied. "I've been waiting for an hour."

"How is the market?"

"Not good, sir. I wanted to talk to you on business."

"Go ahead then," Argels invited. "You can speak before Miss Withers and Sir Maurice."

"The Southern Bank's been troublesome," Gascoigne announced. "They want fifty thousand pounds, or they threaten to push the whole of our holding of shares which they have as collateral on to the market."

"Fifty thousand pounds," Argels echoed weakly. "Why, that's what I promised the United Bank this morning."

GASCOIGNE looked across at his employer in dazed fashion. The physician rose to his feet and took his leave. It was Violet who rang the bell for a servant, and walked to the door with him. Argels rose to his feet a little unsteadily.

"What time is it?" he inquired.

"It's three o'clock, sir," Gascoigne told him. "Mr. Pulwitter seems to have brought you back here just before one. He rang us up at the office. You weren't exactly unconscious," he said, "but you were queer."

"I remember," Argels reflected. "Yes, I remember. I'd been to Bamford's with him, to close 'The Silent Trust.'"

They both looked at him anxiously. To them it sounded like delirium.

"'The Silent Trust'," Violet repeated. "I don't recollect ever hearing about that."

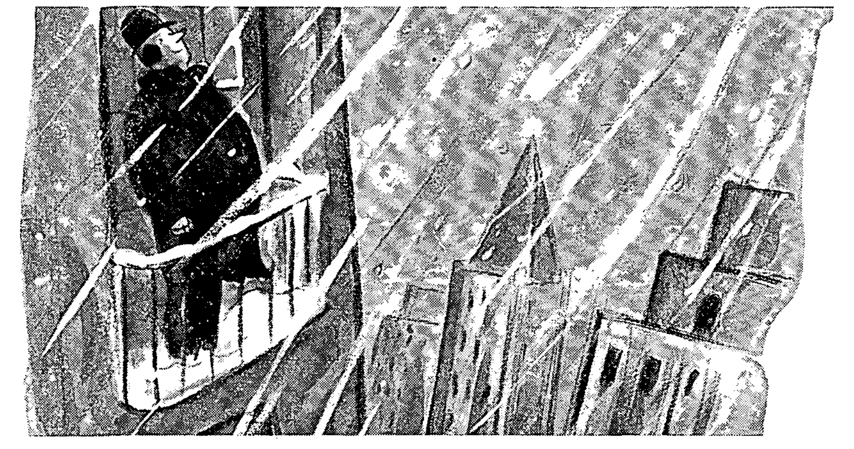
"Nor I," Gascoigne echoed.

"There are some details of my business," Argels went on, with a feeble attempt at grandiloquence, "which I keep to myself. Mr. Bamford, the lawyer, told me a stupid story. That's what gave me a fit of nerves. Do you know what he told me?"

"I have no idea, sir," Gascoigne replied miserably, his eyes straying continually towards the clock.

"Do you know?" Argels continued, turning to Violet.

(Continued on page 42)



"Gee, this is great being out in an old-fashioned snowstorm!"

George Shellhase

Truer than ever *today*

. . . . . . the man who drives a Hupmobile has driven the best bargain since cars were bought and sold.

See your Hupmobile Dealer — today! — for the LATEST details on Hupmobile BARGAINS

HUPMOBILE

SIXES & EIGHTS — FREE-WHEELING AT NO EXTRA COST

The Man from Sing Sing

Continued from page 40

"How should I?" she expostulated. "Of course I don't."

"They told me," he confided, "that Moran Chambers—oh, I know it's absurd, but listen—they told me that Moran Chambers was alive!"

"Moran Chambers alive?" Gascoigne repeated incredulously.

ARGELS glanced towards Violet. She was very still and cold, but she said nothing.

All the time, the telephone in a distant corner of the room was ringing, and Gascoigne was vainly endeavoring to deal with the repeated messages. At last he laid down the receiver and came across the room.

"Mr. Argels," he begged, "serious things are happening. Can you make an effort to pull yourself together?"

"What is it you want, Gascoigne?" Argels asked, a thin note of petulance in his tone.

"You saw Lord Porlester and Sir Edward this morning."

"I arranged," Argels meditated—"what was it I arranged? Oh, I know. I arranged to let them have fifty thousand pounds' cash this afternoon or tomorrow morning, and they agreed to wait until then. Naturally. They were quite satisfied. Why not? What they really wanted was to get my opinion on the market."

"And the Southern Bank? You were to see them at half past two this afternoon."

"Half past two," Argels reflected. "Where was I at half past two? I must have gone out to luncheon, and forgotten."

"Will you listen to me, please, sir?" Gascoigne pleaded. "You did not go out to lunch. You were taken ill at a solicitor's office, where you went with Mr. Pulwitter. He brought you back here, and you've been here ever since. You did not keep your engagement with the manager of the Southern Bank. They have rung up twice since. Now they've begun to sell. They've just told me that they've sold a thousand of our Christophers at twenty shillings."

"Christophers at twenty shillings!" Argels scoffed. "Why, they're mad. They cost me thirty-three shillings."

"They're selling, and ruining us," Gascoigne persisted. "Can you find some money? I've been everywhere I can think of. We can't draw a penny. People have suddenly lost confidence."

"Try the Third Federal Bank on Wall Street," Argels enjoined. "The manager's a friend of mine, and I've always found them very intelligent there."

GASCOIGNE in despair turned to Violet. The telephone was ringing again.

"Try what you can do," he directed. "If it gets round the market that the bank is selling our shares, we may as well close our doors tomorrow."

Violet approached the matter from a shrewder angle. She went over and sat by his side on the couch.

"Mr. Argels," she said, "you drew some money today."

Argels nodded.

"Quite right," he acknowledged. "So did Andrew Pulwitter, the old fox. We broke up 'The Silent Trust'."

"Where is that money?" she asked.

Argels shook his head.

"I can't spare it, my dear," he regretted. "I paid you up on Saturday. Gascoigne will need all this."

"I don't want it for myself," she assured him. "Where is it, though?"

He felt in his pockets, and handed her the sheaf of papers. She passed them on to Gascoigne. He fell upon the check with a cry of almost inhuman ecstasy.

"The Bank of England!—credit!—a hundred and seventy-nine thousand pounds eighteen shillings and fourpence! God in heaven!"

In a moment he had a fountain pen at work. He wrote out a check:

Pay to the Southern Bank,
The sum of fifty thousand pounds.

"Sign, please, sir," he begged, trying to keep his tone as matter-of-fact as possible.

Argels did not hesitate for a moment. He signed the check, and turned back to Violet.

"You saw that?" he demanded, with a grandiloquent little gesture. "Fifty thousand pounds. Not many men in these days could sign an open check on the Bank of England for fifty thousand pounds. I'll give you another one, if you like," he went on, turning back to Gascoigne, "for that other silly bank I went to this morning."

GASCOIGNE did not hesitate for a moment. He had the other check made out in a few seconds, and the pen was once more between Argels' fingers.

"There, my dear," the latter pointed out to Violet, as he added the customary flourish to his signature. "You've seen for yourself. That's two checks for fifty thousand pounds each in a few minutes, yet they are trying to break me—Reuben Argels. They can't do it. That downy old Scotchman of yours will be in the bankruptcy court before I am."

"You'll never be there," she declared, patting the back of his hand. "Everybody in the City says that you've saved the country millions. You've been the only man to fight the 'bears'."

"I hate 'bears'," he confided. "Do you want to hear something funny? I'll tell you something. Lean over here, close to me. Where's Gascoigne?"

"He has gone to the City with those checks," she told him.

"Stupid fellow!" he muttered. "Any time would have done for that. Never mind. There's the telephone. Look here. You can handle it. Number 1720 City. That's Grandy, the stockbroker. Ask the price of Endells."

She glanced at one of the lists which Gascoigne had been carrying.

"Twenty-four," she read out.

"Don't be absurd!" he rejoined. "ENDELLS."

"Twenty-four," she repeated. "Everything is very low today."

"What a joke!" he laughed. "Now we'll make some money whilst old Gascoigne's out of the way. Tell them I'll buy ten thousand."

SHE nodded, and went to the telephone.

"City 1720," she demanded firmly.

She waited a few moments.

"Grandy, the stockbroker? . . . I'm speaking for Mr. Argels . . . Yes, Mr. Reuben Argels . . . He would like to buy ten thousand Endells at best. Not over three and a half . . . Yes, quite right. Mr. Argels wouldn't mind an eighth on part of the purchase. Ten thousand Endells."

She rang off, and Argels smiled at her in fatuous fashion.

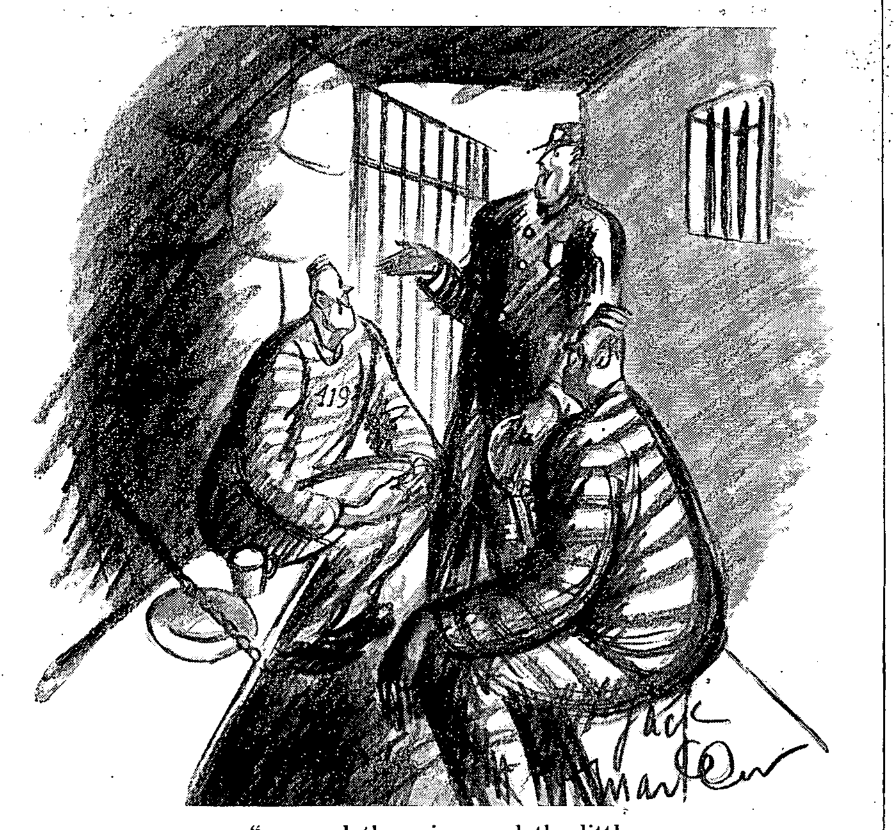
"My dear," he said, "what we shall do with all our money, I can't think. . . . I'd like to go to sleep now."

Moran Chambers, who was smoking a thoughtful, after-breakfast cigarette, in the morning-room of the maisonette at Curzon Street, looked up quickly, as Ambouyna, in a white negligee, fluttered into the room. There was a delighted grin upon his face.

"Listen, Ambouyna," he begged, taking out a letter from his pocket, "this is from our friend Richard J. Harris, Counselor of Law to the State of New York. I won't bore you with the first part, which is merely technical. This is where it gets interesting:

> "Your case, my dear Moran, I have put, under a promise of the

(*Continued on page 44*)



". . . and the prince and the little match girl lived happily ever after"

Jack Markow

"Keep Kissable"

We are chagrined that we can't settle on a simple theme song about the Enders Razor and its sweet-tempered blades. No sooner do we think of one than up pops another, seemingly *more* appropriate.

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Enclosed find $1.00. Send me, postage prepaid, an Enders Razor and 6 blades.

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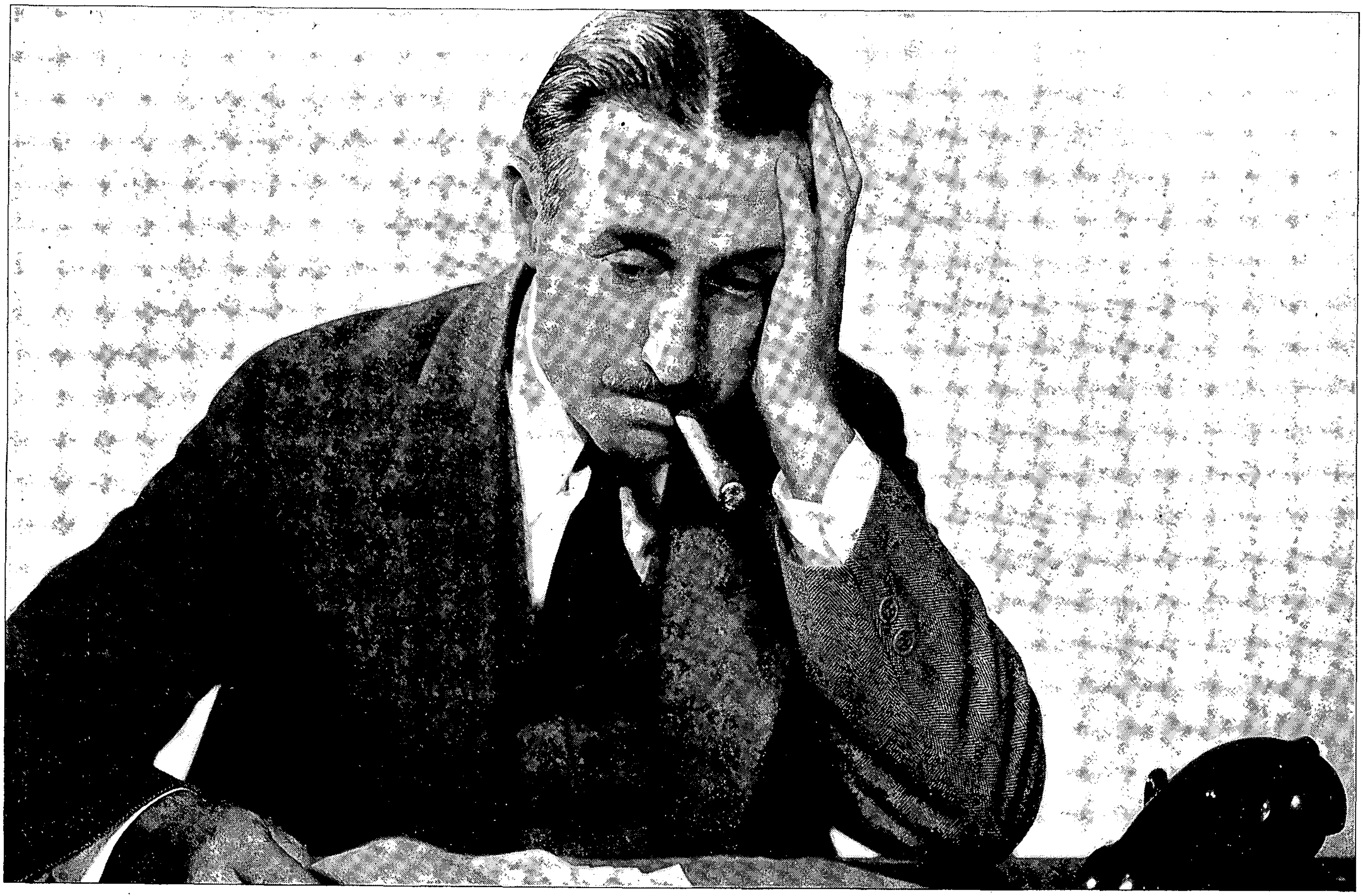

How by Doing One Simple Thing, *You Can Minimize the After-Effects of Tobacco* to a Remarkable Degree » » WHAT YOU DO—

Would you like to add the element of reasonable safety, freedom from smoker's fag, head dullness and depression to your smoking?

You can, according to scientists, to an almost amazing extent, in a simple way. Millions of smokers are already doing it.

THIS IS WHAT YOU DO: Simply take 2 teaspoons of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water EVERY NIGHT before bed.

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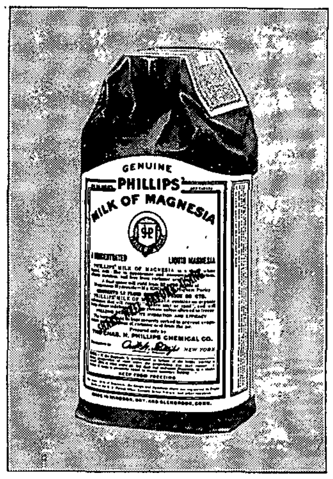
Get genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia at any drug store. See that you get the genuine, as endorsed by doctors. Many preparations labeled "Milk of Magnesia" are not true "Milk of Magnesia" at all.



PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

NEUTRALIZES THE ACID THAT CAUSES TOBACCO HEADACHES *and* DEPRESSION

The Man from Sing Sing

Continued from page 42

most profound secrecy, before two of our Supreme Court Justices, against whose decision nothing could prevail. I asked them for their privileged opinion. Here it is:

"Moran Chambers, in the eyes of the law, technically, legally, and actually, is dead. The proper certificates were registered at his funeral, and there is no question of his exhumation, as he was, with the formal permission from the authorities, cremated. Under no possible circumstances could his reentrance into life be recognized by the authorities. That is to say that, should a miracle occur, and should Moran Chambers—or a person purporting to be Moran Chambers—appear at all in the State of New York, and take up his residence in that State, the State would not associate him in any way with the Moran Chambers who died in Sing Sing prison, nor could it allow him access to the privileges of the deceased Moran Chambers—such as his voting power, passport, etc."

"How exciting!" Ambouyna murmured. "Let me pinch you, dear, to be sure you are alive."

"It appears to me," Moran Chambers remarked, as he folded up the letter, "that I am the first man to celebrate his own resurrection."

"I am not quite sure of my position," Ambouyna pouted. "It seems to me that I am certainly a widow. I must be courted again."

Moran Chambers stretched his hand out lazily for a cigarette.

"We are about at the end of things here, I think," Chambers confided, the sterner lines creeping into his face. "My friend Argels has his back to the wall. He was making a brave fight of it until he saw my signature in Bamford's office. That seems to have broken him."

She shuddered slightly—a gesture which moved him to some surprise.

"There is no logic about a woman's pity," he remarked.

He kissed her on the lips, and rose to his feet.

"Well," he announced, "I am going down to the City to finish off. It has taken longer to break him than I thought it would, and I am afraid we have made him a sort of newspaper hero. He'll have to file his petition before twenty-four hours are past, though."

"What does that mean—file his petition?" she demanded.

"It means that he will be a bankrupt. In the language of the old War Office dispatches, 'that is according to plan.'"

PULWITTER greeted his partner with a chuckle

"Argels is broke," he confided.

Moran Chambers smiled, then took up some slips lying by the side of his letters, and glanced through them.

"Supposing there should be a steadying up," Moran Chambers inquired, "it's too late to save Reuben Argels, isn't it?"

"Absolutely," Andrew Pulwitter chuckled. "Today is the breaking day of his life. Three hundred and ten thousand pounds he has to find today, and not a penny credit at the banks."

But Argels was making no gigantic struggle at all. He was seated in his chair, a shrunken and miserable figure, looking up with a start every time the telephone bell rang, or with staring, frantic eyes when the door opened. Both Gascoigne and Violet tried him in turn.

"Mr. Argels, sir," the former begged, "won't you listen to the good news? If we can get through today we've a fair chance. America closed raging hot last night, both in the Exchange and on the Street, and she's bound to open strong here this morning. You have raised money before out of nothing, sir. Give us a line to work on."

Argels looked at him with glazed eyes.

"I haven't any more money," he moaned. "I'm ruined. Has anyone seen Moran Chambers?"

"Blast Moran Chambers!" Gascoigne, who was a pious man, almost sobbed. "Sign this check, sir, for what you have got left in the Bank of England. It may help."

Argels signed the check, but shook his head hopelessly.

"I can't think," he muttered. "I haven't any more money. I should like to go home."

Violet touched Gascoigne on the arm, and they withdrew together to a farther corner of the room.

"Is it quite hopeless?" she whispered.

"Absolutely," he lamented.

Violet drew up her chair to the table, and sat down by Argels' side. A curious change seemed to take place in her. Her almost unnatural reserve seemed to fall away. She became a woman. She took his hand, and patted it.

"Mr. Argels," she begged, "please remember we're all relying upon you."

He turned towards her.

"You don't understand," he confided. "It's Moran Chambers I'm fighting. I know the truth now. He and Andrew Pulwitter were running that 'bear' account against me, and they've won. I'm broke. I couldn't fight Moran Chambers. I thought he was in prison. Then I thought he was dead. I ought to have known."

GASCOIGNE, who had left the room a few minutes before, made precipitate return, and paused for a moment to wipe the sweat from his face, and to tear off his coat before he spoke.

"The 'bear' account's closed!" he shouted. "Everyone in the House knows it. It closed half an hour after the opening. They're having to buy to cover. I made a cross deal with Grandy, and paid him up. Come, sir, for the love of heaven, help!" he cried, turning towards Argels. "No one's going to do you any harm in here. We only have to stop a writ being issued, and you'll be a millionaire again next week."

"Why should they issue a writ?" Violet demanded passionately. "Surely you can persuade these people that they only have to wait for a few days?"

"There's more than that behind it," Gascoigne groaned. "There's a little clique there, working to break him. They'd hate the money if we offered it to them. All they want is to get that writ in. You know what the effect of a writ in the City is? No one's ever recovered from it. It's like seeing a fair lady steal down the back stairs of a Soho restaurant. She's finished. So is the wretched man who's been writted. . . . Mr. Argels," he pleaded, laying his hand upon his employer's shoulder, "my future's here. If you go down, I go with you. It isn't fair. For the sake of the others, make an effort. There's still time. Haven't you anything put away anywhere?"

"Not a penny piece," Argels faltered, "and it wouldn't be any use if I had."

The girl rose from her chair. She was furious. She leaned over, and suddenly struck him on the cheek.

"You're a coward!" she shrieked. "We want to save you. You won't even strike a blow for yourself."

Argels looked at her with dull eyes.

"What would be the use?" he asked.

"Very well, then, I'm going."

"You may as well," he said. "I shan't be here long myself."

He brought out some keys, and leaned towards a drawer. She snatched them away from him.

"I know what you keep there," she cried. "I saw it the other day. You shan't have it."

So, when the door opened a few moments later, and Moran Chambers walked in, Argels was defenseless.

THERE was drama enough in the City of London on that memorable day, but there was no place where it throbbed more intensely for some few seconds than in that private office of the City Trust in Gresham Street. With the entrance of the unexpected visitor, Argels seemed at first to have collapsed. Gascoigne, very certain that this was not the messenger of fate with a writ concealed in his pocket, was the least moved of the three.

"What do you want?" Violet asked. "Mr. Argels is ill."

Moran Chambers made no reply. He was completely at his ease. He looked at Gascoigne. He looked at the girl. He looked at the man who was shrinking from him.

"Really," he remarked, "I seem to have made quite a dramatic entrance. An unexpected meeting, Argels, yes? By the bye, when you address me, be careful to remember my new name. I am one of those fortunate people who have been privileged to lead two lives. Moran Chambers is dead. Gordon Phayle is filling his small place upon the earth."

"Moran Chambers is dead!" How did his enemy come to speak those words, Argels wondered? Nerves are strange things. Suddenly, as though fired by that single sentence, he rose to his feet. He stood at his full height. His palms hung downwards, as though to show that his hands were empty. The silence which followed his words was so intense that they heard the chiming of a distant clock—half past three. Gascoigne groaned.

"What do you want here?" the latter demanded. "This is a conference. We have only half an hour."

"Be quiet, Gascoigne," Argels enjoined calmly. "Mr. Gordon Phayle, if that is what he chooses to call himself, has a perfect right to come here. You, I presume," he added, "are Andrew Pulwitter's Australian nephew?"

"My second appearance upon the earth," the other admitted, "has been made under that not unpleasing appellation."

It was all so easy to understand now—the brain and money behind Andrew Pulwitter, here it was, so easily explained. There was a vein of fatalism in Argels, and the whole thing seemed suddenly to resolve itself into the inevitable march of events. It was a curious reflection that he was always nearer the truth when his nerves were driving him along the highroad to madness.

"Your arrival this afternoon was entirely unexpected, Gordon Phayle," he said, with a faint but grim smile, "but as it happens it is rather fitting that you should be here, for my creditors have given me until four o'clock to escape from the Juggernaut of bankruptcy. You are present, therefore, at

(Continued on page 47)

TOUGH BEARD?

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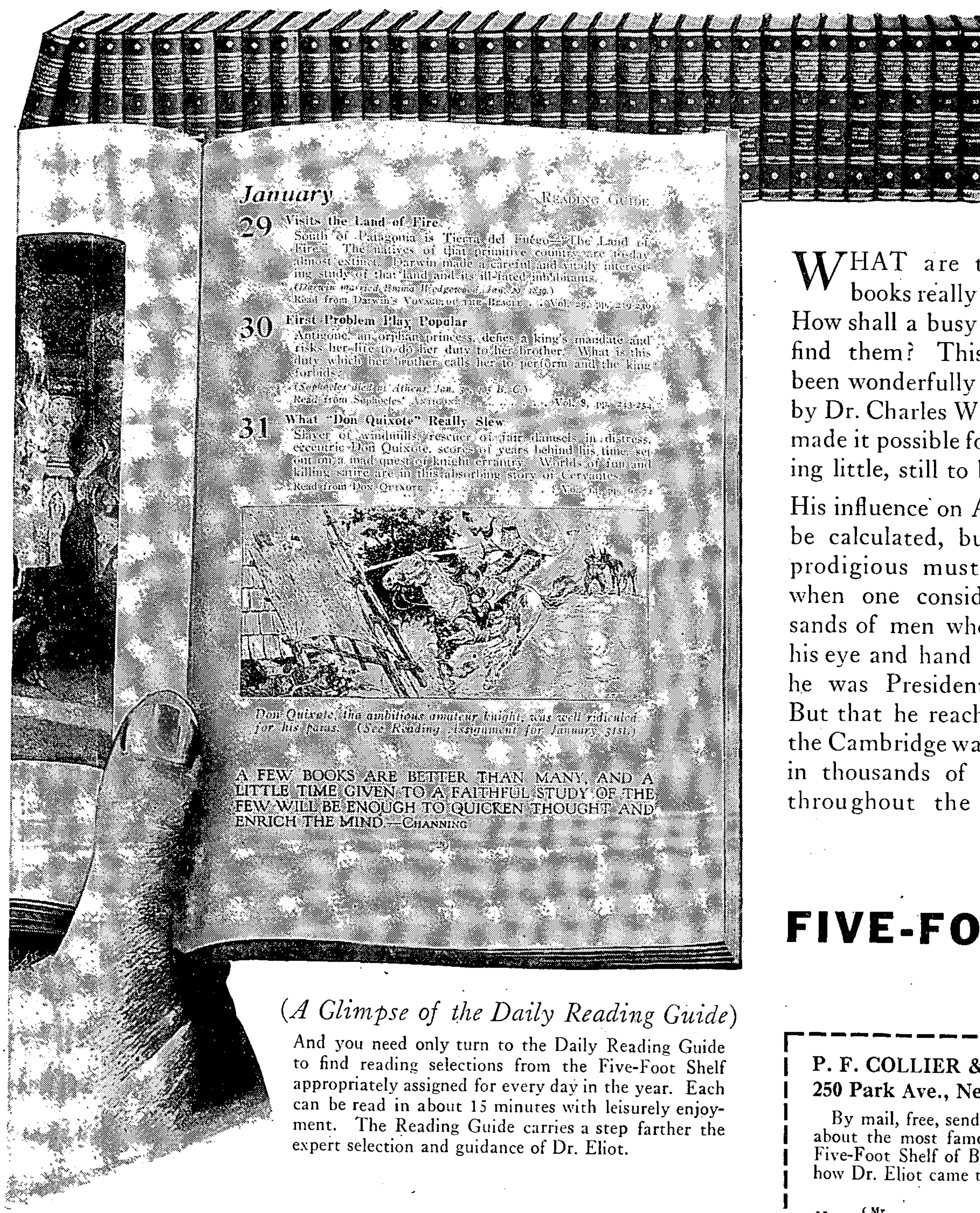

January READING GUIDE

29 Visits the Land of Fire
South of Patagonia is Tierra del Fuego—"The Land of Fire." The natives of that primitive country are to-day almost extinct. Darwin made a careful and vitally interesting study of that land and its ill-fated inhabitants.
(Darwin married Emma Wedgewood, Jan. 29, 1839.)
Read from Darwin's VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE . . Vol. 29, pp. 219-230

30 First Problem Play Popular
Antigone, an orphan princess, defies a king's mandate and risks her life to do her duty to her brother. What is this duty which her brother calls her to perform and the king forbids?
(Sophocles died at Athens, Jan. 30, 405 B. C.)
Read from Sophocles' ANTIGONE . . . . Vol. 8, pp. 243-254.

31 What "Don Quixote" Really Slew
Slayer of windmills, rescuer of fair damsels in distress, eccentric Don Quixote, scores of years behind his time, set out on a mad quest of knight errantry. Worlds of fun and killing satire are in this absorbing story of Cervantes.
Read from DON QUIXOTE . . . . Vol. 14, pp. [illegible]

Don Quixote, the ambitious amateur knight, was well ridiculed for his pains. (See Reading Assignment for January 31st.)

A FEW BOOKS ARE BETTER THAN MANY, AND A LITTLE TIME GIVEN TO A FAITHFUL STUDY OF THE FEW WILL BE ENOUGH TO QUICKEN THOUGHT AND ENRICH THE MIND.—CHANNING

(*A Glimpse of the Daily Reading Guide*)

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FORWARD!

BETWEEN October 19th and November 25th America will feel the thrill of a great spiritual experience. In those few weeks millions of dollars will be raised in cities and towns throughout the land, and the fear of cold and hunger will be banished from the hearts of thousands.

Be sure that you do your part. Give to the funds that will be raised in your community. Give liberally.

And know that your gift will bless yourself. It will lift your own spirit. More than anything else you can do, it will help to end the depression and lay the firm foundation for better times.

The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief

Walter S. Gifford

Director

Committee on Mobilization of Relief Resources

Owen D. Young

Chairman

The President's Organization on Unemployment Relief is non-political and non-sectarian. Its purpose is to aid local welfare and relief agencies everywhere to provide for local needs. All facilities for the nation-wide program, including this advertisement, have been furnished to the Committee without cost.

The Man from Sing Sing

Continued from page 44

the funeral of my commercial career."

Moran Chambers glanced around the room.

"Am I, by any chance," he asked, "stumbling into a melodrama? I knew you'd been hit, Argels—mostly my work and the old man's—but four o'clock, eh? Is it as near as that?"

Gascoigne sprang forward.

"Look here, sir," he exclaimed, "I don't know whether you come here as friend or enemy. I don't care who the hell you are, even, but have you any money? Mr. Argels told the truth just then. He has enemies who have been running this 'bear' account against him and, although it's touch and go, they've got us. They're waiting until the banks close to issue a writ. If it's issued, out we go. If it isn't, he'll be a millionaire again in a week's time. Do you hear the ticker? I've just been watching. New York's buying—buying steadily all the time. Tomorrow our markets here will be re-established."

"Stop, my young friend," Moran Chambers begged—"especially if you're telling the truth about four o'clock. You were talking of money. How much—?"

"A hundred thousand pounds," Gascoigne yelled. "A hundred thousand pounds saves us."

"THAT seems rather a coincidence," the visitor remarked. "I have come here to repay a small debt of about that amount."

"A debt from you to me?" Argels faltered.

"A small matter," Moran Chambers declared. "You were financing my wife, I think, to the extent of a hundred thousand pounds in a film which she never intended to produce."

"Your wife?" Argels muttered incredulously.

"Yes, didn't you know?" the other went on. "We were married the day before I was arrested. She insisted. We meant to touch you for that hundred thousand pounds, Argels. Rather a low-down trick. Here's a bank draft for the amount. Good God! Steady, man!"

Gascoigne was upon the rectangular strip of paper like a tiger. He gave one glance at it, and leaped across the room. He pressed the pen into Argels' fingers.

"Endorse!" he almost shouted. "Reuben Argels! Quick! Across there!"

Argels remained motionless, like a man turned to stone. Together, Gascoigne and the girl forced him back into his chair, and guided his fingers. Gascoigne, snatching up his coat as he went, sprang through the door, waving the check in the air. Moran Chambers turned and looked after him in amazement.

"Is it my fancy, or is your cashier rather an excitable young man, Argels?" he asked.

"He doesn't understand," was the quiet reply. "He doesn't know how little difference it really makes."

"YOU'VE been suffering from nerves, they tell me," the other continued, with the polite air of a stranger taking note of a neighbor's illness. "Terrible thing! I'm not bothered with them myself."

"I've had them," Argels confessed. "I'm better now. My physician told me that in the face of a crisis, they would disappear. He told me the truth. I'm glad you're married to Ambouyna, and I don't want you to run any risks about me. I'll pay. I'll give you my word of honor that if you'll take the girl out of the room, and stay there for five minutes, I'll end it. I'm prepared. I have an automatic in this drawer. The girl took the keys away for a moment. She knew."

Moran Chambers seated himself lightly upon the edge of Violet's typing table and lit a cigarette.

"Argels," he said, "owing doubtless to that romantic strain of Eastern blood in your veins, you were always inclined to lean a little towards the melodramatic. You are not quick enough at grasping the kaleidoscopic changes in life and atmosphere. You have been quite right in your general premises," he went on. "I am, by an extraordinary series of fortunate incidents, back here again, a free man. A crude revenge did not appeal to me. I joined with my friend Andrew Pulwitter in a very subtle and determined effort to interfere with your prosperity. We appear to some extent to have succeeded."

Argels faced the enemy, of whom he had been terrified, almost to the point of madness, without cringing.

"You have succeeded," he confessed. "I shall not congratulate you, but I admit the justice of your victory."

The girl crept a little nearer to Argels. She saw the color stealing into his cheeks; watched the quivering of his hands. She swung suddenly round, and faced his enemy.

"You have not succeeded," she cried. "Reuben Argels is not ruined. I worked for you against him, and I am ashamed of it. I was supposed to be his spy, and I was yours. To use his own words, I double-crossed him. Some day I hope that he will forgive me."

Then the door was opened. Gascoigne almost sprang in. His face was like the sun. He drew his spectacles from his pocket, and adjusted them. He tried his best to appear once more as the respectable cashier, but he had hard work to avoid two-stepping towards the table, and there was a suspicious mist behind his glasses.

"I am glad to say, sir," he reported to Argels, "that I was just in time. At two minutes to four, I settled the last of our accounts. Sir Edward sent you his compliments—he sent his compliments and congratulations. It would give him and Lord Porlester great pleasure to see you at any time tomorrow, he said, to suit your convenience, and make any arrangements agreeable to you with regard to the remainder of the overdraft. The markets are rising in every direction."

THE telephone began to ring. Gascoigne answered it, exchanged a few brief sentences with the person who had summoned him, and quickly disconnected.

"They are all the same now, sir," he confided, a little bitterly. "The Southern Bank has telephoned up to say that with the rapid advances in the prices of the stocks they hold of yours, there is quite sufficient margin if you care to draw further upon them. Three quarters of an hour I stood there in the lobby this morning, sweating! I should have liked to have told them to go to hell. You'll excuse me, sir, some matters of detail."

Gascoigne bustled out. Moran Chambers looked after him with a smile.

"Good chap of yours, that," he remarked. "Well, Argels, I've made a pile of money 'bearing' your shares. I've got out, and I am going to enjoy it. Now, you're going to get your money back again out of someone else, and I don't grudge it to you. Accounts between us are closed."

Argels very tentatively held out his hand.

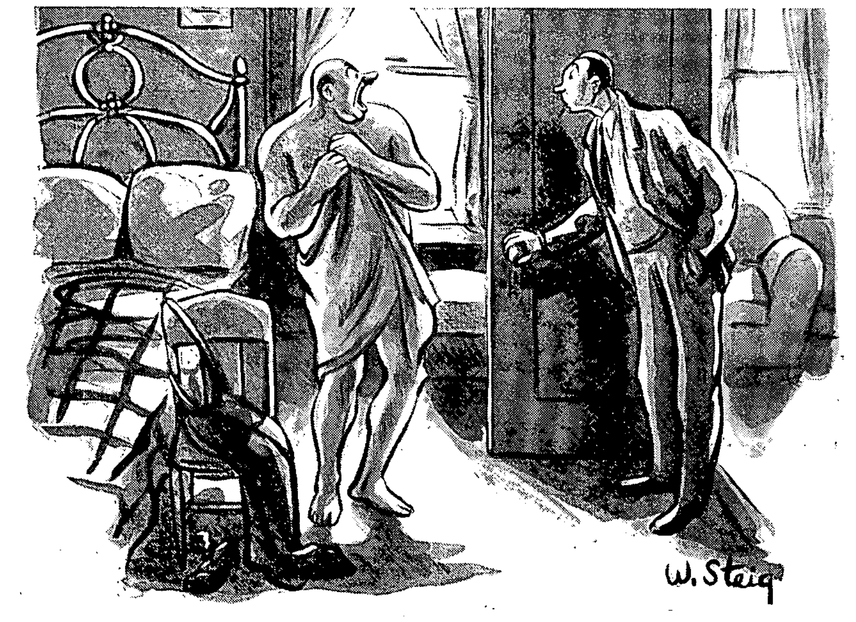
"You wouldn't—I suppose, Moran," he begged—

The latter knocked the ash from his cigarette.

"Argels," he said, "I have told you that I have no grudge against you. I am a happy man with my freedom, my wife, and more money than I can spend. A happy man has no grudge against any other human being. I came here, in fact, to save you from the worst, if further help was necessary. I can't shake hands with you; but remember—you've nothing to fear in life. Moran Chambers is dead!"

He slipped from his precarious seat, stood up and brushed the tobacco crumbs from his trousers. He looked at the girl pleasantly, and he nodded to Argels. When he left the room there was a smile upon his face. This time, however, Reuben Argels did not care, for there was a smile, also, upon the face of the girl who was leaning towards him.

THE END



"That's right! Just walk in without knocking!"

William Steig

DANDRUFF

A Sure Way to End It

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store, and a four ounce bottle is all you will need.

This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

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YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

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PERIODICAL SALES Co., Chicago

LITTLE AD—BIG BARGAIN $1

200 note sheets and 100 envelopes, **each neatly printed with your name and address,** sent postpaid for $1.00. Correct style, high quality. Try a box. Money refunded if you're not pleased.
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TOUGHER THAN A TWO-BIT STEAK
TRY
Burma-Shave
NO BRUSH · NO LATHER · NO RUB-IN

BETTER BRISTLES

THAT KEEP THEIR

BETTER SHAPE

Give Tek the most strenuous sort of a workout, morning and night. Even after months of daily brushing and drenching in water it cleans teeth better and vitalizes gums. *Better Shape,* Tek fits even the sharp curve behind your front teeth. *Better Bristles,* Tek removes stains and prevents the accumulation of tartar.

With its *Better Shape* and *Better Bristles* Tek is a Better Value. It costs no more than old-style brushes. Sterilized, Cellophane-sealed, a guaranteed product of the world's largest makers of dental accessories.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

Tek

the modern
TOOTH BRUSH

Are You Listening?

Continued from page 22

Honey. Three years. Five years. Or ten years like Laura. . . .

6. Station WBLA: Mr. Carson's Office: Mr. Carson, Larry Barnes and Mr. Staley.

Come on in, Larry. Meet Mr. Staley from the Gorland Agency. Mr. Barnes, Mr. Staley. The man who wrote and directed the program.

How do you do, Mr. Barnes.

Mr. Staley is the contact man from Gorland's, Larry. Handles the Eureka Exterminator account.

How did you like the first broadcast this morning, Mr. Staley?

Well, I was just talking to Mr. Carson about it when you came in. The clients are disappointed.

Why? Everybody around the station here was most enthusiastic. Right, Carson?

Absolutely. Good singing, good music. Certainly can't beat Gilbert and Sullivan for music.

Oh, the music was all right, although Mr. Moog—he's the chairman of the board—said his sister-in-law listened in, and her opinion was, as well as that of some of the neighbors, that you should have used popular songs instead of tunes people didn't know.

Oh, but, Mr. Staley, everybody knows the tunes from The Mikado and Pinafore and The Pirates of Penzance.

IT SEEMS Mr. Moog's sister-in-law doesn't, and after all Mr. Moog is Chairman of the Board of the Eureka Exterminators and the man who must put the final O. K. on the radio appropriation. So you can see my position as contact man.

What else was wrong?

Perhaps it would be better if I read you Mr. Moog's letter. "Gorland Advertising Agency, Park Avenue, New York City. Gentlemen: Relative to the radio program broadcasted this morning over WBLA, I wish to state that we are quite disappointed in the results of this broadcast inasmuch as it has not obtained the desired effect for us which we had anticipated. I believe I voice the opinion of all the members of the Executive Board when I say that we are unanimous in the opinion that this broadcast was not sufficiently dignified and in keeping with our fifty years of Eureka Exterminator prestige. We were besieged by telephone calls from friends and relatives of our directors during and after the broadcast, all of whom had tuned in the broadcast in their homes and were shocked by hearing words like 'cockroach' come into their homes via the loud speaker.

"We have spent an enormous amount of money to build up good-will in the American home and have done this only through judicious advertising of the most dignified kind. As you know, having handled our newspaper and magazine advertising for some time, we carefully avoid using such words because of the shock they might give to sensitive American women who are grateful to us for packing our product in plain red tins so that they need only ask for it by name, Eureka. In view of the above, I suggest you have Mr. Staley confer with the radio program officials at once on the program for next week, eliminating all offensive words and substituting the scientific words which Professor Woolfe of the State University has compiled for us, and which we have been using in our literature. Very truly yours, Eureka Exterminators, per Francis X. Moog, Chairman of the Board."

Well, I'll be . . .

Hold on, Larry. Hold on.

But, Carson, for the love of . . .

Just a minute. Mr. Staley, I can see your point, and I think Mr. Moog is quite right from his point of view. The only question is how we can meet his objections and still not sacrifice the entertainment value of the program, because, you know, radio must entertain.

YOU can see my position, Mr. Carson.

Certainly, Mr. Staley. And you can see ours, too, of course. After all, we're running a theater of the air. The advertising is incidental, important of course to us but, so far as the public is concerned, a necessary evil. Now, to begin with, Larry, you mustn't use words as offensive as "cockroach" any more. What have you been using in your copy, Mr. Staley?

For cockroach, we say Blatta orientalis.

Couldn't we just shorten that to Blatta? How would that be, Larry? Couldn't you make two characters, one Skeeter and one Blatta, and dramatize them?

How would a dramatic sketch be, Mr. Carson, with maybe some dignified music going on under it?

That sounds like a very good idea, Mr. Staley. I'm sure Mr. Barnes can do something like that, something dramatic and gripping.

What's the matter with a song-and-dance team, Skeeter and Blatta in Ten Minutes of Clean Fun?

Mr. Barnes is always joking, Mr. Staley. We'll get busy on that right away.

7. Speakeasy: Bill Grimes and Mike, the bartender.

5 P. M. *Mor-i-son Watch Time. Listen, folks. Only twelve words to advertise Modernistic Moth Balls. Twelve words and twelve in a box. Let us tell you these twelve magic Modernistic Moth Ball words, before the Modernistic Moth Ball orchestra plays for you. Listen, folks. Twelve words. Count them. Only twelve. We don't need a hundred and fifty words to tell you what Modernistic Moth Balls are. Something new. Something different. Not the round, pale, white moth ball you were a little bit ashamed of, but the new Modernistic Moth Ball, in modern shapes and modern colors. Listen, folks. Listen to the twelve-word slogan. Only twelve words. Are you listening? MODERNISTIC MOTH BALLS IN NEW SHAPES AND PASTEL SHADES FLATTER YOUR PERSONALITY. . . .*

Double Scotch, Mike.

Yes, Mr. Grimes.

. . . have just heard Petite Bijouterie by Bohm, another selection by the Pink and Blue Orchestra, coming to you in an hour of Tea Time Music from the Hotel . . .

. . . Now, kiddies, Uncle Willie is going to tell you a sleepy-time, beddy-bye story for this evening about Geraldine Giraffe's visit to the Zebra Orphan Asylum.

Oh, goody, goody, Uncle Willie. . . .

'Nother Scotch, Mike.

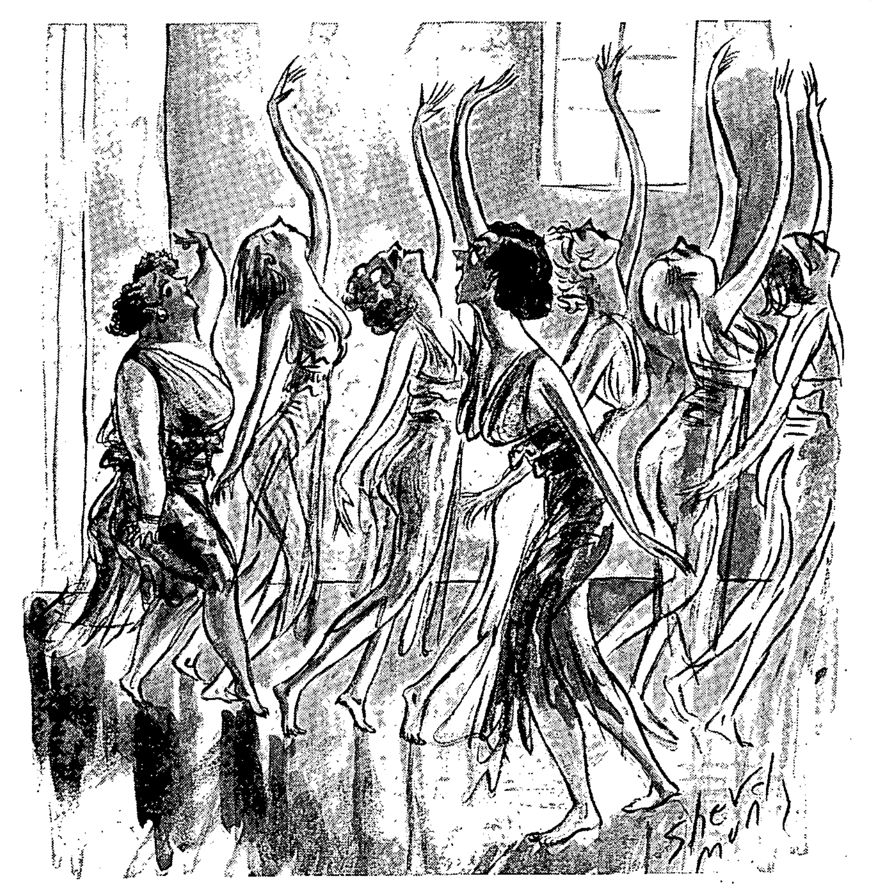
Right away, Mr. Grimes. Don't you think you should eat something?

No, I don't!

Mani . . . Mani . . . Manisero se va. . . . Me voy . . . me voy. . . .

You have just heard El Manisero, better known as the Peanut Vender, from the York Central Roof, New York City. Fowler and Tamara will now dance an original creation. . . .

10 P. M. *Mor-i-son Watch Time.*



"Come, Mrs. Gruenhagen—lean on the breeze!"

B. Shermund

What is this thing called love?
This funny thing called love?

And so to the strains of that ever-popular song, What Is This Thing Called Love? the New Art Plumbing Fixtures Company of Wheeling, West Virginia, brings to you tonight another in their popular series of great love dramas, Pelleas and Melisande, taken from the play of Maurice Maeterlinck, with music by Claude Debussy. . . .

Now you are listening to the beautiful strains of La Mer, played for you by the New Art Plumbing Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Arturo Garfinkel.

Close your eyes and see swooning in a magic of moonlight, a park of unearthly beauty and in its cool depths a fountain flashing and gleaming in the night. Pelleas and Melisande, those immortal lovers, are murmuring one to the other. . . .

I would like to touch the water, Pelleas.

Oh, Melisande, take care of slipping. I will hold your hand.

No, no, Pelleas. I should like to plunge in my two hands.

Hello. Vanderbilt 10,000. . . . What? . . . Vanderbilt 3-10,000.

Take care, oh, take care, Melisande.

Hello? Vanderbilt 3-10,000? Station WBLA? Let me talk to Laura O'Neal. . . . Laura? . . . Laura, this is Bill. Bill. . . . I've got to talk to you, Laura. I've got to see you. . . . I'm at Tony's. . . . Tony's! . . . What? . . . I've been here all afternoon. . . . I know, Laura, but I've got to see you. Got to talk to you. . . . What? . . . Oh, Laura, how can you say that? . . . What? . . .

My lips cannot reach your hair, Melisande.

I cannot bend over farther, Pelleas. Oh, oh, I am on the point of falling.

I know, Laura. I know I said I wouldn't bother you any more. I've got to talk to somebody. . . . Oh, I don't care about the job. I couldn't stand it around there anyway, seeing you there every day, all day, and you passing by without a word, or else just Hello, Bill, so cold like we had never been anything to each other. . . . I've got to see you, Laura. Can't you run over here and talk for just a minute? . . . Well, when you're finished. Just a minute. Talk to me for just a minute. . . . Laura, Laura, do you hear me? . . . What? . . .

Your hair comes down toward me, all your hair, Melisande, all your hair. I hold it in my hands. I hold it in my mouth. I hold it in my arms and put it around my neck. I shall not open my hands again tonight.

All right, then. Don't. Stay there. Don't come to see me. I'll never see you again. Never talk to you again. Never think about you again. I'm through. If you treat me like that I never want to see you any more. You hear, I'm through with you. I'm through. Do you hear? . . . What? . . .

I no longer see the sky through your hair, Melisande. It lives as a bird in my hands and it loves me. Loves me a thousand times more than you.

Let me go, Pelleas. Let me go. Someone might come.

No, no, no. I will not deliver you tonight. You are my prisoner this night . . . all the night. . . .

And so we leave those two immortal lovers, Pelleas and Melisande, locked in each other's arms, beside the magic fountain of clear, beautiful, limpid water, as caressing, as infinitely satisfying as when it comes to you in your own home the New Art way, bubbling from shiny rustless metal fittings into the cool tinted depths of the New Art tub that enfolds you in comforting curves fitted to your personality. . . .

Just leave the bottle here, Mike.

Just as you say, Mr. Grimes. We're closing the kitchen.

It can stay closed for all I care.

At this same hour, next Tuesday night, at ten o'clock, another Great Lovers drama will be brought to you through the courtesy of the New Art Plumbing Fixtures Company, Wheeling, West Virginia, with the New Art Plumbing Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Arturo Garfinkel. Your announcer, Buddy Law. Adieu! Until this same hour next week, adieu!

10:30 P. M. *Mor-i-son Watch Time.*

Station WBLA, New York City. In just a few minutes you will hear the broadcast of the Annual Convention and Dinner of the Associated Glee Clubs of America, direct from Washington, D. C. Meantime, you will be entertained from the studio by Miss Laura O'Neal, soprano, who will sing Victor Herbert's Sweet Mystery of Life. . . .

Ah! Sweet mystery of life, at last I've
found thee,
Ah! I know at last the secret of it all;
All the longing, seeking, striving, wait-
ing, yearning—

Shut that damn' thing off, can't you? Can't you shut it off?

Sorry, Mr. Grimes, but the boss gets angry when I shut it off.

Who's buying drinks here? The boss? Shut it off. Kill it.

Sorry, Mr. Grimes. Them's the orders. Keep the radio going. Makes the place more homelike.

And 'tis love and love alone that can
repay!

Darn that radio!

I say the same thing myself, Mr. Grimes. More ice?

Don't want any ice. Want it straight.

. . . concluding the broadcast of the annual Convention and Dinner of the Associated Glee Clubs of America, direct from . . .

I went down to St. James' Infirmary,
Found my swee-eee-tie there
Laid out on a bare white ta-able,
So sweeeet, so cooooold, so fair.

. . . you too can have that sweet violet-scented breath. Ask for . . .

. . . the time is now . . .

The magic of love translated into a universal beauty as a mother rocks her cradle, gently crooning, to the sleeping infant, Wiegenlied . . .

. . . the time is now . . .

Come on, Mr. Grimes. Wake up. Wake up. We're closing up. You have to go home now. . . . Well, you can't stay here all night! Come on. Wake up. You've got to go home. . . . What? Of course you have a home. Everybody's got a home. . . . Come on.

Station WBLA, New York City. It is exactly twenty seconds after midnight. . . .

Do you hear that? Come on. Come on. Get outa here.

Good night. . . . All's well. . . . Are you listening?

(*To be continued next week*)

Give *your* rugs this feathery softness

with OZITE *Rug Cushion*

The name OZITE refers only to the Rug and Carpet Cushion made by our exclusive processes. Look for the name on the cushion—accept no imitation.

HAVEN'T you long wished for the kind of rugs into which your feet sink with cushioned softness? Now you can make even your *old rugs* feel this way—by simply laying them over Ozite Rug Cushion! Give them a feathery softness that is equalled only by the finest orientals!

This marvelous cushion serves you in another way—pays for itself in dollars-and-cents economy. Ozite absorbs the pound-pound-pound of heels which hammer the rug against the floor—eliminates the friction that wears rugs out. *Thus Ozite doubles the life of your rugs*—makes them last twice as long while feeling twice as soft.

Order one Ozite Cushion by telephone today—unroll your rug above it—listen to the comments from friends and family on the wonderful new luxury it brings.

Then you'll want Ozite under every rug and carpet—to preserve them from wear. Be sure, though, that you get original Ozite. Most good stores carry the original—but you can protect yourself by looking for the name impressed on the product!

Ozite is a scientific cushion made of pure OZONIZED HAIR (not jute or vegetable fibres!) You need never replace Ozite no matter how often you change floor coverings—it never wears out—always remains soft and resilient. Each cushion is taped and overcast on all edges—provided in any size desired; also for carpets, runners and stair treads. Ozite is *permanently* mothproofed. Sold everywhere under our guarantee of satisfaction.

Ozite

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

RUG CUSHION

There is only one "Ozite"—Look for this trade-mark!

CLINTON CARPET CO., Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Ill. C101
Please send small sample of Ozite Rug Cushion and your free booklet, "Facts You Should Know About the Care of Rugs and Carpets" . . . including information on stain removal.

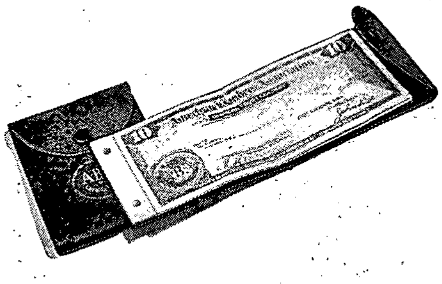
Name
Address
City
State

SOMEBODY'S MONEY

A wallet . . . is it yours? What are the chances of recovery?—Cash is almost impossible to identify—Yet every day thousands of dollars are lost, stolen or destroyed.

And there is no need to lose money. A.B.A. Cheques insure your money against loss, theft or destruction. If you lose them your money will be refunded.

Carry them instead of cash, wherever you go. Get them at your own bank—spend them anywhere.



A·B·A CHEQUES

CERTIFIED

OFFICIAL TRAVEL CHEQUE OF AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION

Bandits Unemployed

Continued from page 11

and a neat herd of goats. His neighbor, Pablo Flores, being more enterprising, got even more land nearer water and, being more energetic, came off with more goats. So did Juan Cavarjada, who could read and write and therefore was a considerable citizen even when he didn't own enough land to dust his toes on.

But in the ensuing months, while Pablo Flores and Juan Cavarjada did quite well by themselves, increasing their herds, making agreements for common grazing lands, building substantial ranch buildings and even digging water trenches, Ignacio Luiz slid back to his native inconsequence. He ate the goats—he and his vast family—and worked no more than an acre or two of land, growing just corn enough for the family stomachs and never more than four hogs. For recreation he went back to the ranch, but only long enough to get thoroughly drunk. You know the type.

Flirting with Disaster

Thus we behold two types of newly landed peons who are looked to by the agents, the agitators, the propagandists for personal physical support when (and if) the current Mexican government makes radically right-hand changes in the agrarian laws.

Mexico may alter the land laws and lighten the subsoil levies, but the structure of her new labor laws is so tall that to tamper with it at all is to invite a general crash, causing a tremendous extent of ruin. You can't take protection like that away from two or three million men and women without inviting disaster—particularly when it is new.

Under the new laws no alien may acquire ownership of lands or water within sixty-two miles of Mexico's frontiers nor within thirty-one miles of the seacoasts. No foreigner can be a member of any company or corporation acquiring such lands.

No alien may be a member of any company or corporation owning land anywhere in Mexico or owning concessions for the exploitation of mines, water or "mineral combustibles" unless he agrees to be regarded as a Mexican with reference to such interests and agrees further not to seek the protection of his own government if he considers himself unjustly treated thereafter. Should he appeal to his own government he automatically forfeits his holdings. No Mexican company or syndicate may acquire land if fifty per cent or more of the company is controlled by foreign capital.

If, however, you, a foreigner, acquired land anywhere in Mexico—on the coast, on the frontiers or inland—before the adoption of the Constitution of 1917 you may retain it until you die. That is, if you are an individual, not a corporation or company. If you are a corporation your title continues for ten years only; then it is taken from you and in exchange for it you receive bonds.

Now it must be clearly apparent to you that no administration, however wise, however just, however adroit, can administer land laws of that sort without incurring the displeasure of one or two important contributors to government. In this particular instance capital—foreign capital—threw up its hands, backed out of the country crying that it wouldn't be back. Such laws, said capital, were for Mexicans only. Let Mexico and Mexicans have them—and Heaven help the working man. The peons, rejoicing in their new possessions, rent the air with cheers for the government—and sat down to await advice from the government regarding what to do with and on the land now that they, the peons, had it.

But the government, being as broke as the peons, didn't know. Capital was needed—foreign capital—but it was deaf to all entreaties. Therefore the government had to make concessions.

One by one, and without noise, ten states declared the agrarian law terminated. The government picked out the least agricultural states, some of which were almost innocent of farming, and decreed that after such and such a date no more land would be snatched from its capitalistic ownership and apportioned free to the Indians. Little protest was heard, for no better reason than that nobody wanted the land very much anyway.

Thus emboldened, the government decreed that after September 25, 1931, the agrarian law in the important state of Queretaro would no longer be operative. The government recoiled at the snarl that arose from the suspicious peons.

It was time to pause. Up in San Luis Potosi, Governor Cedillo was bellowing defiant speeches. He is powerful—this Cedillo—and not particularly impressed by Mr. Ortiz Rubio nor General Calles. Anyway he announced that he commanded ten or twelve thousand rural guards who were sharp-shooting agrarians, fully equipped for a fight for which they were spoiling, and that the government might run up and look them over at any time it considered terminating the agrarian law in San Luis Potosi.

Even louder was the voice of the terrible Tejeda, governor of rich Vera Cruz and a smokingly militant champion of the peasantry. He advised all Mexico that he had from thirty to fifty thousand laborers and agrarians who not only were well armed, with plenty of ammunition, but were even eager to defend the unamended Constitution of 1917.

But the labor and social-welfare laws are farther-reaching to a greater number of Mexicans. The business of evading them (usually a large financial business) is delicate and complicated. We shall content ourselves here with the statement that they are evaded.

Specifically the law says that eight hours will be the maximum day's work. This is not the law of the labor union, but of the Federal government. No one may be forced to work more than seven hours at night. Night work is forbidden to all women and to children less than sixteen in industrial centers.

A Workingman's Paradise

During the three months immediately preceding childbirth women may retire from whatever work they are engaged in and their employers must pay them their regular wage as usual. For one month after childbirth they are not required to work. And their pay still goes on. Moreover, the law specifies that the same wage must be paid for the same work regardless of sex.

As for the minimum wage, it seems best to quote the law:

"The minimum wage paid a workman will be that considered sufficient, taking into consideration the conditions, to supply the normal needs of life of the workman, his education and his lawful pleasures, considered as the head of a family. In all agricultural, commercial, manufacturing or mining enterprises the workman will have a right to share in the profits in a manner decided by special commissions appointed in each community and subordinated to the Central Board of Conciliation to be established in each state."

This reads loosely. It may appear to the American employer to be full of escapes. But you must understand that all disputes (and there are thousands) are settled by this Central Board of Conciliation, which consists of a representative of the employer, a representative of the worker and a representative of the local government. And this latter member is almost invariably dependent upon the local labor union for the retention of his office.

The labor laws cited thus far are more or less general in effect. Capital has looked upon them as irksome but tolerable inasmuch as they can be modified here and there to meet situations not specified by law. But they lead us now to the heart of the whole labor code—the right of the workers to strike and the attitude of the government toward strikers.

The Constitution of 1917 left capital stranded. The only requirement it made upon the worker who was dissatisfied was that he give ten days' notice that he was about to strike. Whereat it became mandatory that both sides submit their briefs to an official board of conciliation and arbitration.

Capital Takes to the Woods

The very nature of this board, particularly when the employer was a despised gringo, made it virtually impossible for him to win—or even to get a square deal. If he refused to submit to the judgment of the board, his contract with the strikers was terminated thereby. And the union would be glad to see to it that he had ample trouble negotiating a new contract.

Furthermore, he was required to pay his striking workers three months' wages or suffer penalties set down by the board—confiscation even. For example, there was a silver-mining corporation which declined to abide by the board's ruling. The operators were driven from the district and the workers took over the property. For several months they worked the mine, being careful to take therefrom all the best ore in sight. Then they dynamited and flooded it, cheerful in the knowledge that it would afford its owners no joy thereafter.

Naturally capital wasn't returning to conditions like that. And Mexico, being no Russia, for the simple reason that Mexicans aren't Russians, simply has to have outside capital. So the government, in fear and trembling, for better or for worse, started about changing the strike law, holding its breath.

The new law, nicely interpreted by the excellent Aaron Saenz, Secretary of Industry, Commerce and Labor, "guarantees the legality of workingmen's strikes" but does not, as in the old law, make it almost impossible for the worker not to strike.

The milder code (I quote Señor Saenz) has it that if the strike is declared by a majority of the workers, the minority is obliged to respect the right to strike and keep the employer from engaging strikebreakers.

"On the other hand," said Señor Saenz, "strikes shall be considered unlawful when the majority of the strikers commit acts of violence against the persons and the properties involved and, in strikes in public service corporations, the workers are obliged to advise with the employer before taking any action."

Which makes a great deal of difference, particularly as the strikers and the

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employers are bound to lay the matter before boards of arbitration whereon labor does not control all decisions and procedures.

When it comes down to the last word in war and peace in Mexico, the temper and condition of the army will speak it. No outsider can be quite certain what the numerical strength of Mexico's army is. Sixty thousand well-equipped men seems to be a fair estimate. And physically it has never been as fit as it is today. How much of it is loyal to the National Revolutionary Party is a matter of guesswork. Most of the line soldiers are loyal only to their immediate commanding officers. But Mexico has never had a stronger general at the head of its army—General Joaquín Amaro, Minister of War.

It's Up to the Army

They are treating General Amaro with courtesy in Mexico. Just as well, too. If the army is loyal, they can thank Amaro for it. Amaro has shod, equipped and clothed the army as it has never been shod or clothed before. He has raised the soldiers' pay and has seen to it that pay has been regular. He has fed and armed the soldiers better than any predecessor. More, he has instilled a discipline that other Ministers of War didn't dare attempt.

During the Independence celebration a year ago when all of Mexico's important generals descended upon the capital to lend their brave presence to the festivities, four of them, arriving early and with tremendous swagger, called at the war office to pay their respects. Having come for relaxation, they had laid off their uniforms. Each of them commanded important strategic posts and each was followed by at least five thousand men.

They presented themselves at General Amaro's office in mufti. Too important to bother with clerks and secretaries, they boldly pushed into the minister's room and, with hands extended, loudly greeted their commander-in-chief.

Amaro is pure Indian. His visage is dark. Emotion is absent. He is short, broad and you would not pick him in a crowd for his presence. But now he glared fiercely at the four generals. He did not rise from his chair. Nor did he move except to draw a pistol from the drawer of his desk. He slapped the huge weapon down.

"Who are you?" he demanded of the quartet. "What do you want? Get out of here. Who let you marauders in?"

Heavy with astonishment, the four stared back at Amaro. In a little while one of them stammered his name.

"Names mean nothing to me," roared Amaro. "If you're soldiers why do you insist on looking like ruffians? Get out. Get on your uniforms and don't come back here without them. Get out, but be back in an hour and report like soldiers."

And Amaro is loyal.

So it all comes down to this: General Calles is still the Mexican strong man. With his hairy fists and steel-jacketed will he thwarted a revolt that was borning in Monterey in October, 1930, and later he choked one off in the Federal district itself. Mexico is afraid of him—one side afraid of his wrath and the other that he may die or get tired or move to Paris or something. As this is being written the rainy season is making Mexico a poor arena. When it ends General Calles may have to be stronger than ever.

Red Menaces

Continued from page 17

both events by wide margins. Jim won four firsts in the pentathlon and six firsts in the decathlon. King Gustav spoke truly when he took Thorpe by the hand, after crowning him, and said, "You, sir, are the greatest athlete in the world."

All through the meet, as Thorpe went from one strenuous event to another, never seeming to feel fatigue, the wonder and the admiration of the onlooking athletes found expression in what came to be a stock phrase, "Isn't he a horse!" When the boys broke training at the Olympiad's conclusion, Jim was one of the first to sample the delights of Swedish punch, and came back to the Finland that night more than a little cheered.

After the games were over, Jim remained in Europe to compete with other members of the American team in several special meets held in various cities, while I returned home with Tewanima, carrying the trophies that Thorpe had won. One was a bronze bust of the King of Sweden, life-size, and the other a small Viking ship, lined with gold and heavily jeweled, that had been donated by the Emperor of Russia.

At a later date, when all of the American team had returned to this country, great receptions and banquets were given in New York and Philadelphia, and Thorpe was the chief attraction, even receiving a personal letter from President Taft. Then in September, just by way of clinching his supremacy, he set an American decathlon record that stands to this day.

Every newspaper in the country was now sounding his praises, and the Indian stood as a national figure, people delighting in his picturesqueness as much as in his prowess. Then, out of a clear sky, a Connecticut paper published a story that Thorpe had played baseball for money, and straightway the storm broke, the press leaping at a chance for a scandal in athletics. I went to Jim at once and asked him if there was any truth in the charge.

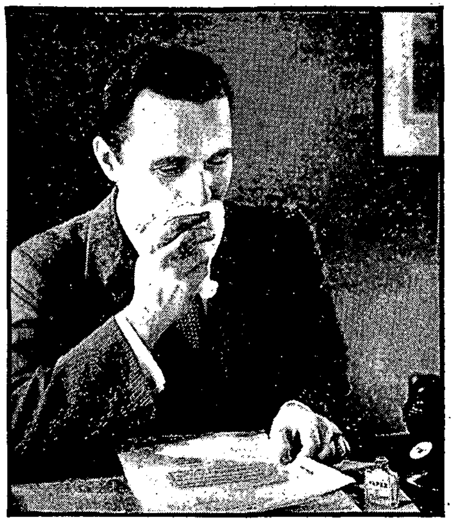
"Yes, Pop," he answered. "It's true. It was back in the summer of 1909, the year you thought I left school for home. I played with the Rocky Mount team down in the North Carolina League. I didn't see any harm in earning a little honest money, Pop. What was wrong with it?"

A King Dethroned

I tried to explain to him the delicate distinction between amateurism and professionalism, but he could not grasp it. There were, he told me, many other athletic stars from other Northern colleges who played on the same team under assumed names, while he was honest enough to use his own.

As a result of the shameful discovery that a simple Indian boy had earned a few dollars playing baseball in a bush league three years before, Thorpe's trophies were taken from him and awarded to the athletes who had won second place. I made the statement then, and I make it now, that it was a brutal business, for as Jim said to me, not angrily but pathetically, "I don't understand, Pop. What's that two months of baseball got to do with all the jumping and running and field work I did in Stockholm? I never got paid for any of that, did I?"

Another article of this series, Battles of Brawn, will appear in next week's Collier's.



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Glostora FOR THE HAIR

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Silent Weapons

Continued from page 9

"Two!" snorted Miss Janet.

"Why, of course, there are the two of us. And heaven be thanked for you, my Janet!" Here a sudden kiss. "With you beside me and a cause so just . . . failure is impossible—oh, it must be."

And so, while they comforted and encouraged each other thus, the hoofs thundered, wheels rumbled and carriage rocked until they reached a narrow coast-road fringed by the surf of a tumbling sea and presently espied a small and desolate-seeming inn before which Tom the coachman pulled up his foam-spattered horses. But hardly had the carriage stopped when men appeared, bluff, rosy-faced fellows who rolled in their gait; then out came my lady's small feathered bonnet:

"Is Mr. Potter there?"

"Ay, ay, ma'am!" answered a cheery voice and forth from the tap stepped a tall, broad-shouldered man, a jovial soul, for his face, framed in neatly trimmed side whiskers, beamed with smiling good nature, his eyes twinkled and the tip of his broad nose had a heavenward tilt. "Here I be and the lads, my leddy, ready and willing for to sarve 'ee as ever, ah, and the wind and tide likewise."

"The sea looks vera rough, Potter, man!" moaned Miss Janet.

"A bit lumpish, Miss Janet, ma'am. Now if you'll try a pint of ale warm, ma'am, and stirred wi' a sprig o' rue, it 'ud settle and lay on your stomach very sweet, miss."

"Horrors!" snorted Miss Janet; then she moaned again, shuddered, but stepped into the waiting boat like the valiant and indomitable soul she was.

Mr. Henry Willoughby-Gafton, having just done himself the honor of shaving himself, paused to survey his reflection in the very inadequate mirror since it showed no more than his face, and this but dimly—a nearly handsome face, pale, high-nosed, arrogant and adorned by glossy mustache, perfumed and curled in the latest mode, a chin deeply cleft and heavy red lips that, parting, showed two rows of very white, very perfect and exceedingly sharp-looking teeth.

Having bestowed an anxious scrutiny on the dark, thick, curling locks at his temples and culled thence a too-obtrusive white hair, having lavished profound and elaborate attention upon a spot on his almost too-prominent chin, Mr. Willoughby-Gafton sat down to his breakfast; which Spartan meal duly disposed of, he transferred his languid person to an armchair and took up the morning Gazette. The armchair, like the apartment, was dingy and somewhat comfortless, but Mr. Gafton's dressing-gown, like himself, was a thing of splendor and he lolled with a gracious ease.

SUDDENLY, however, he stirred pettishly and scowled up at the dingy ceiling whence came the sound of a small, sweet, childish voice crooning a song.

Mr. Gafton grumbled and cursed and, clutching the frayed bell rope in white, beringed hand, tugged violently. And after some while in answer to this furious summons appeared a small, placid, fiercely mustached man in a worn and faded livery; a squat, broad-shouldered powerful man.

"Ha, species of rat!" cried Mr. Gafton in glib French, "malediction—name of a dog, will you silence your howling brat!"

"Sir," answered the man in English, "she ain't mine and no more she ain't no brat, your honor. Shall I clear these here things?"

"But, name of a name, fool, you've given her a home in defiance of my orders, practically adopted her."

"Seein' as her ma's dead and she ain't got no father, I 'ave, sir—"

"Well, oblige me by stopping that infernal squealing or—"

"Your honor, that ain't squealing, she's singin' to her dolly, sir."

"Death of my life!" ejaculated Mr. Gafton feebly, and sinking back, fanned himself with the news sheet.

"Robinet, my little cabbage," he murmured after a moment, "thou'rt a disgrace to me, a reproach, an eyesore, a constant reminder of Fortune's buffets. Thy clothes, my cabbage, proclaim a poverty damnably genteel."

"SIR," answered the little man, setting down laden tray with an indignant clatter, "'tain't no fault o' mine. I've darned 'em 'ere and darned 'em there, I've patched 'em 'igh and patched 'em low—"

"Be silent, my rabbit, or be French."

"'Tain't nowise possible, sir, me bein' Bob Medders and as Henglish as I sound. And wot's more, your honor, though I've growed these here Frenchee whiskers to your orders, 'tis agreed as I don't never 'ave to speak the French lingo 'cept afore company, 'twas agreed atwixt us years ago."

"I wonder," sighed Mr. Gafton plaintively, "now I wonder why I endure thee, my Robin?"

"Well, sir, I'm so precious cheap, for one thing—"

"And nasty, very, very nasty, my Rob."

"And, for another thing, your honor, there's reasons—three on 'em, sir, and one is that theer young French lady as—"

"Robert!" exclaimed Mr. Gafton, forgetting to lounge, "I am amazed that you live. Indeed your continued existence and my own forbearance astonish me!"

"Well, sir," answered Bob, meeting his master's threatening look wholly unperturbed, "I'm pretty spry and, as I told you afore, having larned to write I've wrote a letter which—if I was to be took off sudden-like, or give up to the law, or vanish away and not be heered of for—a week, say—this here letter would be opened and read—which might prove a bit awk'ard-like for your honor."

"Ah, behold a cunning rascal, a rogue prevoyant!" murmured Mr. Gafton and yawned. "Well, well, my small cabbage, it seems we must live and let live—a pity but needs must."

"Sir, ever since you saved me from . . . you know what . . . I've served you faithful and well and, so long as you don't come it too 'ard on me, well and faithful I'll serve your honor, and nobody could say fairer."

"Then, my very bright soul, my faithful gallows bird, oblige me by stepping round to the gunsmith's and—"

"They'm here, sir."

"Then pray bring 'em."

From dingy corner Bob produced a flat, oblong oaken case which he set on the table before his master and opened, disclosing a pair of murderous-looking dueling pistols. Mr. Willoughby-Gafton examined them with the eye of a connoisseur, leveled and snapped them with a practiced hand, nodded and shut them away.

"Sure death at anything from fifteen to thirty paces!" said he and yawned again.

"Another dooll, sir?" inquired Bob, setting the pistol case back in the corner.

"Well, let us say the final settlement of an account long overdue. And I always pay my debts, Robinet—that is —some of them."

"If your honor could pay me a trifle on account—"

"I said 'some of them,' my poor fool and—ha, now who the devil!" exclaimed Mr. Gafton, for a cracked bell had jangled harshly in the small outer lobby. "See who it is, Robin, and admit none but known friends. *Dépêches-toi!*"

AWAY down the narrow stone stairs clattered Bob forthwith and after some delay he returned, accompanied by a rhythmic jingling, and announced in very excellent French:

"*Monsieur le Colonel Louis Santerre!*"

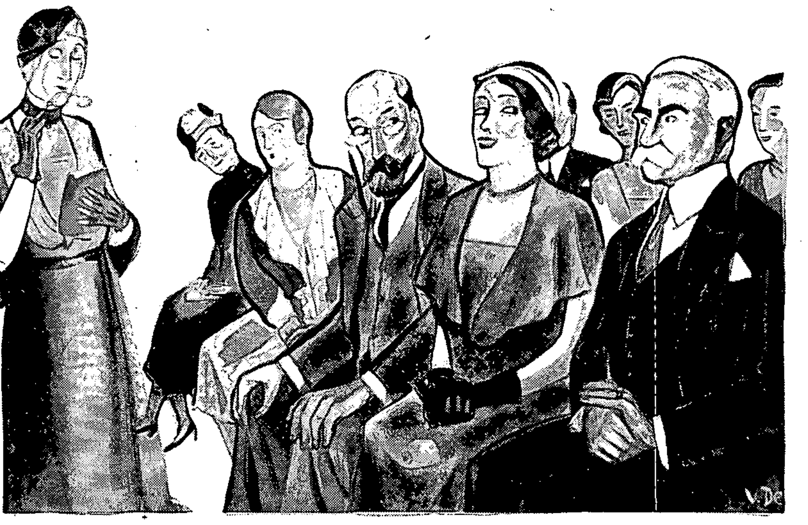
Framed in the doorway appeared a tall man, gloved hands crossed on gold-mounted, tasseled cane, scowling loftily beneath the brim of a hat jauntily cocked, a vast, extremely ferocious-seeming gentleman.

Mr. Willoughby-Gafton, without troubling himself to rise, saluted this imposing personage with airy motion of white hand, whereupon the colonel bowed, stalked jingling into the room and, depositing hat and cane upon the table, seated himself with a certain fierce emphasis.

"You have breakfasted, Louis?"

"But certainly, my dear Henri."

"Then a *petit verre?*"



"I regret to say our little club again faces a slight deficit"

Victor de Pauw

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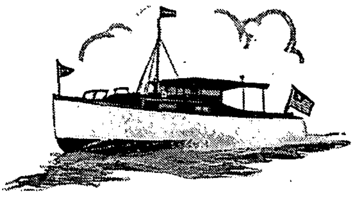

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"With pleasure."

"Robinet, the cognac."

And now while the colonel sipped his brandy Mr. Gafton glanced languidly through the Gazette; quoth he, at last:

"It would seem that Victor's hand is as sure as ever. I see here that his man died last night."

"But certainly, my dear friend! Our Victor's ball took him in the groin, precisely where our Victor intended—a slow death and painful, for Victor truly detested the fellow."

"You were the vicomte's second, it seems."

"Yes!" nodded the colonel. "But tell me, how speeds thine own affair, my dear friend? With the young Monsieur Vibart?"

"We shall know more when Victor arrives. He is acting for me, as I think you are aware, and I expect him—" Here the bell jangled discordant summons. Bob clattered downstairs again and presently reappeared to announce:

"*Monsieur le Vicomte Victor de Villebois!*"

AND then into the room tripped a slim, blond gentleman, a small daintily exquisite creature, from the perfumed locks that clustered on white brow to little glittering varnished boots; his pink-and-white face seemed aglow with youth, his china-blue eyes danced with a light and joyous innocence. He clapped the ferocious colonel playfully on broad shoulder, he embraced Mr. Gafton tenderly and, perching himself lightly on the table between them, swung one elegant, chubby leg gracefully to and fro; and yet somehow, as he looked gayly from one to the other, his youthful bloom seemed a little too fresh, his glad-eyed innocence a little overpowering.

"Oh, la—la!" cried he. "This Monsieur Vibart—so young but of a spirit—superb! He agrees to everything—place, weapon, distance—everything! '*Comme vous voulez, monsieur!*' he says. He bows! He smiles! He is a young gentleman of a serenity, my faith—an aplomb veritable! But—ah, yes! He desires the meeting shall be soon! Immediately! Today! This morning, for example, if possible! Eh, Henri? How say you, my old fellow, will you favor this young gentleman so engaging by shooting him at once?"

"No, Victor. The meeting will be five—nay, six days hence—"

"But, Henri, my old fellow, I am amazed! Name of a pipe, you astonish me extremely!"

"However, I have my reasons, Victor."

"Oh, perfectly!" nodded the vicomte. "But then, Henri, after all—why shoot this so rich young gentleman—why kill—how say you?—the duck who produces us the eggs of gold?"

"Ha—thunder! Victor's right!" cried the colonel, with ferocious snort. "Why cut off the source of supplies, Henri, my friend?"

"To kill him," sighed the vicomte, rolling his eyes, "my faith, but it is like—bounding into the visage of Providence! Why kill him?"

"It depends," answered Mr. Gafton. "I am hoping through him perhaps to bring down bigger game."

"Ah—I perceive!" cried the vicomte. "It is the father you aim at! You will shoot the so honored sire?"

"This depends also, Victor."

"Upon—what—my old fellow?"

"Upon—his lady wife."

At this the vicomte was so affected that he was forced to leap from the table and embrace Mr. Gafton more fervently than before.

"Charming! Charming!" he exclaimed in gurgling ecstasy. "Woman! Woman! The hope, the inspiration, the beginning and the end so divine of heroical man! And she is beautiful, my Henri? She is of a grace, is it not?"

"She is beyond description, Victor! The years have but mellowed, time hath but glorified her! She is the Femininity Essential!"

"Aha, a type provocative—yes? Oh, la, la—and it is she then you aim at, my old one—eh?"

"Precisely!" nodded Mr. Gafton. "To see her . . . on her dimpled knees! And . . . perhaps . . . in my arms. . . !"

"*Ventre-Saint-Gris!*" exclaimed the colonel, twisting fierce mustache savagely. "And so . . . thus . . . she saves alive her husband and her son—?"

"Certainly!" sighed Mr. Gafton.

"My dear friend," cried the colonel, "but it is magnificent! My felicitations! And we three are one—the fortune of one is the fortune of all, so—after thyself, my Henri—us!"

Mr. Gafton, lolling back in his chair, folded and refolded the news sheet into a paper staff wherewith he now gestured at the colonel:

"Vicomte," said he wearily, "my dear Victor, there are times when I marvel how we stoop to associate with this Santerre considering his manners which, as we know, smack damnably of the *canaille*—"

"Ha . . . a thousand devils!" roared the colonel.

"Ten thousand!" sighed Mr. Gafton, "and may they be attendant about your deathbed, Monsieur the Colonel—"

"Death of my life, monsieur! Would you quarrel with me?"

"But certainly!" murmured Mr. Gafton. "I have thought you would appear much pleasanter dead," and speaking, he smote Colonel Santerre across the face with his paper baton.

The colonel leaped from his chair, six feet of blazing, speechless ferocity, thus before he could find utterance Mr. Gafton got himself afoot and looking upon the raging colonel, smiled:

"Louis Santerre," said he, buttoning silken robe about his shapeliness, "my man of straw, fellow of bombast and thing of wind, your heart is a bubble—in fine you are no fit companion for me, therefore I propose to rid myself—and the dear Victor—of such offense." The colonel strove desperately for adequate retort but, meeting the baleful glitter of the speaker's eyes, recoiled.

"Robinet," said Mr. Gafton, summoning his ever-imperturbable Bob, "load my pistols—or this person may prefer swords—bring them!"

BUT here, up jumped the vicomte, hands uplifted and eyes rolling.

"Sacred name!" cried he. "Oh, my faith, but this is truly frightful. . . . This cannot be, shall not be—no! Henri, my dear old one—dog cannot, should not, must not eat dog—"

"Dear Victor, a man—myself for instance—may tread on a slug—"

"Nay now—hush thee, my old fellow, dear Henri, I protest thou'rt too severe—oh, beyond doubt! And you, Louis—ah, pray remember that between gentlemen of the hearts truly gallant—woman, the ladies, being divinities, are forever excepted and exempt. . . . You owe our friend Henri an apology."

The colonel coughed, cleared his throat fiercely, glared ferociously at Bob and, turning to his master, bowed:

"Since Victor so adjudicates," said he harshly, "pray believe that I meant no offense."

"Nobly said, my Louis!" cried the vicomte joyously. "Shake hands, my heroes! . . . And now let us forth and cement good-fellowship in a bottle, is it not? My faith, it is—yes."

And thus they presently sallied forth together—three very elegant, very imposing, very dangerous gentlemen indeed.

(To be continued next week)

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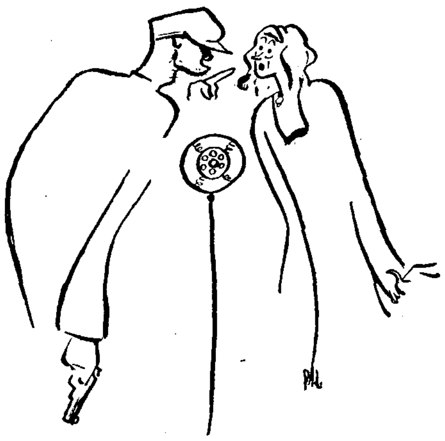

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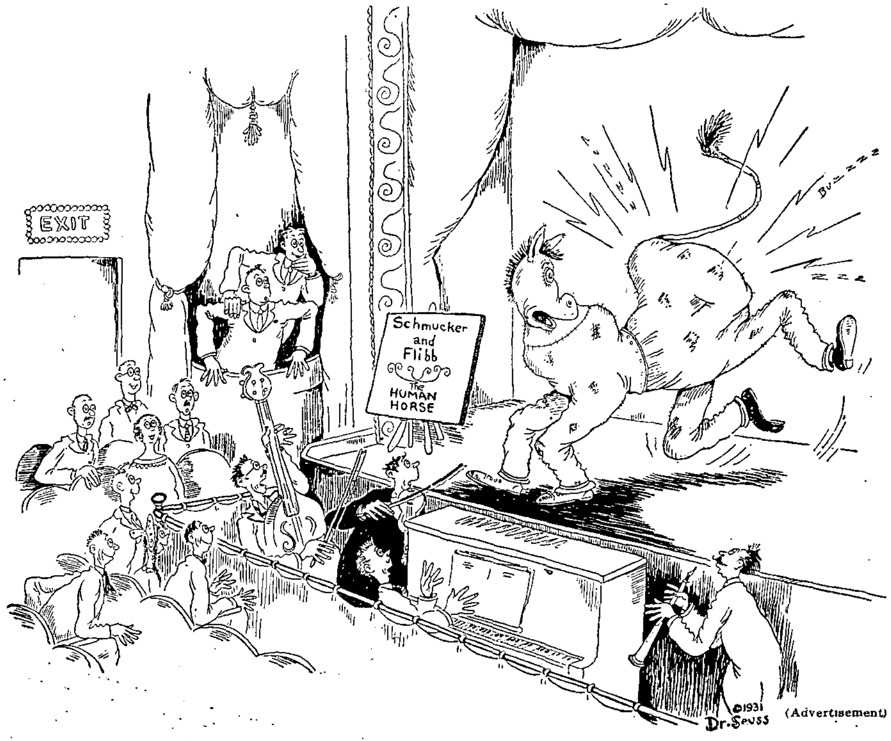

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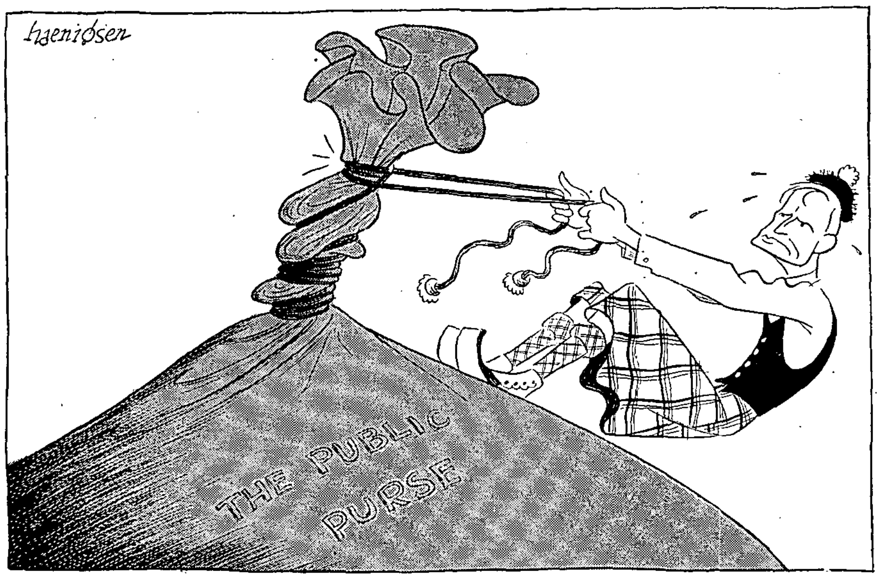


The Perfect Congressman

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

WILL WOOD is going to be at his finest this year with a government deficit of a billion and a half to two billions threatened on top of last year's deficit of nearly a billion. He has already said that there shall be no large appropriations for naval construction, and as he is the powerful chairman of the House Appropriations Committee and reflects pretty closely the mental attitude of most congressmen, it's a good bet that there won't be much new cruiser building.

The Honorable Will R. Wood has always a sharp eye for extravagance with Uncle Sam's money. I pick at random from the thousands of pages of hearings before his Appropriations Committee during the last session of Congress. A witness is explaining the requirements in money for a Federal farm for the treatment of narcotic addicts at Lexington, Kentucky.

THE CHAIRMAN: It occurs to me that there is some needless expense here. . . . There is no sense in providing a milking house in addition to the cow barn. In well-regulated dairies the cow is milked in the barn. . . . I have seen some of the biggest cow barns in this country, and I have never known them to have a milking barn in addition. . . .

Chairman Wood then passes on to the hog barn.

How to Build Hog Barns

THE CHAIRMAN: You have a hog barn there that costs $6,000, built out of stone or brick. Did these Agricultural Department people tell you to build your hog barn out of brick? If they are up to snuff with reference to building hog barns, they will know that they must be moved every once in a while, because every place about it becomes infected. Every farmer moves his hog barn or shed, and he does not build permanent structures for them. The same thing is true with reference to the chicken outfit. . . . This is exactly what I told you would happen whenever we started this thing. You will build a lot of "highfalutin" stuff out there that will cost two or three million dollars more than was expected.

Will Wood is against all "highfalutin." Before he became chairman, he was head of the subcommittee that handled the Independent Offices bill, which contains appropriations for the independent bureaus and commissions. He would like to abolish most of these independent bodies, especially the "highfalutin" ones like the Fine Arts Commission.

It is an ordeal for witnesses to appear before him justifying expenditures. If it were his own money being expended, he could not be more savage about it. He arrives at 6:20 A. M. at his office. He reads his mail and answers the letters of his constituents until nine o'clock. Then he goes to the Treasury Department or some other department with which he has business until the hour arrives for the hearings where his real life begins, the bullyragging of the suspicious characters who are trying to get his money—that is, Uncle Sam's.

A Single-Minded Man

He leads the simple life in a small hotel not far from his office in the Capitol. He is a widower. He has no automobile. He rarely rides in taxicabs. His legs or street cars carry him the short distances he has to go.

He has contempt for society; the occasional company of men at a poker game is his only recreation—that and an almost yearly junket to the Canal Zone.

Congress always breeds men whose only life is digging into the details of the government's business. And the money-spending is the thing that engrosses them most of all. Will Wood knows no other life. For thirty-six years he has been at it, eighteen of them in the Indiana legislature. Deprived of this one interest, as he might be by a political overturn, he would not know what to do with himself. His roots are in the simple past of American life, when business was individual and when money was not made by speculation or by combining corporations and selling stock to the public, but by close watching of the pennies.

He has all the prejudices of the average congressman. He is jealous of the powers of Congress. He hates the encroachment of the executive. He hates the independent commissions because they represent generally a devolution of the powers of Congress.

He is rugged and independent within the limits of loyalty to the Republican party. He does not fawn on Presidents. But I saw him the other day carrying a pasteboard box two feet in every dimension into the White House. It contained a ten-pound peach, the largest ever raised in Indiana, a present from a constituent of his to the President. No matter how rugged and independent you are, carrying peaches or pumpkins to the White House is the kind of thing you do for constituents—the perfect congressman of the old type.

The Wow that Wasn't

Continued from page 13

where you couldn't see it very well. I took it back and gave it to the Lorris chief of police and he put it with her other things and thought no more about it, and I went back to the place on the road where I had found it and began to ask for a fellow and a girl in a car. What kind of car I wanted to find out. I asked everywhere for twenty miles—at gas stations, at houses along the road, of people in the fields; and after a while I began to pick them and the car up—at first not very definitely but then it got more definite.

"First it was only two people in a blue car; then it was a blue coupé; then it was a blue Roanoke coupé, new model. As soon as I knew what kind of car I began to find a lot of people that had noticed it and them. On the way to the house there had been two people in it, and the other way there was only him; and I began to get him, too—his description, I mean. He was about twenty-five years old and had a kind of colorless thin face, and wore a gray suit and a gray hat.

"MR. CASSON, I followed that new-model Roanoke a hundred and twenty-five miles. And finally it brought me to a town called Calvinton, and there I traced down the fellow I was looking for. He was the kind I thought he would be, if I'd been guessing right; he was eminently respectable. Everybody looked up to him. He had a job in a bank and his family was one of the best families.

"There's another thing; he's going to be married in two weeks! Ain't that a wow!—the story? It's hot melodrama—the respected young man that they think is perfect, and the beautiful young girl that nobody knows about that he once loved, but now she's in his way, and the society girl he's going to marry, and then—murder! The readers of the Enterprise will eat it up."

"I'm not interested in that."

"No; of course not. I beg your pardon. Well, I had the right man but, you see, I didn't have anything on him; no proof. He had a blue new-model Roanoke and he'd been away from home the day the murder happened; but the police would have just laughed at me if I had gone to them with only that, and he would have been warned. I had to have a lot more on him than I had yet. So I got a picture of him out of a pamphlet that had pictures of the officers of the bank, and a specimen of his handwriting by going to the bank to get some information—that was in case I needed those; and then I went back and combed the road.

"I'll tell you what I was looking for; I remembered that in three other cases like this one, there had been a message from the fellow to the girl to get her to meet him. In two of the cases it had been a telephone call, but in one of them it was a letter. That seems to be the pattern of that kind of murder. The man gets a message to the girl for her to meet him but not to let anybody know about it.

"I hoped this guy had made a date with her by letter. Of course he would have told her, 'Destroy this letter.' But in the other case the man had told her that and the girl didn't destroy it. And she had it with her; she didn't want to leave it around. Maybe this girl had done that. Well, what then? The first thing he'd want to do, afterward, would be to get rid of the letter, wouldn't it? I hoped he'd torn it up.

"You'd be surprised how many pieces of paper get scattered along a road, Mr. Casson. I guess I looked at a thousand of them. After a while I found a piece that might be it; I couldn't tell. Then I found another one. They didn't help any; they had only portions of words on 'em. Finally I found four pieces altogether. They didn't mean anything, and I couldn't tell if it was his handwriting; it looked like it. But I found that two of my pieces fitted together, and when I did that, they said, 'ten thirty-four at El—' "

"I see—" said Casson, "making the appointment, if it was his letter."

"I hoped it was. At first I thought that 'ten thirty-four at El—' might be telling when he'd meet her; but people aren't as exact as that. It looked to me like a train. Hadn't he told her to take a train at ten-thirty-four at some town that began 'El—' and the rest of the letter said where to get off and he would meet her? To find that out, I had to find if there was a town like that, that had a ten-thirty-four train going in the right direction. Well, there was a place like that—this town Ellicot.

"So I came here this morning. I had a piece out of her dress and I took it to a dry-goods store, and the man there matched it and said he'd sold only one dress off of that piece, to Myrtle Warren. So then I had what might be her name. There wasn't very much more I had to do. I had to go up there and see some member of the Warren family and show them the picture of this guy in Calvinton and ask if Myrtle knew him."

"Have you the picture with you now?" Casson inquired.

"Yes, sir."

Jimmy took it out and gave it to Casson, and Casson looked at it in surprise, then gravely.

"You're quite sure," he asked, "of all you've told me as to this being the right man? There's no chance you're making a mistake?"

"You know him, then?"

"Know Alvin Masterton? Yes. Since his childhood. His family lived here until about a year ago and then they moved to Calvinton. They were prominent here and they're prominent there. Alvin's been back here frequently to visit friends. You think he came to see Myrtle? I have never heard of their being interested in each other."

"You probably wouldn't, Mr. Casson. Those kids are smart."

"So you went to the Warrens', and they sent you here to me?"

"No, sir; they didn't send me. I went there, right enough. Her sister was the only one at home."

"Enid."

"Is that her name? I didn't know. Yes; Enid, then. But, to tell you the truth, I didn't say anything to her about it. She's a swell girl! I simply couldn't tell her. So I came here to you."

CASSON looked at his watch.

"Well, we'll go up there," he said, in a voice suddenly weary. "George'll be coming home to dinner about now."

They left Casson's office and walked along the sunny streets which had the idle look of small-town midday. The white house, trimmed with green, looked very peaceful as they approached it. Enid came to the door and smiled when she saw Jimmy; then as she saw their faces, her look grew apprehensive.

"Your father home, Enid?" Casson asked her.

"He just came in."

"Tell him I want to see him."

Jimmy and Casson went into the parlor and waited, and in a few moments Warren came in with Enid following him. Warren was a man nearing fifty and had a kindly, pleasant face; a nice guy, Jimmy decided. He was in his shirt sleeves.

"Hello, Joe," he said. "What's up?"

"Something serious, George. You've got to brace yourself to take it. Better sit down."

"You mean it's bad news, Joe?" Warren asked.

"The worst you ever had. It's about Myrtle."

"Myrtle isn't here, Joe," Warren said. "She took the ten-thirty-four Friday morning for Albany to visit her aunt. But I haven't heard from her. You mean something's happened to her?"

"I'm afraid so."

"She's—hurt?"

"Worse, George."

"Is she—"

Casson nodded gently and sympathetically, and his eyes filled with tears. Enid put her hand on her father's shoulder. Jimmy didn't know what to do about it. He started toward her impulsively, then stopped. Then he went deliberately and stood beside her, and his hand touched hers and, without knowing that she did it, she took his hand and held to it.

"This is Mr. Kell, George," Casson explained. "He came here this morning to tell you about this, but he found Enid here alone and he couldn't tell her. So he came to me."

"It must be bad, Joe," Warren said apprehensively, "if he couldn't tell it."

"Mr. Kell thinks she didn't go to Albany, but went to meet Alvin Masterton. Mr. Kell thinks there was some sort of an affair between her and Alvin and that, after she met him—something happened to her."

WARREN'S eyes were blank as he looked at Jimmy and then at Casson; he plainly did not understand; then comprehension and sudden agony came to him. He put his face into his hands.

"Mind waiting outside for me, Kell?" Casson said.

"No, of course not," Jimmy replied.

He went out onto the porch and walked around, getting a mental picture of the house so he could describe it in his story. Then he heard someone coming, but it was Enid, not Casson.

"I want to thank you," she said, in a trembling voice. "It was much better for Mr. Casson to tell him than anybody else. He's very fond of Mr. Casson."

"Oh, that's all right," he told her.

Before he could say anything else, Casson came out to them and Enid went back into the house. Jimmy and Casson walked together back downtown.

"George and I are going to Lorris this afternoon and get her," Casson explained, "but first I have to go and tell this at the sheriff's office. I want you along."

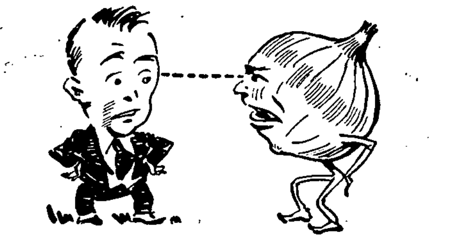
"Sure. I want to be there because of the paper."

They stopped at the sheriff's office and made their statement and waited while the sheriff called up the police in Calvinton, and then they separated. Casson went back to the Warrens' and Jimmy went to the hotel to get his story into shape and get it to the paper.

He'd have to get the office on the phone and tell them what he had, and then get the story on the wire. He paced up and down the hotel room, finding the words for it. Several times he went and sat down at the phone, but got up quickly and began to walk again.

After an hour, he took his hat and went out of the hotel and walked along

(Continued on page 56)



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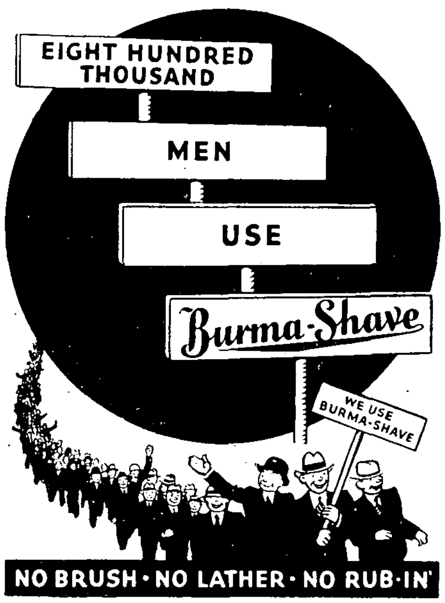

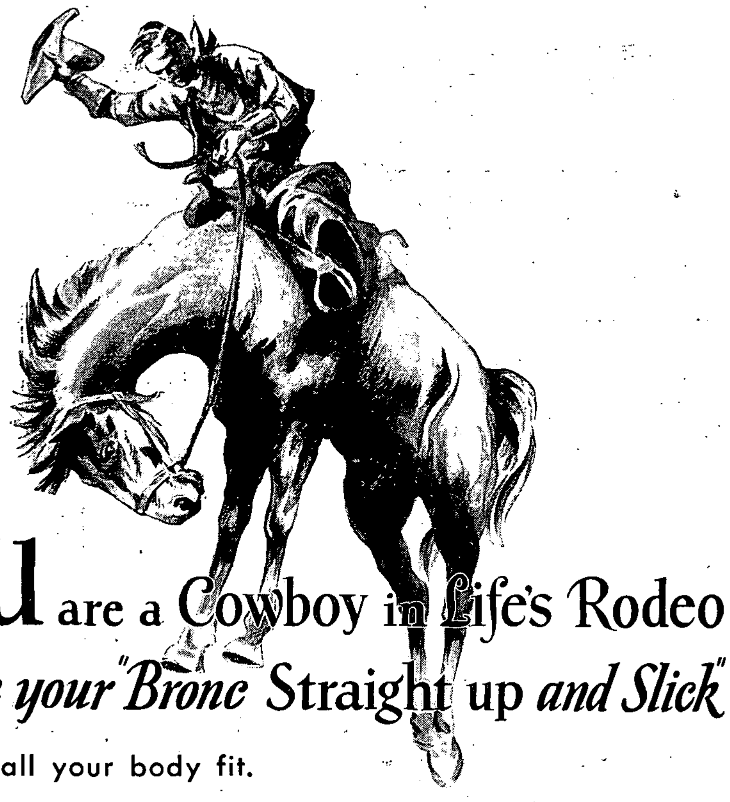

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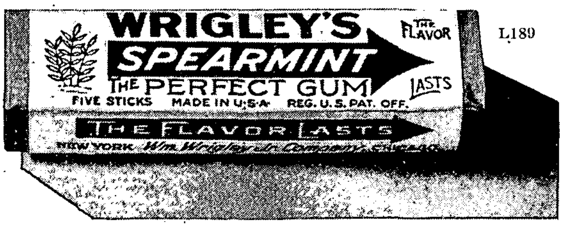
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(Continued from page 55)

the business street, looking for a place, a sign, that he had noted previously. He found it without trouble: "The Ellicot News-Courier. Published Thursdays. E. B. Antlers, Editor. Job Printing."

Jimmy went in. A man of sixty, round-shouldered and kindly-looking, was working at a desk.

"You the editor?" Jimmy asked him.

"Yes, I'm Ed Antlers, Mr. Kell."

"You seem to know me."

"Joe Casson told me about you."

"I suppose he gave you the story, too."

"Yes."

"I THOUGHT I might be able to help you with it," Jimmy said wilily. "I've got all the particulars, you know."

"No; I've got all I want." He handed Jimmy a proof, still wet. "Here it is."

Jimmy took the proof, and read it:

"To the grief of her many friends, word was received, just before our going to press, of the tragic passing away last Friday of Myrtle Warren. She had left Ellicot that morning to visit her aunt in Albany.

Myrtle Anne Warren was born eighteen years ago in the family home on Elm Street. She attended the West Side public school, where she was very popular among her schoolmates and excelled particularly in English language and drawing. She was a member of the girls' basketball team. If she had lived she would have been graduated next spring, undoubtedly with the highest honors, as she stood high in all her classes. She was a member of Miss Adams' Sunday-school class and, last winter, on the occasion of the pageant given by the united churches, she was chosen unanimously as the Queen of Beauty.

"Myrtle Warren was greatly loved and her passing has brought a shadow into many homes in Ellicot. She is survived by her father, George Warren, and her sister Enid."

"That all you intend to print?" Jimmy asked anxiously.

"That's all."

"This is a hot story, Mr. Antlers," Jimmy said, his anxiety increasing. "You could give your readers a big wallop with it and I can help you do that."

"Probably," Antlers answered dryly. "But we don't usually print anything that will give our friends pain."

Jimmy stared blankly out the window at the people moving in the street.

"I beg your pardon; I'm upset," he said, after a time.

"What's upset you?"

"I guess Enid Warren did."

He ceased looking out the window. He was not alert, the way he usually was, but perplexed and introspective.

"She thinks I'm a great guy," he said abruptly. "Well, is she going to keep on thinking that after she reads my story?"

"Will she see your story?" Antlers asked.

"Sure she'll see it. They'll run a bunch of papers into this town, the way they always do in a town where a big story happens, and she'll see my name on it and read it because of that. I don't think she even knows yet that I'm a reporter; I don't remember Casson mentioning that. She'll know I did all this just to get the story; she'll think that anyway. Well, I did; I'm a reporter. All the time I was at her house I was watching her and her father to see how they felt and acted and what they said when they got the news, so that I could write it down for folks to read. What's she going to think when she knows that?"

"You ask me to answer that?"

"No; I guess I got it answered already. That's what's upset me."

"Do you care what she thinks?" Antlers asked, watching him curiously.

"That's what's the whole trouble. I got an idea that what she thinks about me is the most important thing there is to me. I want her to keep on thinking I'm a great guy all the rest of her life."

He sat down.

"You're a newspaper man," he said. "Do you think a reporter's ever got a right to throw his paper down? I didn't think so. I didn't think I'd ever do it. I thought, if it was my best friend had got murdered, I would write it for the paper. Well, I can't write this one. I been up in the hotel an hour trying to do it. I can't write it because it is about her and her sister. This is the Enterprise's own story; they dug it up. The other papers will have it because that telephone call from the sheriff's office to Calvinton will break it; but the Enterprise will depend on me and they'll get scooped. Well, I can't help it. But I'll have to let them know. You might tell me where the telegraph office in this town is."

Antlers looked at him for a short while in silence.

"It's in the railroad station," he said finally. "If you'll wait outside a moment, I'll walk down there with you. I've got a telephone call to make here first."

Jimmy went out and waited on the sidewalk and after a minute Antlers joined him. They walked down to the station and Jimmy wrote his message and showed it to Antlers and then gave it to the operator.

"You didn't have to do quite that, did you, Jim?" Antlers inquired when they had come outside. "You didn't have to tell them you had quit, I mean? They might not have fired you."

"Sure they would; and I've got some pride—I wanted to beat them to it."

"What are you going to do now?"

"Stay in this town a while. It might be I'll get a job here. I'm a reporter—so I've got no money."

"You wouldn't care to work for the News-Courier, would you?"

"I'll say I would."

When they got back to the News-Courier office, they found Enid Warren waiting.

"You wanted to see me, Ed?" she said. She was twenty and he was sixty, and she called him "Ed"; but they did that in hick towns.

"Yes, Enid." Antlers went and got the proof. "I wanted to show you this before we print it, and see if there is anything you want to add."

SHE read the story through.

"It's all right," she said. "I wouldn't want to add anything."

The shadow of what had happened was in her eyes and on her face; it would be long before it went away. She turned to Jimmy.

"Did you find a place to live?" she asked. So she still believed that lie that he had told her at the first; or else she was confused by all that had been happening. The lie had come true now.

"Not yet," he said. "I got a job, though. I'm going to work for Ed."

"It's about time I was getting a reporter," Antlers explained. "I've never had one and I'm getting old."

Her sad eyes smiled at Jimmy. "I'm glad."

Jimmy walked to the door with her.

"Mind if I see you home?" he asked.

He walked along the sidewalk with her. She was a great girl and he was crazy over her! He couldn't even talk. He wanted to take her in his arms and let her cry. Of course, he couldn't.

It was a funny one on him, too, when you came to think of it. He was hard-boiled. He'd never thought he'd meet some girl a couple of times and have her make him forget everything but her. She'd done it. So, it seems, it sometimes happens.

"Sorry, but you have the wrong number. By the way, are you doing anything this evening?"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North
S. J-7-2
H. 6-5-4-2
D. A-Q-8
C. A-Q-7

West
S. 9-8-6-5-3
H. None
D. 9-6-4-2
C. 9-5-4-3

East
S. A-4
H. K-Q-8
D. K-J-10-7
C. K-J-10-8

South (Dealer)
S. K-Q-10
H. A-J-10-9-7-3
D. 5-3
C. 6-2

THE above Contract hand should point a moral for players who are discouraged by a trickless holding. Played by two teams of four contesting for a club championship, this hand (with both sides vulnerable) produced a 1,040-point difference in the scores of the respective teams. The hero of the winning team held no card higher than a Nine and did not take a trick in his own hand!

The bidding reached the same contract at both tables, but not by exactly the same route. At Table A South started with two Hearts. Of course West passed; and North, with 3½ supporting tricks, held more than enough for a jump to four Hearts. With four high-card tricks, East could not refrain from doubling. At Table B, South more conservatively bid one Heart; North advanced the declaration to three, South then bid four, and East doubled at that table also. The East business double was of doubtful propriety, inasmuch as the hand held trump honors sitting *under* the Declarer; such a double is always dangerous, as it is apt to be too informatory.

At both tables West's opening lead was the Five of Spades. Both Easts won with the Ace, and both Souths dropped the King in order to give dummy a Spade entry. East's Spade return was won by dummy's Jack and dummy then led a Heart on which both Easts played the King. East did not play low because he knew that his double had marked him with both honors and that South would relish a chance to finesse the first trump round, play the Heart Ace on the second, and then put East in the lead on the third round; after which East, holding nothing but Diamonds and Clubs, would be forced to lead up to one of dummy's major tenaces and give Declarer an easy game.

When East played the King of Hearts on the first round of trumps, both Souths refused to overtake. West had led the Five of Spades to trick 1 and had played the Trey to trick 2; this showed that originally West held five Spades. Declarer hoped that East, having no more Spades, would lead a minor suit; but neither East would enter the trap and both led a trump to trick 4. South won and drew East's last trump; then a third round of Spades was led. Up to that point the play at the two tables had been the same; but beginning with trick 7 it varied materially.

To trick 7 South led a Diamond, and at Table A West played the Deuce, North the Eight, East the Ten. Now East, holding nothing but Diamonds and Clubs, found it impossible to lead without giving away a trick. Another Diamond lead would give dummy two Diamond tricks on one of which closed hand's losing Club would be discarded; a Club lead, up to dummy's Ace-Queen, would insure Declarer against the loss of a Club trick. Regardless of what East led, Declarer fulfilled his doubled contract.

At Table B West stopped, looked and reasoned when South led a Diamond to trick 7. East, with no strength indication from West, had doubled the four-Heart contract; East therefore expected to take four tricks unassisted and must hold both minor Kings with probably most of the minor Jacks and Tens. (South, holding Jack or Ten of either minor, probably would have led that card in place of a small Diamond.) It was essential to keep East from being thrown in the lead with the Jack or Ten, since East (holding no more Spades) then would be forced to lead up to one of dummy's minor Ace-Queens. So West played the Nine of Diamonds instead of a small one; and Declarer, not daring to leave West in the lead, had to play dummy's Queen. East won with the King and returned the Diamond Jack; North won with the Ace and led his last Diamond for South to ruff. South led a Club, and this time West's immaterial play was again the Nine: Declarer's only chance was the finesse, which East won with the King. Thanks to West's play of the Diamond Nine at the crucial moment, East won one trick in every suit and defeated the four-Heart contract.

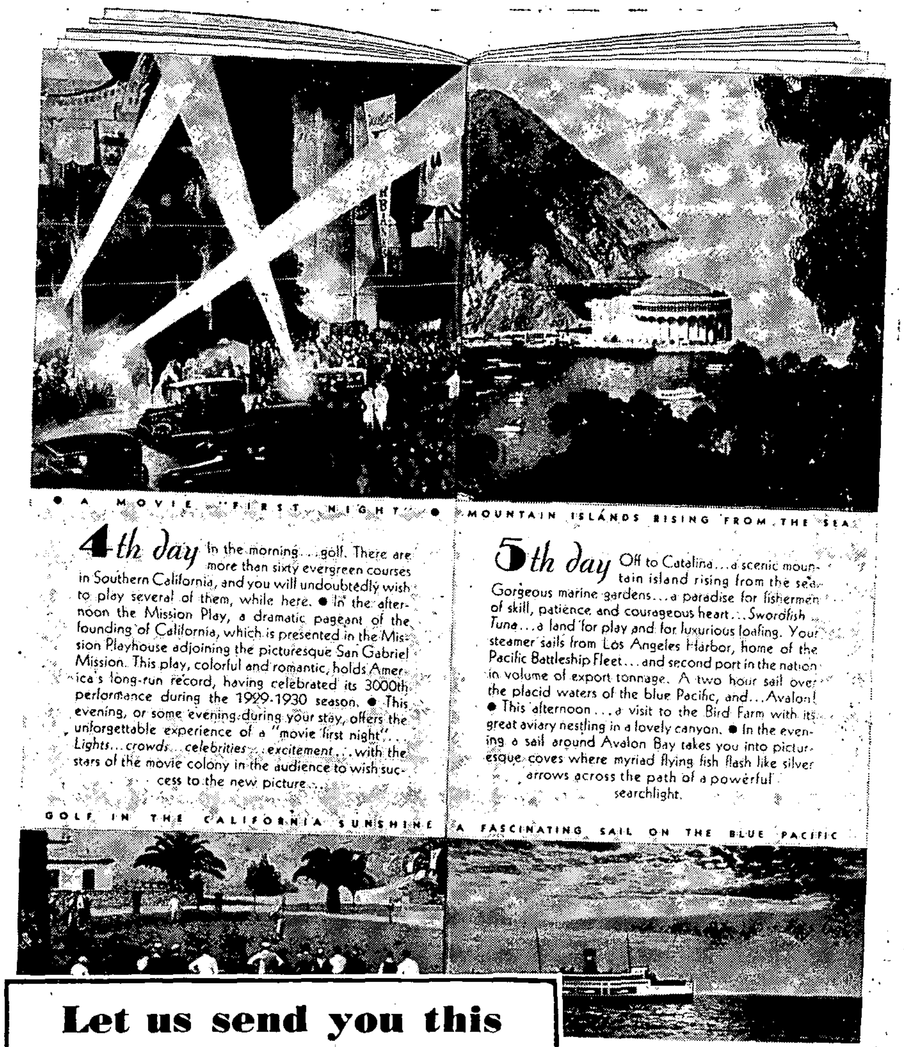
Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. 4-2
H. 9-8-4-3-2
D. A-K-J
C. Q-J-10

East
S. K-5
H. 7-5
D. 9-7-6-4-3
C. 9-8-6-4

West
S. 8-3
H. A-Q-6
D. 10-8-5-2
C. 7-5-3-2

South (Dealer)
S. A-Q-J-10-9-7-6
H. K-J-10
D. Q
C. A-K



4th day In the morning ... golf. There are more than sixty evergreen courses in Southern California, and you will undoubtedly wish to play several of them, while here. ● In the afternoon the Mission Play, a dramatic pageant of the founding of California, which is presented in the Mission Playhouse adjoining the picturesque San Gabriel Mission. This play, colorful and romantic, holds America's long-run record, having celebrated its 3000th performance during the 1929-1930 season. ● This evening, or some evening during your stay, offers the unforgettable experience of a "movie first night"... *Lights... crowds... celebrities... excitement...* with the stars of the movie colony in the audience to wish success to the new picture...

5th day Off to Catalina ... a scenic mountain island rising from the sea. Gorgeous marine gardens ... a paradise for fishermen of skill, patience and courageous heart ... *Swordfish Tuna* ... a land for play and for luxurious loafing. Your steamer sails from Los Angeles Harbor, home of the Pacific Battleship Fleet ... and second port in the nation in volume of export tonnage. A two hour sail over the placid waters of the blue Pacific, and ... Avalon! ● This afternoon ... a visit to the Bird Farm with its great aviary nestling in a lovely canyon. ● In the evening a sail around Avalon Bay takes you into picturesque coves where myriad flying fish flash like silver arrows across the path of a powerful searchlight.

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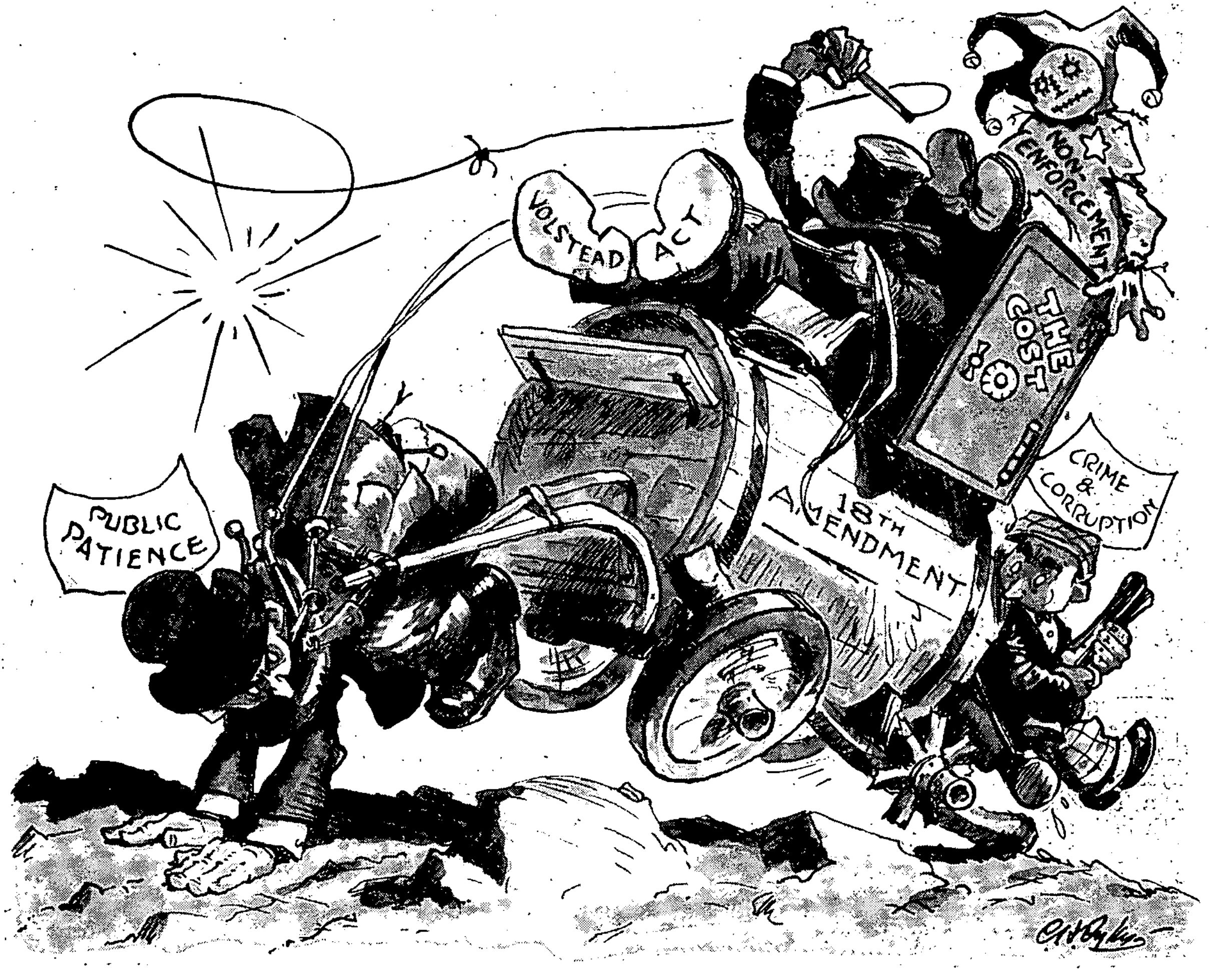
Now's the Time



THERE is neither necessity nor justification for a further delay in dealing with prohibition and the Eighteenth Amendment.

The recently announced vote of the American Bar Association in favor of a repeal is a fair index of the state of public opinion. The bar association represents the best of the legal profession. Nobody knows more about the practicability of law than lawyers. Yet by a vote of more than two to one—13,779 to 6,340 to be exact—the lawyers of this country voted for repeal.

The delegates to the convention of the American Legion in Detroit voted their disapproval of prohibition by an overwhelming majority.

Every other group of citizens which has given deliberate thought to the subject has been driven by the facts to similar conclusions. The Wickersham Commission, reputedly a dry body, wrote the doom of the Amendment.

President Hoover has been counted a sincere ally of the dry forces. Yet during Mr. Hoover's term of office the enforcement officials have been in steady retreat.

The Administration is entitled to credit for making Federal enforcement less offensively political than it was before Mr. Hoover entered the White House. There is doubtless more honesty in the prohibition bureau than ever before. Colonel Woodcock certainly seems to have more sense and better public manners than some of his predecessors. He has not been able, however, to secure a better degree of enforcement.

On the contrary, the Federal government has withdrawn as quietly and as unobtrusively as possible from much of the territory which at one time the United States government pretended to police.

The Administration frankly permits and even encourages by loans the development of a home wine-making industry. Ambiguity of the law renders this possible. The immunity allowed the venders of grape juice intended for wine making is illogical, as the Wickersham Commission pointed out. At the same time it is a defensible public policy. Home wine may be made without corrupting public officials.

The Administration is also taking a detached attitude of tolerance toward much of the brewing industry. Michigan taxes wort, which is beer once removed. Neither state nor Federal officials do anything to interfere with the wort business.

All along the line the Administration is withdrawing from the field of local enforcement. The net result is that the Federal government is gradually centering its efforts on its own interstate work and where local communities do not enforce prohibition it is not being enforced. Local communities are doing less and less. The Wickersham Commission reported that drinking was increasing in the urban sections even of such dry states as Virginia and Kansas. Generally speaking, the law is ignored throughout a larger part of the United States.

The cost of this nullification is too heavy to be borne. Millions of dollars are being wasted in corruption. Money now paid grafting officials and policemen should be collected in taxes. Local governments, states and the national government could profitably use for public purposes the sum now used to degrade officials.

Worse still, the deplorable development of crime, gang life and racketeering is inseparably linked with the secret traffic in liquor. Until the traffic now controlled chiefly by corruption is brought into the open and regulated, there can be no successful attack on crime. Nullification provides the revenue which supports organized crime.

The reasonable course is to modify the Volstead Act and then as quickly as possible to revise the Amendment. Congress has the authority under the Constitution to define what is, legally, intoxicating. Congress could at the next session write a new definition which would make possible the legal distribution of wines and beers in those states which desire such commodities.

At a favoring word from the President Congress would be inclined to modify the law in this respect. Certainly a beginning could be made.

Congress, furthermore, should take up its responsibility where the Wickersham Commission left off and create a committee to suggest a suitable revision of the Eighteenth Amendment. No one wants to see the old saloon reëstablished with all its iniquity and trouble. What we have now in the speakeasy is, however, hardly an improvement on the saloon.

A congressional committee which fearlessly examined the results of our "experiment noble in purpose" and which took cognizance of the attempts of other governments to deal with the age-old problem of intoxicating liquors might be expected to suggest a plan which avoids both the evils of the saloon and those of the speakeasy.

The Administration has a grand opportunity to stimulate Congress to lead the nation out of this morass.

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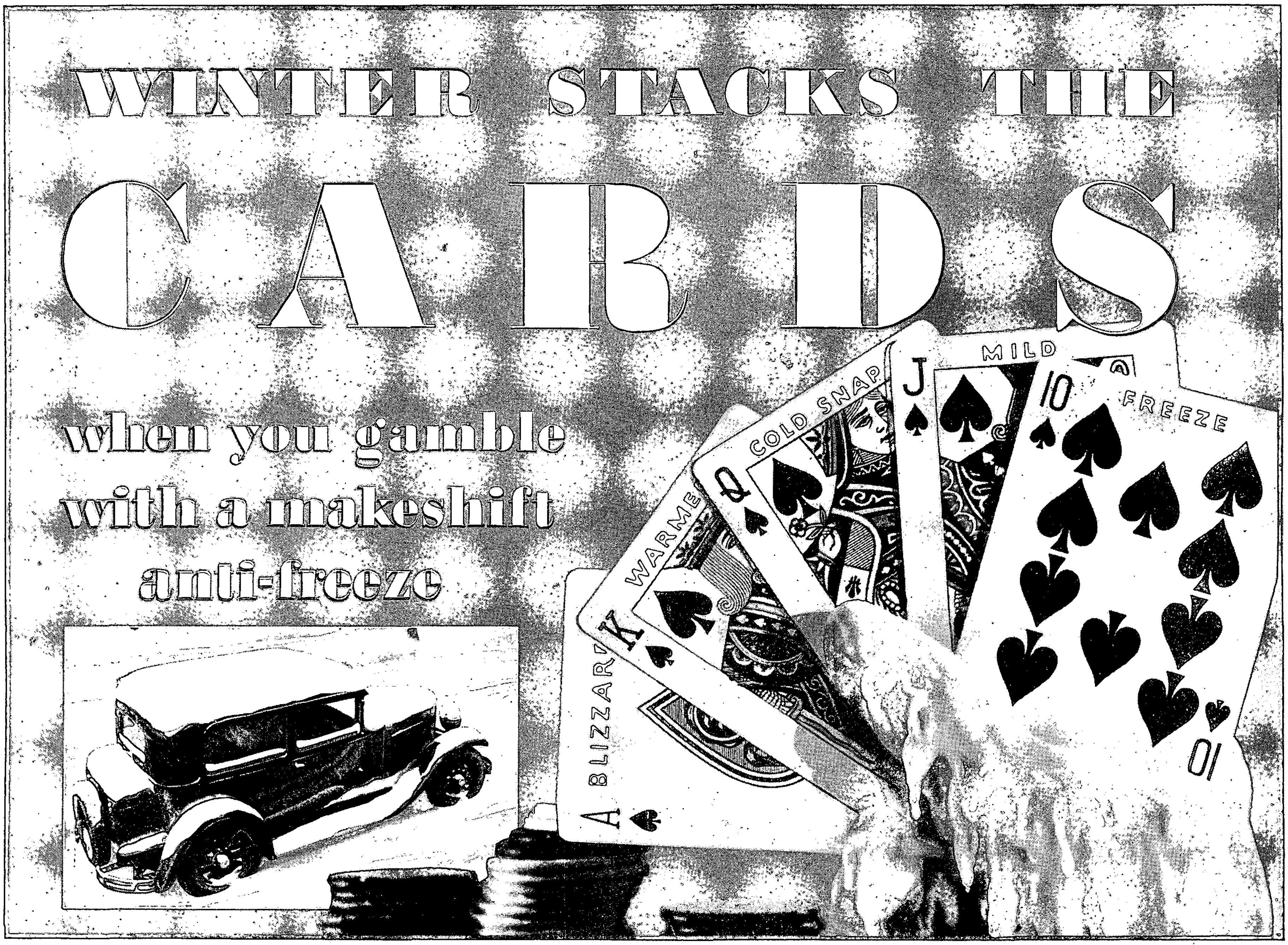

WINTER STACKS THE CARDS

when you gamble with a makeshift anti-freeze

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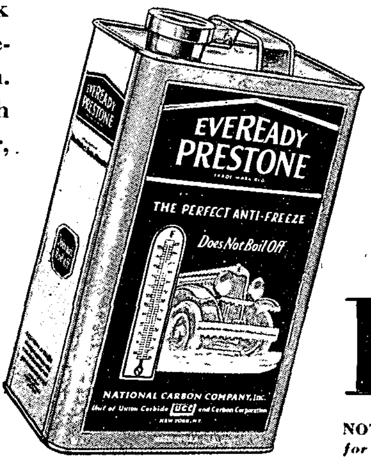
The first cost of Eveready Prestone is the last. There is no expense of having to test and replenish your mixture every few days. No large repair bill for a frozen engine. Eveready Prestone is concentrated, and only a relatively small amount is needed. Don't go by cost *per gallon;* figure cost *per season,* and see how much you'll save!



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*Consider your Adam's Apple!!**

Don't Rasp Your Throat With Harsh Irritants

"Reach for a LUCKY instead"

What is the effect of irritation upon the throat? Here are the exact words of a noted authority retained by us to study this question. He writes:

> *"First, the vocal chords, on account of their delicacy of structure, would be the first tissues to give indication of irritation, evidenced by the huskiness of the smoker's voice, the result of relaxed tension and slower vibration of the vocal chords. The next site of irritation would be the tissues adjacent to the vocal chords comprising the larynx, therefore the general focal point of the irritation would be in the voice box represented externally by the Adam's Apple."*

So—Consider your Adam's Apple. Be careful in your choice of cigarettes. Don't rasp your throat with harsh irritants. Reach for a LUCKY instead.

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